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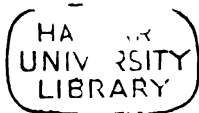
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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Gespräche mit Göthe in den letzten Jahren seines Lebens.* 1823—1832. Von Johann Peter Eckermann. (Conversations with Göthe in the last Years of his Life.) 2 Bände, 8vo. Leipzig. 1836.

WHEN Immanuel Kant's *opus magnum*, the "Criticism of Pure Reason," was first published in Germany, it remained for a few years almost as unnoticed and unknown, as when it lay unrevealed in the transcendental recesses of the great philosopher's mind. But, when once the light that was in it fell upon eyes that were capable of receiving it, a sudden and striking change took place; as by the stroke of lightning, or the shock of an earthquake, the universal German mind seemed awakened from centuries of intellectual sleep, and the influence of Kant, like that of a rising sun, shed itself over the wide domains of literature and science, and penetrated into the darkest recesses where pedantry and priestcraft had long held their dingy dominion. This was well. But soon, Kantism, like every thing good in the hands of frail humanity, was stretched into caricature, and poets, moralists, divines, critics, lawyers, and naturalists, swarmed in the streets and paraded the market-places of Leipzig, spreading broad the phylacteries of the Kantian terminology, and dealing mortal blows upon all and sundry the emperor's peaceable lieges, by the irresistible force of the categorical imperative. The honest Germans seemed for a season struck with the same *demonian* mania that seized the Abderites of old, when, after having heard one of Euripides' plays, they were so inspired with the divine influence of Eros therein represented, that for three successive days they ran ecstatic through the streets of Abdera exclaiming—"Oh Love, king of gods and men! great is thy power, who can resist thee!" The rational and moderate Kantians of course were not overmuch delighted with such a spectacle; those who were of Heraclitan temperament wept, while those who had studied under Democritus laughed at it; and among others, Schiller, who was

one of the purest and most zealous disciples that Immanuel could boast of, to relieve his righteous spirit, composed this well-known couplet on the occasion.

*"Wie doch ein einziger Reicher so viele Bettler in Nahrung
Setzt! Wenn die Könige bauen haben die Kärner zu thun!"**

It has often struck us that this couplet might be as fitly applied to Göthe as to Kant. The man, whom Lord Byron was proud to acknowledge as having "for fifty years been the undisputed sovereign of European literature," could not fail to draw within his magic circle a host of persons who derived their importance chiefly from their relation to him. What an army of expounders and commentators, translators and imitators, adversaries and apologists, has he not created! How many Meiers, Mercks, Knebels, and Zelters owe their fame in a great measure to their having, in the disposition of Providence, become a sort of necessary accessories to Göthe! And can Heine with all his wit, and Menzel with all his satire, so far deceive themselves as not to know that they are indebted for no small modicum of the reputation they have gained to the same circumstance that made Cassius famous—because he murdered Cæsar? Verily this Göthe "bestrides the earth like a colossus," and we poor critics, and translators, reporters of conversations, and reporters of that report, are as mere children that admire the bright buckles upon his shoes, and are proud to pluck the flowers where his foot has passed.

Two additional volumes of Göthian records have reached us, and we are delighted to say, that they are not only equal, but in some respects superior, to those which we lately introduced to our readers.† In the correspondence with Zelter, the principal personages seemed thrown somewhat into the back-ground by the prominent peculiarities of his interesting correspondent: Bettina Brentano's letters were more remarkable for the curious exhibition of her own beautiful madness than for the wisdom or the poetry of Göthe's answers to them; but, in these conversations of Eckermann, Göthe, and Göthe alone, is the theme; while the author is content to appear in the modest character of a *Cicerone*, pointing out the beauties, and descanting on the character of the spiritual landscape. John Peter Eckermann, however, is not a mere reporter, who is only valuable for the news which he brings, and which any other reporter might have fur-

* One rich man is the life of many poor,
And when kings build the mason's meat is sure.

† Göthe's Correspondence with Zelter, and with Bettina Brentano, vol. xvi. p. 328.

nished as well as himself. On the contrary, he possesses peculiar qualifications for giving us such a report as no one else could have made; and it will, therefore, be necessary for us to sketch in a few words an outline of his somewhat remarkable person and character, and of the circumstances which gave rise to his connection with Göthe, before we can proceed to lay before our readers the import of his valuable Göthian Communications.

Our worthy reporter's father was a merchant on a small scale, who carried his shop upon his back for many years, from village to village, over the sandy heath between Lüneburg and Hamburg. He dealt in ribbons, cotton-twist, and silk-thread, coarse linen cloth, and goose-quills. His mother kept a cow, weeded an acre of ground around her humble cabin, attended to her domestic duties, and in her leisure hours made a little money by spinning cotton, and netting dress-caps for the fair daughters of the Lüneburg burghesses. John Peter, as the last born son of a second marriage, was left as the only companion of his industrious parents during their declining years; but this seclusion was, to his quiet contemplative character, a source of as great enjoyment as to a young Napoleon or Byron it might have been of pain and uneasiness. In the spring season, the future friend and confidant of Göthe was employed during his boyish years in collecting the reeds, leaves, and dry grass that the Elbe had left from its floods, to serve as litter for his mother's cow. As the summer advanced, the dignity of his situation advanced with it, and John Peter became what in Homer's days would have been styled—a divine cow-herd. Like the ant too, he was busy during the summer months, in gathering together dry branches and leaves from the neighbouring wood, for the supply of the winter's fire. In harvest he became sheaf-gatherer and gleaner to the reapers, and, as a sort of accessory trade, collected acorns and sold them to the neighbouring farmers for feeding their geese. When he became a little older, he was admitted into partnership with his father, and learned to bear his burden betimes. Such was the simple boyhood of the man to whom the world is indebted for a work which must go down to posterity along with the name and works of Göthe, and will to many bear a value not inferior to some of those immortal works themselves.

Young Eckermann very early displayed a strong passion for drawing, and some small attempts that he made in this line served to introduce him to the notice of individuals in a station of life somewhat superior to that in which his parents had brought him up. By the help of these friends, and more by his own application, he procured himself a situation, first as clerk to a provincial

judge, and then as secretary in one of the public offices at Bevensen. In this capacity he remained till 1813, when he joined the patriotic army, and saw a little service under Captain Knoss against Marshal Davoust at Hamburg, and then reconnoitred a little on the Rhine and in Flanders. Here, however, he learned more of the history of art than of military tactics; and Rubens and Teniers made such an impression upon his mind, that he returned home determined to become a painter, and walked over the snow to Hanover, and made application to Professor Ramberg, for that purpose. Under the direction of this master he made considerable progress in figure-drawing; but, like other zealous students, he drew himself into a fever, on his recovering from which he found it necessary to look about for the means of subsistence in some more hopeful way. He was so fortunate as to obtain a situation connected with the war-department at Hanover, which left him time to initiate himself into literary, as he had formerly done into artistical, pursuits. Here he first became acquainted with Göthe's works, and drew from them a spiritual nourishment to which he attributes the whole happiness of his future life. He also went to school—a youth among boys—and made an honourable attempt to supply the deficiencies of his early education by applying himself sedulously to classical studies. He next mustered funds and patronage sufficient to enable him to spend a year or two at Göttingen, with the intention of studying the law; but he flirted with the Muses,—and Themis, who is a jealous goddess, cast him off, and left him to try his fortune in the literary world. He sent the manuscript of a work, entitled *Beyträge zur Poesie*, to Göthe, who, with that kindly condescension which was peculiar to him, honoured the author with words of encouragement, and promised to mention the work in the next sheets of *Kunst und Alterthum*. The acquaintance with Göthe, once begun, was not likely to remain unimproved by such an ardent worshipper as Eckermann; he soon transplanted himself to Weimar, and, with Göthe's assistance, got his work published by Cotta on the most liberal terms. Thus happily ushered into the literary world, our author gave up every other idea but Göthe, literature, and art; he became the familiar friend, confidant, and amanuensis of the great poet; he assisted him in the arrangement and redaction of his numerous papers during the last ten years of his active life; and it is to his care that we are in a great measure indebted for the appearance of the fifteen volumes of Göthe's posthumous works in their present shape. So intimate, indeed, was he with Göthe, and so warm an interest did he take in all his enterprizes, that, if the poet himself may be cre-

dited, the second part of *Faust* would never have been finished, but for the kindly influence of Eckermann.

To give some idea of the style of our worthy reporter, we here insert a passage from his preliminary account of himself and his connection with Göthe, describing the effect which the works of the poet first made on his mind, and showing the nature of that sympathy, which made him so fit an interpreter of their contents.

ECKERMANN.

"It was at this time that I first heard the name of Göthe, and got into my hands a volume of his poems. I read his songs, and read them again and yet again, and derived from them an enjoyment that no words can give an adequate idea of. I felt as if I was now, for the first time, awaking to a consciousness of my existence; the deepest secrets of my soul, that had hitherto remained unknown to myself, seemed now fully revealed in the mirror of these songs. I was, moreover, not confused with learned allusions and extrinsic erudition; my own thoughts and feelings as a man were a sufficient interpreter; I found no names of outlandish or antiquated deities, that, to my uninstructed mind, were not indicative of any deeper meaning; the human heart, with all its longings, all its joys, and all its sorrows, lay before me—a true German heart, clear as the day, *pure reality in the light of a mild glorification*.

"I lived in these songs whole weeks and months together. Afterwards I got hold of *Wilhelm Meister*, then the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and then his dramatic works. At first I shuddered back from the abyss of human nature and human corruption exhibited in *Faust*; but the deep mystery that hangs over that great work always drew me back again into its magic circle. I read in it every holiday. Admiration and love increased in me with every day; I lived and breathed in these works, and spoke of nothing but Göthe.

"The advantages to be derived from the study of a great author are of course various; but one great gain resulting from this study certainly is, that we are awakened to a nobler consciousness not only of the world within, but also of the multifarious world without us. Such was the influence that Göthe's works exercised over my mind. I began to look round about me with a more clear and discriminating eye; I arrived, by degrees, at the idea of the essential harmony of each individual with itself; and this idea, once fully conceived and habitually applied, served as a key to explain the endless multiplicity of the phenomena of nature and art that daily presented themselves to my observation."—vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

The work before us is rich in such a vast variety of instruction, that, as in the case of Zelter's correspondence, we are really embarrassed how to lay the fruitful matter before our readers, and under what categories to bring its manifold details. We think, however, the most interesting passages it contains may be referred to one of three heads—the character of the poet, his opinions on men and things, and the nature and character of his own poetical

and scientific activity. The character of the poet here appears in a form at once venerable and lovely. We are introduced into the interior privacies of his domestic life, and privileged to hear, through the sincere medium of friendly communication, all the natural utterings of a soul that for eighty long years had treasured up, and mellowed with age, the richest and most various knowledge. The experience of nearly a century speaks from the voice of one man; and this a man who had first himself created, and then presided over, the growing literature of a nation. The eventful eras of Frederick the Great, the French revolution, and Napoleon, pass, with all their strange experiences, before our eyes. Klopstock soars again, and Lessing castigates; Wieland jests, Schiller glows, Schlegel dogmatizes, Novalis worships, and Richter shoots his meteors anew; the immense gap between Haller and Heine seems filled up, and the jarring voices are mingled into harmony in the person of this wonderful old man. We say *wonderful* old man, for we know what we are speaking of; and if even such a Cerberus as Henry Heine is obliged to confess that he was tamed into a momentary reverence by the Jove-like aspect of this rare octogenarian, we, who have never been advocates of a merely negative and polemical criticism, may be allowed to forget, on the present occasion, our strict character as literary judges, and be, for one short hour, the "children round the knees of wisdom." We believe we speak the simple prose of the matter when we apply to Göthe, as exhibited to us in these Conversations, almost literally the beautiful lines of Wordsworth, descriptive of a dignified and healthy old age.

" The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly personage,
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seem'd to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to higher height,
Magnific limbs of wither'd state,
A face to fear and venerate."

There is only one word of this passage which does not apply to Göthe, as he is described to us by Eckermann and many others who had the pleasure of knowing him during the last ten years of his life. There was as little about his body as about his mind to which such a term as "withered" could have any application. He was hale and healthy to the very last, and fresh and cheerful as a boy. The demon *Care*, which undermines the old age of many, had by him been vanquished betimes; he moved in a region elevated above the petty fears and anxieties of common men, and the sun-light of an habitual serenity shed the smile of a second youth

over his old age. His latter years were, as Eckermann so beautifully says of his poems, "pure reality in the light of a mild glorification." Nor are we to paint to ourselves, under these words, any mere motionless contemplatist in the style of an Indian Yogee, much less any such sublimated creature as Shelley is wont to describe feeding upon "bloodless food;" or even like Talfourd's Ion, a being

" Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears,
As it would perish at the touch of wrong."

By no means. We must picture to ourselves a perfect man of flesh and blood; not body attenuated into, but interfused, elevated, and borne up by, spirit. Göthe was the most antipodal opposite of every thing vague, misty, and cloudy. Solid and substantial humanity he painted; solid and substantial humanity he was.

If there is an atmosphere of such noble and healthy manhood about Göthe's external person, there is an equal charm of ripened wisdom about his intellectual manifestations. His mind possessed two essential qualities that go to make up the man of knowledge and the man of wisdom; it was habitually *receptive* and habitually *digestive*. His eyes were continually open to perceive beauties; faults they took cognizance of only incidentally. His mind, moreover, received nothing that it did not appropriate; the facts and observations that it collected were as seeds sown by a wise gardener, to lie in the cherishing bosom of the earth, and spring up, after many years, into glorious flowers and fruitage. There is a manliness and a solidity, a soundness and a sense, a body and substantiality, about Göthe's thoughts, that bespeak at once a most profound, a most comprehensive, and a most mature mind. His judgments on men and things come to us with all the outward beauty, and all the inward mellowness, of a perfectly ripe fruit; the light of the sun has harmonized the white and the crimson upon its surface, and his heat has changed all its acrid juices into nectar. Göthe says nothing that is not as weighty as it is well weighed, and yet the weight of his thoughts is not so much a weight of gravitating power as of inward import and significance, for there is a calm elasticity about his soul that bears it upward, and keeps it suspended in the region of purest intellect, like a self-poised and self-directing balloon. Neither are we struck, in his intellectual movements, with any appearance of grasp or effort; his ideas walk forth from their holy recesses, like a birth from a goddess, whose womb was never cursed with the malediction of Eve. Like the creative dove, he seems to brood over the chaos of a nascent world, and work it into order and beauty by a breathing. He does not storm heaven like the Titans, but finds it in every flower that unfolds its blossom in the gardens, in every

tree that spreads its branches over the dwellings of humanity—every where, above, beneath, within, around him, his docile eye sees and worships the living revelations of God.

We are none of those who would make an idol of Göthe, or any other man whose name is mortal; and we have, on a late occasion,* perhaps in a somewhat polemical mood, exhibited in array all the *pros* and *cons* of the important case *MENZEL v. GÖTHE*; but when the beneficent Creator allows a mind to grow up pregnant with such rare riches as Göthe's confessedly was, we think it safer to err on the positive than on the negative side of admiration. Besides, to confess the truth, after a long and patient study, we have come to the conclusion that the principal objections of Göthe's gainsayers resolve into this most absurd one;—that Martin Luther was not Melancthon, and Melancthon was not Martin Luther. All perfections can be united in no being but God; and he were a sorry critic who should blame Paul because he had not the mildness of John, and John because he had not the vigour of Paul. The world is wide enough for all excellences, if men had eyes to see them; but, as this crazy time unfortunately is, the "spirit that denies" is far too potent in the minds of men, and wherever we turn our eyes we find self-constituted judges of poetry and art, not diligently seeking and humbly reverencing that which *is*, but idly carping and quibbling about, and anatomizing, that which *is not*.

Of all the faculties of Göthe's mind, there was none more ripely developed than his judgment. This was, indeed, to him an inward vision, long and honestly exercised to discern betwixt good and evil. On this foundation rests his extraordinary and universally acknowledged excellence as a critic; but there was also another element in his character, without which no man can hope to arrive at the highest excellence in criticism, and that is—*LOVE*. A clear, calm, and comprehensive intellect, to receive and dispose the most multifarious impressions,—an eye of love to search out, and a tongue of charity to set forth, the hidden good and beautiful in the most various minds, are equally essential requisites of the great critic. Göthe was, moreover, the very impersonation of the spirit of order; the flowing hair, the rolling eyes, the irregular gait, so often supposed to be characteristic marks of poetic genius, are sought for in vain about his person. He was a true workman, but his working was not by fits and starts, as we are wont to see certain heroes of the reviewing world perform their monthly tasks at a stretch, that they may thereafter, with the more undisturbed enjoyment, gobble up their pigeon-

* See vol. xvi. p. 17.

pie, and swill down their flowing goblets of Oporto. To such spasmodic fits of alternate activity and idleness, alternate intellect and brutality, Göthe was a stranger. To him poetry was law, measure, and harmony, as law conversely was poetry, beauty, and grace.

There are critics enow in this, as in every other country; but critics of a high order, to whom their art is a priesthood, are, perhaps, more rare in Britain than in any other country in Europe, except France. The reason of this is to be found in the spirit of party, which poisons the fountain-head, and pollutes the whole stream of our contemplative powers. Our periodicals of the first class are by no means free from this vice; and the conductors of not a few of our most popular Magazines and Reviews seem to think it necessary regularly to *devil* their dishes in order to make them stimulate the diseased palate of their readers. Perhaps this evil can never be altogether eradicated from our land; but the study of Göthe, and of German literature, may go a great way to strengthen our reflective and elevate our critical powers. Even the Germans themselves have not a little to learn in this department. Heine and Menzel seem to be apeing, the one French vehemence and ribaldry, the other English severity and partisanship. We have the greatest respect for Wolfgang Menzel, and were the first in this country openly to testify it; but is it not truly lamentable that a man, whom Nature seems willing to stamp as the Lessing of his age, should forget his high vocation so far, with respect to the two greatest poets of his country, as to become the systematic eulogist of the one, and the studied calumniator of the other? Let the critic of the *Morgenblatt* reflect; let him beware of what Göthe so often and so eloquently warns against,—the merely negative and polemical direction of his talents; let him leave Gutzkow and the heroes of young Germany to go to the devil peaceably in their own way. Why should he wield the club of Hercules to slay the ephemeral creatures that sport their vain hour before the sun? When the rain comes it will wash the painted glitter from their wings.

Having said so much on the character of Göthe, as a man and as a critic—and that we have said so much is sheerly to be attributed to the benign influence of Herr Eckermann's book upon our critical temper—we hasten *in medias res* of our proper vocation on the present occasion, to give the reader as ample a selection from these interesting volumes as the limits of an article will permit. And, first, a few words on Schiller, of whom Göthe on all occasions speaks with a tone of mingled reverence and love. He was, indeed, as little blind to his faults and defects as he was to his own; and how well he knew his own defects, and to what

a perfection he had carried the much neglected science of self-knowledge, we shall have occasion to see immediately.

SCHILLER.

"I remarked that I sometimes found difficulty in sympathizing with Schiller; some scenes of his great pieces I read with true love and admiration, but anon I come upon what appear to me offences against the truth of nature, and there I stop. Even *Wallenstein* affects me thus. I cannot help believing that Schiller's philosophical studies did no small injury to the exercise of his poetical talent, for these studies led him necessarily to exalt the mere ideal above nature, yea in some respects to annihilate nature. Things must happen according to his excogitated notions, whether nature would have it so or not.

" 'It is indeed a sad thing,' said Göthe, 'to observe how a man of such extraordinary genius should have vexed and tortured himself with mere forms of thought, by help of which he never learned to advance a single step. Humboldt has lately shown me letters which he received from Schiller at the time when the poet was occupied with these unblest speculations. We see from these letters what anxiety he at one time gave himself to effect a complete emancipation of the sentimental from the *naïve* poetry. But the evil was, that the sentimental poetry, thus divorced and isolated, could find no foundation, and this brought him into unspeakable perplexity. As if,' continued Göthe with a smile, 'the sentimental poesy could ever have had an existence without a *naïve* soil out of which to grow!

" 'It was, indeed, a peculiarity of Schiller's character that he could do nothing unconsciously, or as it were instinctively; he must always reflect upon what he was about. This reflective turn of mind it was that made him on all occasions willing, and even anxious, to speak to his friends about what he was doing and going to do; and I believe there is scarcely a play of his later years that he and I have not talked over together, scene by scene, before it was published.

" 'My whim, again, was of a different sort. I had an instinctive aversion to talk over my poetic projects with any person, and seldom or never did so, not even with Schiller. My gestation was known to none till the birth proclaimed it. When I showed Schiller my *Hermann and Dorothea*, he was not a little surprised, for I had never uttered a syllable to him on the subject till I put the printed copy into his hand.' "

As we allowed Menzel (vol. xvi. p. 20) to speak at such length in behalf of Schiller, we think ourselves bound in duty to hear Göthe further on the same interesting theme. The subjoined passage contains a definition of *freedom* which will surprise not a little some of our liberal friends. There is no question, indeed, that Göthe was a *Tory of the Tories*; and we are much deceived if this is not the real head and front of his offending in the eyes of many.

SCHILLER AND FREEDOM.

"I was expressing to Göthe my admiration of the exactness of detail

with which some of the landscapes in the *Wanderyahre* were delineated. He answered—'It is singular, I have never made a special study of nature with a view to using it for poetical purposes; but my early attempts at drawing, and my future long-continued studies in the domain of Natural History, have made me so familiar with the external face of nature, to its minutest details, that I have got it as it were all by heart, and I never want an arrow when I wish to shoot. This close observation of nature seems something peculiar to me; Schiller had it not. The localities of Switzerland, which we find painted in his *Tell*, were not of his own observation, but taken from the accounts I gave him; but he was a genius of such extraordinary powers, that, from the imperfect materials of narration, he could create a scene that bore the impress of perfect reality.

" 'Schiller was, properly speaking, productive only in the ideal; and I doubt much whether in this region he has his superior either in Germany, or in any other country. Byron has a good deal in common with him, but the Englishman had more knowledge of the world. It would have given me great pleasure to observe what effect Byron would have had upon Schiller, had he lived to see the gigantic debut of the author of *Childe Harold*. But I believe that Byron published nothing before 1807, and by that time Schiller was at rest.

" 'There is one idea,' continued Goethe, 'that pervades all Schiller's works, and that is the idea of FREEDOM. In his youthful works it is physical freedom that he struggles for; in his riper years he longed for no freedom but the ideal.

" 'Freedom, indeed, is altogether a very strange, and to me somewhat unintelligible idea. I am rather of opinion that every one of us has more freedom than we know how to use. And what profit have we from an over-abundance of freedom, of which we can make no use? Cast your eyes, for instance, round this room and the neighbouring chamber, through the open door of which you see my bed; neither of them is very large, and, small as they are, both of them are sufficiently fenced round and filled up with books, manuscripts, print-portfolios, vases, and various furniture; but, with all this, they are quite enough for me; I have lived in them the whole winter, and have hardly entered my other apartments in the front of the house. What am I benefited, then, by my large house, and by the possession of rooms into which I never require to enter?

" 'He who has as much liberty as enables him to live in a healthy atmosphere and exercise his craft has liberty enough. And, again, we are free only under certain conditions, which it is our duty to comply with. The boor is as free as the nobleman, if he knows how to employ his activity worthily within the sphere wherein God has been pleased to place him. The nobleman is as free as the prince, for, with the exception of a few court ceremonies, which any one may perform without much trouble, he is virtually his equal. *Freedom consists, not in recognizing nothing superior to ourselves, but in recognizing somewhat superior, which it is our privilege to reverence; for, by the very act of reverence, we elevate ourselves to the same level with the object revered; and, by acknowledging the superior merit of what is above us, we show that we*

carry a kindred feeling in our own bosom, that makes us worthy to be the companion of him whom we revere.

“ ‘ That struggling after physical freedom, which gave birth to Schiller's early works, is to be attributed partly to the nature of his mind, but in a greater measure to the feeling of restraint which his education in a military school necessarily imposed upon him.

“ ‘ In his riper years, however, when he had as much physical freedom as he could desire, he made a transition to the ideal freedom, and I may say, without distortion or exaggeration, that this idea literally killed him, for he was induced thereby to make demands on his physical nature that it was ill able to bear.

“ ‘ The Grand Duke, when he brought Schiller hither (to Weimar), offered him an income of 1000 dollars yearly, and another thousand whenever his health was such as to prevent him from following his usual literary occupations. This last thousand Schiller would not accept. “ God has given me a talent,” said he, “ and I must make such a use of it as to be able to support myself.” The consequence was, that, as his family increased in his latter years, he was obliged to write two tragedies yearly, in order to support himself; and this again forced him to work whole days and weeks, in which his bodily health would have forbidden it—he seemed to act upon the principle, that his genius must, and should, be at his command whenever he stood in need of its services.

“ ‘ Schiller drank little—he was very temperate; but in such moments of bodily weakness he was sometimes tempted to keep up his spiritual powers at an unnatural elevation by the excitement of a liqueur, or some exhilarating spirit. This practice, besides hurting his health, had a bad effect on his literary productions themselves.

“ ‘ This, indeed, is the fountain from which I trace all the imperfections which impartial critics have found in Schiller's works. The passages which they find fault with I should be inclined to call *pathological*, for they seem to me to be all passages which must have been written under the press of that corporeal derangement, which never leaves the mind room to exert its full strength. I have the highest respect for the categorical imperative, for I know how much that is truly good has come forth from that quarter; but we must beware of carrying it too far, otherwise this boasted idea of ideal liberty will leave both body and soul in one wreck.’ ”

We now come nearer home, and, for the satisfaction of those who have not had the felicity to be touched with the prevailing mania for German literature, we give the following masterly dissertation on the character and genius of Lord Byron. The facts connected with Göthe's relation to that poet are so well known, that it would be idle here to repeat them. The particular period of Byron's poetical career that called forth the observations in the annexed extract—especially those on the three unities and on Shakspeare—seems to have been the publication of *Sardanapalus* in 1821. To make the remarks of Göthe more intelligible, we subjoin at the bottom of the page an extract from his lordship's

letters to Mr. Murray, from Ravenna, dated July 14 and July 22, of that year.*

LORD BYRON.

" 'I know no man,' said Goëthe, 'who possesses what is called *invention* in a higher degree than Lord Byron. He unravels the dramatic knot in a manner that surpasses all expectation.' 'I feel exactly the same thing with Shakspeare,' replied I, 'and particularly with his Falstaff; when this hero has told one of his gigantic lies, I rack my brain to conceive how he will work himself out of his own mesh,—but Shakspeare brings him out of the scrape in a style of his own, which no cogitation can anticipate. If you are right in saying the same of Lord Byron, I cannot conceive that you could in any way pay a greater compliment to his genius.'

"Goëthe nodded assent, and then laughed at the new whim of his lordship, who in life had never learned to control himself in the least trifle, and yet most strangely had allowed himself in his recent plays to be tied down by the stupid law (*das dumme Gesetz*) of the three unities. 'It is plain,' said he, 'that his lordship knew as little of the true principle of this rule as the rest of the world. The three unities are only useful in so far as they enable the spectator more easily to comprehend the piece, and to connect the several parts of it together into one complete whole.† When they do not contribute to this end they are useless, and it shows an utter want of understanding to employ them in such a case. The Greeks themselves, who were the fathers of the rule, did not always follow it; in the Phaëthon of Euripides, and in other pieces, the place changes; and from this we see plainly that the great Greek masters were more concerned about how they might give their piece the best scenic effect, than about a rule that in itself has no meaning, and for which they are supposed to have had a blind reverence. Shakspeare's plays, as everybody knows, jump over the unities of space and time without the least restraint; and yet there are no pieces that are more complete in themselves, and more readily comprehended as a whole by the spectator. The French, with all their strict adherence to the rule of the unities, have not been able to attain to this effect; they introduce narration where we expect action, and thus disturb our mind in forming an easy conception of the whole.

* "To Mr. Murray.—My object has been to dramatize like the Greeks (a modest phrase) striking passages of history, as they did of history and mythology. You will find all this very unlike Shakspeare; and so much the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the *worst* of models, though the most extraordinary of writers. It has been my object to be as simple and severe as Alfieri; and I have broken down the poetry as nearly as I could to common language. Mind the *unities*, which are my great object of research."

† We have here made a sweeping periphrasis, but the expressive German phrase "*das Fassliche*," which Goëthe says is the "*Grund*" of the rule of the three unities, can hardly be translated by one word. Generally speaking, the English, who are not a reflective people, have a much more loose and less concentrated way of expressing themselves, on philosophical subjects, than the Germans. No language is better adapted than the German for the expression of maxims and principles in a few pregnant words.

“ ‘ This whim of adhering to the unities, however, was not without its service to Byron. It was a sort of rein to keep within reasonable boundaries a spirit which was always striving after the infinite. Would to God that he had been able to find some such rules for regulating his moral nature ! We may say, with the greatest certainty, that the want of such a regulating power was his ruin, and that he went to wreck on nothing but the unbridled rebelliousness of his passions.

“ ‘ He was far too much in the dark about his own condition. He lived from hand to mouth, and knew and considered not what he was doing. He allowed himself every license, and other people none ; and thus he not only ruined himself, but raised up the whole world against him. With his “ English Bards and Scotch Reviewers ” he made a bad commencement, and put himself from the very first into a false position with regard to the principal poets and literary characters of the day. In his subsequent works, the spirit of opposition and discontent seemed to grow with him. Church and state were not safe from his sarcasms. This reckless warfare drove him out of England ; and, had he lived, would in a short time have driven him out of Europe. Go where he might, he had never room enough, and, with the most unbounded personal liberty, he was under an habitual feeling of constraint—the world was a prison to him. His expedition to Greece was anything but a voluntary determination. His uncomfortable relation to his fellow men drove him to take some such step as this.

“ ‘ The violence with which he tore his mind away from everything traditional and patriotic not only ruined him altogether as a man, but his revolutionary feelings, and the continual agitation of his mind, prevented his poetical talents from receiving their due development. No one, moreover, can doubt that the eternal spirit of opposition, with which he was possessed, has done an irremediable injury to the effect of those wonderful works which he left completed. For it is not only that the dissatisfaction of the writer communicates itself to the reader, but *generally all activity, that proceeds merely from a principle of opposition, can have nothing but a negative result, and that which is negative is nothing. When I say that bad is bad, what do I gain by it ? but if I should chance, in my negating mania, to say that good is bad, (as too often happens,) then I do a great deal of harm. He who wishes to be actively useful must never fall a-rating of his neighbours, but, leaving the absurdities of the absurd to shift for themselves, be concerned only to do that which is good. For the end of all our endeavours is not to pull down, but to build up something that mankind may look upon and rejoice in.*

“ ‘ Lord Byron,’ continued Göthe, ‘ is to be considered as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great genius. His good qualities belong chiefly to him as a man ; his bad qualities belong to him as an Englishman and a peer, and his genius is incommensurable.

“ ‘ All Englishmen, as such, are, properly speaking, destitute of what we call reflection. Their continual distraction, and the spirit of political partisanship, prevent their reflective powers from ever arriving at a calm development. But, as practical men, they are truly great.

“ ‘ Lord Byron is, in respect of reflection, no better than his country-

men. He is great only when he writes poetry—as soon as he begins to reflect, he is a child.*

“ ‘ But, notwithstanding this national defect, he is a man who succeeds in everything he undertakes ; and one may truly say, that with him inspiration takes the place of reflection. He had no outlet but to poetize continually ; and anything that came from him as a man, especially if it was a feeling of the heart, was sure to be good. His beautiful poems came to him as beautiful children come to women—they know not how, and think not why.

“ ‘ He is a born genius of a high order ; and I have nowhere found the *vis poetica*, properly so called, in a more perfect state than in him. He seizes the leading external character, and sees through the past with a truth not inferior to Shakspeare. But Shakspeare was a more complete and perfect man. Byron knew this well ; and, for this reason, has been careful to say very little about Shakspeare, though he knows whole passages of him by heart. He would have been glad to disown him altogether, had that been possible : for he did not understand Shakspeare’s cheerfulness, and it stood not a little in his way. Pope, again, he had no occasion to disown, for from him he had nothing to fear. Accordingly, we find him mentioning Pope on all occasions with the highest respect, for he knew very well that Pope is a mere *wall* compared to him.

“ ‘ I have often thought that Byron’s high rank as an English peer was very much against him ; for the external world is a thorn in the side of every man of high talent, and much more so when that man is placed in a situation of high rank and influence. A certain middle condition is most favourable for the development of talent ; and it is for this reason that we find by far the greatest number of artists and poets among the middle classes of society. Byron’s native propensity to lose himself in the infinite world, in a lower rank of life and with more moderate means, have been much less prejudicial to him. As it was, however, he was placed in a situation where he might hope to realize every fancy, however wild, and this entangled him in a thousand mazes. Being himself a member of the highest rank of society, there was none who could, in opposition to him, assume an attitude that might command his reverence or check his excesses. He spoke out freely whatever indignant feelings were fermenting in his proud mind, and thus brought himself into irreconcilable conflict with the world.’ ”

We have read nothing finer, nothing more instinct with the calm dignity of truth, than this piece of criticism. The German poet had evidently made a *study* of the illustrious Englishman ; and how earnest and sympathizing that study was, there are ample proofs in the volumes before us. Even had we no such proofs, the two lines in the well-known sonnet are of themselves

* We have transplanted this last passage from another part of the *Conversations*. This for the sake of those who might compare our translation with the original, and imagine that we had palmed something on Göthe.

sufficient evidence, the one concisely expressing the innate disease, the other as concisely the innate nobility of Byron's character :

*" Er, der sich selbst im innersten bestreitet,
Stark angewohnt das tiefste Weh zu tragen."**

We follow up our last extract, by a passage more particularly devoted to Shakspeare, but in which Byron is again brought upon the carpet, and in connection with him an anonymous individual marked with three stars, whom it does not require much divination to superscribe—HEINE.

SHAKSPEARE, BYRON, and HEINE.

" ' With regard to Shakspeare, I believe it is the wisest criticism to say nothing at all. Any thing that can be said falls infinitely short of the mark. In Wilhelm Meister I made a few pencillings that were not altogether without meaning ; but one or two good lines are very far from being a portrait. Shakspeare, however popular on the stage, is not properly speaking a theatrical poet ; he seems never to have spent a thought on the convenience or necessities of the stage ; such a sphere was far too narrow for his mighty spirit ; yea, the whole visible world was too narrow for him.

" ' His riches and his power transcend so far our vulgar measure, that it is dangerous for inferior minds to have much to do with him. It is enough for a man of productive genius to read only ONE piece of his every year. I acted wisely in shaking myself free of him with Götz von Berlichingen and Egmont ; and Byron was led by the same instinct to follow his own way, and entertain no greater respect for Shakspeare than was necessary. He and Calderon have been the ruin of many honest Germans.

" ' Shakspeare,' continued Göthe, ' gives us golden apples in silver salvers. We make a study of his works, and thereby get possession of the silver salvers, but we have nothing of our own but potatoes to put into them.'

" I laughed at this original and striking comparison.

" He continued. ' Of all Shakspeare's pieces, I think Macbeth is decidedly the best adapted for the stage. But, would you become acquainted with the true freedom of his spirit, you must read Troilus and Cressida, and see with what a master-hand he moulded the materials of the Iliad.'

" The conversation then turned on Lord Byron, and specially on the remarkable contrast between the gloomy pride of his character and the innocent cheerfulness of Shakspeare. We observed, that the merely *negative* tendency of his poetical activity had been blamed by many, and not without reason. ' It had been well for Byron's poetical fame,' said Göthe, ' if he had found an opportunity to vent all the elements of opposition in his character through the truly British medium of parliamentary speeches. But it was his misfortune scarcely to have

* Who lives in inmost conflict with himself,
Stoutly inured to bear the deepest woe.

opened his mouth in parliament; and the consequence was, that all the discontent and dissatisfaction of his nature was obliged to vent itself in the channel of poetry. I feel indeed so thoroughly convinced of the truth of this observation, that I should be inclined to consider a great part of his works as *undelivered parliamentary speeches*, and I conceive this designation is by no means one of the most unfit to characterize them.'

"We were next led to speak of one of our living poets, who had raised himself to great reputation in a very short time, though the tendency of his works is more decidedly negative than even that of Lord Byron's. 'It cannot be denied,' says Göthe, 'he possesses many shining qualifications, but he wants one thing—Love. He is as much displeased with his readers, and with his brother poets, as with himself; and when we read him we cannot help continually recurring to the apostolic sentence: 'If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am but as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal.' 'Tis but a few days ago that I read some poems by * * * and was convinced that his talents are of no common order. But, as I said, he is altogether destitute of Love, and without that nothing can be done. He will be feared and be the god of those, who, without possessing his talent, have an ambition to work in the same negative direction with himself.'"

Göthe has been accused of undervaluing his contemporaries, and it was not to be expected that a man eighty years of age, who had lived to see so much quackery explode into bubbles, should have made as much noise about certain noisy wits, as it was their great object to make about themselves. The young men who came forth into the market-places, blowing a trumpet before them, and proclaiming loudly that they were *every thing*, it was Göthe's practice to regard as nothing. What inflictions the patriarch bard had to suffer from the swarms of these insects, it is more easy to conceive than to describe. But Göthe retaliated these provocations only with silence—or perhaps he hummed to himself the song of the embryo-spirit in his own Faust, and smiled at the truth of the prophecy:

"Legs of spider, paunch of toad,
And wings the little wight has,
And *tho' he has no head*, yet he
His small poetic flight has!"

BLACKIE'S *Faust*.

But it is not true that Göthe undervalued his contemporaries, or neglected even the most ephemeral productions of the day. He was familiar with the works of all the young German poets of any name; and, if he blamed the poems of Uhland, for being somewhat weak and consumptive, we think there is not a man of any taste in this country, at least, who will not be ready to agree

with him. Menzel, however, asserts that Göthe sinned against the literary character of a much greater poet than Uhland, viz. Ludwig Tieck; and he adduces this as one proof among many of his favourite thesis, that the great Göthe revered nothing in the universe but himself. Now, with regard to Tieck, Göthe certainly seems to have considered himself as far superior to Tieck as he considered himself inferior to Shakspeare. It was not Göthe's fashion to seek the applause of the multitude by an affected humility, like that displayed by Cæsar when he rejected the crown, though he well knew that he deserved it—but he has professed the greatest admiration of Tieck's genius, and shown us besides from what peculiar circumstances it arose that he and the great head of the Romantic school never became so cordial as, from their mutual admiration of each other's genius, might have been expected. We extract the whole passage relative to Tieck.

TIECK.

“ ‘ I have a great affection for Tieck,’ said Göthe, ‘ and I verily believe he has the same affection for me; but there is something in the relation betwixt us that certainly should not be. For this he is as little to blame as I am; the misunderstanding was not of his seeking, neither was it of mine. Other influences were working here, and the chief of these seems the following.

“ ‘ When the Schlegels had acquired a name, and were busy with their project of founding a new school of literature, I was too powerful for them, and, in order to give themselves more consequence, they were obliged to look about for a man of talent, whom they might set up, to hold the balance against me. Such a man they found in Tieck, and, in order to make him stand forward in the eyes of the public with sufficient prominence as opposed to me, they were naturally led to make more of him than he really was. This prejudiced our mutual relation not a little; for, by such means, though without being properly conscious of it, Tieck was put into a false position with regard to me.

“ ‘ Tieck possesses talent of high significancy, and no person can be more willing than I am to acknowledge his merits; but when his friends raise him above himself, and set him up as a counterpart to me, they are certainly in the wrong. I say this with all modesty, but without phrase. I can do as little to magnify as to diminish any reputation I may deserve. I am what God made me. It were equally absurd if I should compare myself with *Shakspeare, who made himself as little as I made myself, and who is a being of a higher order, to whom I look up, and whom it is my duty to reverence.*’ ”

To those who really do consider Göthe as very far superior to Tieck, and yet object to the apparent want of humility in Göthe so expressing his sense of this superiority as he has done in the above passage, we merely put one question: Does any

person think the more of Robert Burns because he displayed so little knowledge of his own station as to place himself beneath Shenstone and Ferguson? There is a certain sort of modesty which is wisdom in a youth of eighteen, but folly in a man of eighty.

To show yet more fully what attention Göthe habitually paid to the cotemporary literature of his own country, we extract the following advice to young poets, which is full of wisdom, and very characteristic of Göthe's genius. We call particular attention to the expression used by Göthe—"All my poems are poems of the occasion." This proposition requires no comment for those who are at all familiar with the genetical history of the great poet's works.

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS.

"Göthe began the conversation by asking me if I had made no poems during this summer (1823). I answered, that I had made a few, but on the whole had felt myself little disposed for any great exertion. 'Have a care,' he replied, 'of devoting yourself to a great work. The itch of producing an *opus magnum* has ruined, and ruins, many of our finest poetical talents. I have suffered somewhat from this disease myself.—How many gems of thought have fallen into the well while I was vainly planning some fancied *monumentum ære perennius*! Had I written all that the favourable spirit moved me to write, no hundred volumes would have been space for it.

"The present moment will have its rights; the thoughts and feelings that daily crowd round the mind of a true poet are entitled to an expression as free as is their visiting. But, with a great work in gestation, nothing else can be attended to; all thoughts, however good, are rejected, that do not bear upon that one object; the comfortable enjoyment of life is for a time suspended. How much intellectual strength must we not put forth, merely to lay out and round off the plan of a great whole; and when this is done, how seldom do we find the favourable moment in which power of thought unites with quiet of mind to produce a full, unbroken stream of poetic expression! Very often the poet finds, after years of thought and labour, that he has mistaken himself in his whole subject, and then his work is altogether useless; or, perhaps, though successful in some parts, where the materials are so extensive, he fails in others; and in this case his work wants completeness as a whole, and the good suffers owing to its conjunction with the bad. The labour and sacrifice of half a life-time may thus produce nothing but discomfort and mortification. If, on the other hand, the poet takes hold of the present as it offers itself, he cannot fail to breathe through his handiwork some of the freshness of reality, and snatch some fugitive trait of nature; or should he be so unfortunate as to please neither himself nor his friends, why then he may throw the blotted paper into the fire to-day, and write upon parchment to-morrow.

"There, for instance, is August Hagen, in Königsberg, a young poet of first-rate talent—have you read his *Alfried and Lisena*?

There are passages in that poem that could not possibly be better; the situations on the Baltic, and every thing connected with that locality, show the hand of a master. But these are only beautiful passages; as a whole no one can relish it. And what exertions has it not cost him? What power has he not put forth upon it? Yea, he has almost exhausted himself on that one work. He has now written a tragedy! Here Göthe smiled, and waited a moment for my reply. I observed that, according to my recollection, he had read Hagen a similar lecture in the *Kunst und Alterthum*, and advised him to confine himself to small pieces. 'That I did,' said Göthe; 'but do you, therefore, imagine that these young people will do as we ancients counsel them? Every one thinks he ought to know these matters best himself, and on the rock of this conceit many a fine genius has gone to wreck. But this is not the time for mere stumbling and groping, otherwise we worthy fathers had pioneered in vain. Shall we be always *seeking*? Is the wisdom of experience to go for nothing? Must each successive adventurer wander through the same maze of error, and are the lighthouses and the beacons to show their lights in vain? The time is come when every step should not only lead to the goal, but be a goal in itself.

" 'I do not wish to schoolmaster you, but I would help you if I can. Turn over in your mind what I have been saying, and let me know if it suits you. Be faithful in little, but let that little be fresh and true, and no day will pass without its balsam of poetic enjoyment. Do not consider yourself too high even for the *Annals* or the *Magazines*, but always follow your own plan, and write *to*, not *for*, the public.

" 'The world is so great and so rich, and life is so manifold, that there will be no want of suitable occasions for poems. But your little pieces must be in the true sense of the word *Gelegenheits-gedichte*,—they must arise from, and have reference to, an actual occasion of life,—reality must afford both the origination of their existence, and the materials out of which they are moulded. A special case requires nothing but the treatment of a poet to become universal and poetical. *All my poems are Gelegenheits-gedichte; they were all motived by, and have all their root and base in, reality.* Of poems that are conjured out of the air I make no account.

" 'Let me not be told that the actual world is destitute of a poetic interest. It is the great triumph of genius to make the common appear novel by opening our eyes to its beauty. Reality gives the motive, the hinging points, the kernel; but to create a beautiful living whole out of these rough materials, that is the work of the poet. You know Furnstein, who has been honoured with the surname of *Naturdichter* (poet of nature); he has written a poem on the cultivation of hops: nothing more pleasing, more neat, can be conceived. I have now prescribed him something novel—songs of an artisan, you may call it, and especially a weaver's song, in which I am sure he will succeed. He has lived from his earliest years among this class of people,—he knows his subject,—he is master of his materials. This, indeed, is the great advantage of small pieces, that we may always choose a subject with which we are familiar, and of which we are thoroughly master. A great work, on the

other hand, makes demands of a much more serious nature. Every thing that belongs to the construction and development of the plan must be handled with equal truth and effect. But few youthful minds are sufficiently varied and comprehensive in their knowledge for such an attempt. Manysidedness is the fruit of riper years. Beware, moreover, of the tempting ambition of ORIGINAL INVENTION. He who, instead of reality, gives us his view of reality, who writes a poem or a romance as the vehicle of a philosophy, must have a riper mind than can for the most part be looked for in youth. But, when we take the materials as they are offered to us, the work goes on much more easily. Facts and characters are received from tradition; the poet has merely to breathe the breath of life through the willing members, and a living body appears. He is thus saved from a thriftless expenditure of his own spiritual riches, and much is left within to the mellowing influence of time that would otherwise have been sputtered forth in troubled fermentation. The creative power is not overstrained, and the young artist, when his invention is less taxed, can apply himself with so much the more carefulness to the execution. I would even advise the treatment of subjects that have been so often treated already as to become a sort of common property among artists. How often, for instance, has Iphigenia been handled, yet without repetition! And if twenty great painters have painted the Madonna and Child, not one of these Madonnas is superfluous.'"

We next give some most interesting extracts on Tiedge, the well-known poet of Urania, and on the favourite theme of his poem, the Immortality of the Soul.

TIEDGE—IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

"One morning I found Göthe writing in Frau von Spiegel's album. After reading his verses, I happened to turn over a few pages, and found a small poem by Tiedge, quite in the spirit and tone of his 'Urania.' 'I was once tempted,' said Göthe, 'to write a few verses, perhaps not in the most Christian temper, beneath these lines of Tiedge's, but my better spirit prevailed, and I am glad; for it is not the first time that, by allowing free rein to a reckless sally, I have given offence to many excellent men, and, doing them no good, have done much harm to myself.

" 'I am far, however, from being able to say that, on this occasion, I have not received pretty considerable provocation; for there was a time when nothing was sung, and nothing was declaimed, but this Urania. Come when you please into the study, or into the chamber, Urania was upon the table; you saw and you heard nothing but Urania. I should be the very last man, indeed, to be willing to dispense with the faith of a future life—nay, I would say with Lorenzo di Medici, that all those are dead, even for the present life, who do not hope for a future; but things so far beyond our comprehension as these are not suited to become the subject of daily contemplation and thought-distracting speculation. Further I say, if any one believe in the continued existence of the soul after death, let him cherish his belief in quietness, and not make it an occasion of conceit. One thing, however, I learned, from

the talk that was made about Tiedge and his Urania, that the saints, no less than the nobility, constitute an aristocracy. I found stupid women, who were proud because they believed in immortality with Tiedge, and I had to submit myself to not a few mysterious catechizings and tea-table lectures on this point; I cut them short, however, by saying, that I could have no objection whatever to enter into another state of existence after the present glass had run out, but I prayed God I might be spared the honour of meeting any of those *there*, who had believed in it *here*: for in that case my purgatory would only be beginning in heaven. The saints would flock around me on all sides, and say—"Were we not in the right?—did we not prophesy it?—has not everything taken place exactly as we said?"—and, with such conceited clatter about one's ears, who shall insure me that, even in heaven itself, I shall not, within half a year, die of *ennui*?

" 'To occupy one's self much about the immortality of the soul and such like speculations,' he continued, 'one must either be a lord or a lady; for people in the higher ranks of life, and especially women, have generally very little, often nothing at all, to do. But an active man, made of good stuff, who is seriously intent upon being and doing something useful, finds sufficient occupation in the present world, and deems it wisest to let the future world rest upon itself. Further, speculations about the future are most suitable for those who do not feel themselves comfortable in the present; and I could almost lay a wager, that, had Tiedge been more fortunate in his external condition, his thoughts, also, had been more cheerful and more healthy.' "

These observations are thrown out in a somewhat light, and what may appear to many frivolous, and, on so serious a subject, trifling, and even profane style. But how worthily Göthe thought on this interesting theme appears not only from the general spirit of his works (to those who *know* them), and from the well-known passage about Wieland in the first volume of Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics*, but also from another most express and clear passage in these *Conversations*, which, for the instruction of those who reverence, and the correction of those who falsely calumniate, the name of Göthe, we beg leave here to subjoin:—

" 'When one is seventy years old,' said he, with great cheerfulness, 'one cannot fail at times to think upon death. This subject I contemplate in the most perfect peace, for *I have the firm conviction that our soul is an existence of indestructible nature, whose working is from eternity to eternity.* It is like the sun, that, to our eyes indeed, seems to set, but, properly speaking, never sets, shining on in unchangeable splendour.' "

We add a few observations, bearing a somewhat later date, on the same important subject. What we have just given bears date the 25th February, 1824. On the 4th February, 1829, Göthe was found by his "trusty Eckart" reading Schubart, the natural historian. After praising his "common sense principle," as opposed to the systems and philosophies so much in vogue in Ger-

many, Göthe goes on to blame him for mingling up religion with philosophy, and this gives occasion to a declaration, on Göthe's part, of the principle upon which he was inclined to base the great doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The whole passage is as follows:—

“ ‘Schubart, with all his merits, has one fault. Like Hegel, he insists upon drawing the Christian religion into philosophy, though the province of the one is quite separate from that of the other. The Christian religion is a mighty instrument in itself, by help of which human nature, when sunk most low in degradation and misery, has once and again been enabled to elevate itself; and a religion, which has done this, shows itself to be more sublime than all philosophy, and dependent upon no extrinsic aid from that quarter. In the same manner, the philosopher has no need to betake himself to religion in order to prove certain great doctrines that are founded upon the nature of the human soul, *e. g.* its duration after death. *Man* ought to believe in immortality—he has a right to do so—it is a dictate of his nature—and he may connect this natural belief with a religious faith; but when the *philosopher*, in the exercise of his vocation as an investigator of the *how* and the *why* in human nature, chooses to build the doctrine of immortality on a mere historical tradition (*Legende*), this is truly weak, and can do nothing for the advance of truth. To my mind, the conviction of the immortality of the soul seems to flow from the idea of *ACTIVITY*; for, if I progress in intellectual activity in the same proportion that my bodily tenement weakens, nature seems hereby to pledge herself to bring me into a state of existence more suitable to the ripe state of my inward man.’ ”—vol. ii. pp. 55, 56.

The following short passage on Lavater makes a revelation as to one of the speakers in the Blocksberg Intermezzo, which had remained concealed to the combined erudition of Messrs. Hayward, Blackie, and Anster. The two latter gentlemen, like wise oracles, say nothing at all upon the subject: Hayward says the speaker is Herder, but it appears that he is mistaken. The passage in the interlude is, in Anster's Translation, as follows:—

CRANE.

“ I seek my prey in waters clear,
I seek it in the troubled rivers,
This scene is my delight, for here
Are devils mixed with true believers.”

The passage in the *Conversations* runs thus:—

LAVATER.

“ To-day (17 February, 1829) we spoke much about the ‘Grosskopften.’ ‘Lavater,’ said Göthe, ‘believed in Cagliostro and his miracles; and when at last his impostures were brought to light, Lavater maintained that this was another Cagliostro—that the true wonder-working Cagliostro was a saint.

“ ‘Lavater was an honest worthy soul (*ein herzlich guter Mann*), but

he was subject to not a few illusive influences, and the naked truth was not a thing for him; he deceived himself and others. He and I came at last to a complete quarrel. The last time I saw him was in Zurich; but he did not see me. I was so disguised that he would scarcely have been able to recognise me. His gait was like the stalk of a crane, and for this reason I introduced him as "Kranich" upon the Blocksberg.'

"I asked Göthe if Lavater had any turn for the observation of nature, as one might be led to infer from his having occupied himself so much with physiognomy. 'Quite the contrary,' replied Göthe; 'the moral and the religious was his only element. Anything that his book contains about the skulls of brutes belongs to me.'"

We may conclude our extracts, so far as they contain criticisms on distinguished names in German literature, by the following just vindication of Kotzebue, whom some people seem inclined to treat as a mere buffoon, for no other reason than because Mr. W. Taylor made a god of him.

KOTZEBUE.

"I praised Kotzebue, and alluded especially to his *Verwandschaften* and his *Versöhnung*, which I had seen at the theatre. His freshness of view into the realities of life, the happy manner in which he seizes upon its most interesting situations, and the truth and vigour with which he often paints character, appeared to me worthy of no common praise. Göthe agreed. 'What has lasted for twenty years,' said he, 'and still preserves its popularity, cannot be destitute of something substantially good. When he remained in his own proper sphere, and did not venture beyond his depth, Kotzebue always produced something good. He and Chodowiecki were of the same genus; both were masters in painting characters and scenes of every-day life; but when they meddled with the Greeks and the Romans, they made themselves and their heroes ridiculous. You have mentioned his *Verwandschaften* and his *Versöhnung*; the *Klingsberge* is my favourite piece. Whatever may be said against Kotzebue, one thing cannot be denied—he walked through life with his eyes open.'

"On another occasion Göthe coupled Kotzebue with Iffland, and spoke of them both with great respect. 'If people,' said he, 'will insist on having things what they were never intended to be, Kotzebue and Iffland may be set down as ciphers; but if we would wisely distinguish one genus from another, we must be convinced that we may have to wait long before two men of such decidedly popular talent shall again appear. Of Iffland's pieces, there is no doubt that the *Hagestolzen* is the best; he there shows that he was, on one occasion at least, capable of ascending from the common prose of life to the regions of the ideal.'"

The following remarks on the value of literary character show by what a high and pure spirit Göthe was actuated in pursuing his poetical calling:—

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER IN LITERARY MEN.

"'I have to thank my excursions into the realm of natural history,'

said Goethe, ' for the knowledge of how utterly worthless a thing human nature is in respect of high and generous motives. By coming into collision with scientific men, I learnt too soon that most of that craft reverence science only in so far as they derive their subsistence from it, and that they even deify error, when it is the means by which they make their bread.

" ' In the department of *belles-lettres*, I do not find things much better. A high aim, and a pure unadulterated sympathy with what is sound and good, are *there*, also, phenomena but rarely to be met with. One upholds and cherishes another, because that other in return upholds and cherishes him; that which is truly great delights them not, nay, rather they hate it, and would willingly banish it from the world altogether, in order that they may be able to rise into importance. Such is the mass—and the few that rise above them are not much better.

" * * *, who possesses great talents, and yet greater erudition, might have done much good to our literature. But his want of character has rendered useless to the nation his extraordinary powers, and lost to himself the respect of his contemporaries.

" ' We have much need of a man like Lessing; for how did this man support himself so high in the reputation of his countrymen? By his character and his consistency alone. Men as long-headed and as cultivated as he there are many, but where will you find such a character?

" ' Many have plenty of cleverness, and plenty of knowledge, but they are at the same time full of vanity, and, in order to obtain from the shallow multitude the reputation of a *bel esprit*, they lose all shame and all reverence, and nothing is holy before their reckless wit.

" ' Madame Genlis was therefore quite right to protest against the unbridled licentiousness of Voltaire. For at bottom, however clever his profane witticisms may be, they do no good to the world,—they form a foundation for nothing; nay, they may even do much harm by confusing those who are weak in the faith, and taking from under them their only stay.

" ' And then, what truly do we know,—and how little can we attain to with all our wit?

" ' Man is not born for the purpose of solving the problem of the universe, though he certainly has the vocation to seek the point where that problem begins, and then to circumscribe himself within the limits of the intelligible.

" ' To measure the operation of the universe is a work far beyond his capacities, and to inoculate his reason into the mighty whole is, from his point of view, a most vain endeavour. *The reason of man, and the reason of God, are two very different things.*

" ' When we assume human freedom, we annihilate the omniscience of God; for the prescience of God necessitates the course of my actions to be in accordance with that prescience.

" ' I mention this only as one among many instances how little we truly know even on subjects wherein ourselves are most interested, and how delicate a thing it is to meddle with the mysteries of God.

" ' Neither ought we to imagine that, because we have arrived at a

high and comprehensive principle, we are therefore called upon, on all occasions, to proclaim it to the world. Only in so far as men can make a good use of truth ought they to be entrusted with it. Maxims which the many cannot understand, we should keep to ourselves, but not therefore as a mere fruitless capital; they may and must exercise an influence upon all we do, like the mild sheen of a hidden sun.'"

Next comes a *morceau* or two for the students of Faust—all invaluable.

FAUST.

" 'Faust,' said he, 'is something altogether incommensurable, and all attempts to bring it more within the region of the understanding are in vain. It would be well also if the readers of this work would bear in mind, that the first part had its origin in a somewhat dark condition of the writer's mind. But it is this very indistinctness (*dieses Dunkel*) that charms men, and Faust is not the only insoluble problem on which they delight to exercise their wits.'"

And in another passage, which we cannot at present lay our hands on, he advises Eckermann not to plague himself too much about Faust, *denn es ist tolles Zeug!* it is strange stuff!

The following observation made by Eckermann, and confirmed by the assent of Göthe, on occasion of the fourth act of the second part of Faust being finished, deserves attention.

" 'If, as you say, the fourth act is an isolated world in itself, it will be quite in keeping with the rest of the work. For at bottom, what is Auerbach's Cellar, or the Witches' Kitchen, or the Blocksberg, or the Imperial Diet, or the Masquerade, or the Paper-money, or the Laboratory, or the classical Walpurgis Night, or the Helena, but each a little world for itself, independent the one of the other, though not without a mutual bearing the one on the other? The poet is chiefly concerned to give expression to a world as multifarious as possible, and he makes use of the fable of a great hero merely as a thread to go through the whole, on which he may string whatever he best can. The *Odyssey* and *Gil Blas* are constructed on this principle.'"

And again.

" 'Truly,' said I, 'this second part of Faust reveals a much more rich world than is contained in the first.'"

" 'How could it be otherwise?' said Göthe. 'The first part is almost entirely subjective; it proceeded from an individual whose mind was captive to the influence of violent emotion, and I verily believe it is the indistinctness which arises from this state of mind that makes it so popular with the generality of poetry readers. In the second part, again, there is almost no subjectivity; a more elevated, more expanded, more clear, and less impassioned world is here revealed, and *he who has not seen something and lived something, will be able to make nothing of it.*'"

* *Wer sich nicht etwas umgethan und einiges erlebt hat, wird nichts damit anfangen wissen.*

" 'No person need try to read it,' I replied, 'who has not had some experience in the art of *thinking*; and I should also imagine that a little *learning* would be very useful. I am glad now, that I gave myself the trouble to read Schilling's book on the *Cabiri*, and that I am thus able to understand what your meaning is, in that famous passage of the classical Walpurgis Night.'

" 'I have always found,' said Göthe with a smile, 'that it is good to *know* something.'"

We next encounter something good, on the character and exertions of a man whom the student of foreign literature can never name without respect; and, following upon that, something even better on the general subject of *popularity*, and on the popularity, or rather *non-popularity* of Göthe's works in particular. Besides Göthe's own voice on this subject, we have some very sensible and sound remarks from Eckermann.

CARLYLE AND GÖTHE'S POPULARITY.

" 'It rejoices me,' said Göthe, 'to contemplate how the ancient pedantry of the Scotch has of late years given place to a spirit of serious and profound investigation (*Ernst und Gründlichkeit*.) When I bethink me how the Edinburgh critics treated my works only a few years ago, and, on the other hand, consider what Carlyle has done for German literature, the progress which they have made to the better seems really extraordinary.'

" 'What I most admire in Carlyle,' replied I, 'is the spirit and character which is at the bottom of all his exertions. His only object is to improve and advance his nation in intellectual culture, and accordingly, in his excursions into the regions of foreign literature, he does not seek to lay hold so much of mere originality of genius, as of a high development of moral and spiritual culture.'

" 'Yes,' said Göthe, 'the spirit with which he goes to work is peculiarly valuable. What a noble earnestness does he display! how seriously has he studied us! He knows our literature almost better than we know it ourselves; at all events, we have no one in this country who has done so much for English literature, as Carlyle has for German literature in England.'

" 'The essay,' I replied (in the *Foreign Review*), 'is written with a fire and with an emphasis which plainly show how many prejudices and contradictions are yet to be overcome. Malignant critics and bad translators seem to have combined in raising a *fama* against poor Meister. But Carlyle is a match for them all.' To the often repeated silliness that no woman of noble birth, or high feeling, would dare to read Meister, he replies with all cheerfulness, 'that the argument *ab esse ad posse* is surely as good in literature as in logic, and that a book which was the familiar study of such a woman as the late queen of Prussia might be safely put into the hands of any English lady, however precise.'

" 'Carlyle has studied Meister thoroughly, and, convinced as he is of the great value of the book, it is his wish, that its circulation may become

more general, and that every man of cultivated mind may derive the same benefit from it that he has himself derived.

"Göthe drew me to the window to give me an answer.

"My good friend," says he, "I will take this opportunity of letting you into a secret, the knowledge of which will save you a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and be of use to you as long as you live. *MY WORKS NEVER CAN BE POPULAR*; he who imagines that they ever will be so, and acts on this principle, is in the wrong. They were not written for the mass, but only for individual men who have like longings and like seekings, and whose mind has taken a similar direction."

"He was proceeding to go on in the same strain, when a young lady entered and drew him into a conversation. I addressed myself to others of the company, and in a short time we sat down to dinner.

"I can give no account of what was said at table; Göthe's words lay in my mind, and occupied all my thoughts.

"Truly, thought I, such a writer as he is, a mind of such elevation and of such comprehensiveness, how can he ever be popular! At most, fragments of him alone can become popular! A song, perhaps, which a merry comrade sings to his brother, or a love-sick maiden to her lover, may be popular with them, and even that song can never go beyond the sphere of those who understand what song is.

"And when we look at the matter rightly, is not this the case with every thing of an extraordinary nature? Is Mozart popular? is Raphael popular! And do men in general go beyond a mere *snapping* at the works of such original founts of inexhaustible spiritual life?

"Yes, I went on to think, Göthe is in the right! Taking him in his whole compass, it is impossible that he ever can be popular, and, as he himself says, his works are only for individual men who have like longings and like seekings, and whose mind has taken a similar direction with his own.

"Göthe's works, taken as a whole, may be said to be written for minds of an observing and contemplative nature, who are actuated by a desire to penetrate into the depths of the world and of human nature, and to investigate their laws. They are, in some parts, though certainly not as a whole, intended for hearts capable of passionate enjoyment, who seek in the poet for the highest and the deepest woe of human feeling. They are for young poets, who are studying the art of expression, and seeking to know how any subject may be handled according to the rules of art. They are for critics, who receive in them a living pattern, what maxims are to be applied, and how they are to be applied, in literary judgment, so that a criticism may be at once interesting and pleasing. They are for the artist, whose mind they are peculiarly fitted to enlighten, besides that, in them, he finds the true principles of art, and the rules that render objects fit or unfit for artistical treatment. They are, in fine, for the natural philosopher, not only on account of the great discoveries which he will there find recorded, but specially because in these works he will find a method laid down and acted upon, according to which a sound mind may proceed in forcing nature to disclose her mysteries."

We shall conclude this interesting extract by another very short passage on "popularity," taken from another part of the work.

"Every thing that is very great and very wise can exist only in a minority. There have been ministers who, with the people and king both against them, have carried their own mighty plans into execution by the energy of a single mind. It is quite hopeless to imagine that reason (*Vernunft*) should ever become popular. Passions and feelings may become popular, but reason will always be in the possession only of the privileged few."

We conclude with the last words recorded by our worthy memorialist. They were uttered in the beginning of the same month, on the 22nd of which Göthe was gathered to his fathers, in March, 1832.

"Our conversation turned on the idea of destiny in the Greek tragedy.

" 'This idea,' said Göthe, 'no longer squares with our habits of thinking; it is obsolete, and besides, it is contrary to our religious convictions. When a modern poet makes use of such ancient ideas for our stage, it always carries with it the air of affectation. It is a dress that has gone out of fashion, and, like the Roman *toga*, however suitable in its day and generation, can never hope to be revived among us.

" 'We moderns should do better to say with Napoleon, that politics is fate. But let us beware of falling into the error of our latest *litterateurs*, who confound politics with poetry, or at least maintain that politics is a fitting subject for poetry. The English poet Thomson wrote a very good poem on the Seasons, but a very bad one on Liberty; and this not from a want of poetry in the poet, but from a want of poetry in the subject.

" 'A poet who means to be active in politics must surrender himself to a party; and so soon as he does this he is lost for ever as a poet: he must bid farewell for ever to his unshackled spirit and his unprejudiced view of human affairs, and allow the cap of narrowness and bigotry to be drawn over his ears.

" 'A poet will love his country as a man and as a citizen, but the native country of his poetical powers and his poetical exertions is the good, the noble, and the beautiful; that is not tied down to any particular province or any particular land, but is seized by him wherever it is to be found. He is in this respect like the eagle, who hovers with free glance over many lands, and to whom it is a matter of no concern, whether the hare on which he is about to pounce runs over Prussian or Saxon soil.

" 'Further, I should like to know what is the meaning of those phrases:—Love your country—Be an active patriot—and so forth. If a poet has employed himself during a long life in combating pernicious prejudices, overcoming narrow views, elevating the intellect, and purifying the taste of his country, what could he possibly do better than this? How could he be more patriotic? To make such impertinent

and unthankful demands upon a poet is as if I should demand of the head of a regiment to become a ringleader in all political novelties, and neglect thereby his soldiers and their discipline. The head of a regiment ought to have no other fatherland than his regiment, and his best way to become a patriot is to have no concern with politics, but in so far as they affect the discharge of his duties, and to direct his whole energies to the training and conservation of his troops, to the end that, when his fatherland really requires their service, they may be able to acquit themselves like men.

"I hate all intermeddling with subjects that one does not understand, as I hate sin itself; and of all intermeddling bunglers, political bunglers are to me the most odious, for their handiwork involves thousands and millions in destruction.

"You know well that it is not my custom to concern myself much about what people say or write of me; but I have heard, and I know very well that, though I have worked like a slave all my life long (*so sauer ich es mir auch mein Lebelang habe werden lassen*), there are nevertheless certain people, who consider all that I have done as worse than nothing, for no other reason than because I have uniformly refused to mix myself up with party politics. To please these gentlemen, I must have become a member of a Jacobin club, and a preacher of murder and bloodshed! But enough of this sorry theme, lest I should lose my reason in attempting to reason against that which is altogether unreasonable."

This criticism on the connection between politics, poetry, and patriotism, seems to us not altogether distinguished by that soundness and comprehensiveness of judgment for which Göthe is so remarkable. It were well that he had let politics alone altogether; for, when he exclaims against catholic emancipation, palliates the slave trade, and denies that freedom and patriotism are proper subjects for the Muse, we cannot help thinking that he shows the aristocrat somewhat too prominently, and is, to say the least of it, pretty considerably *one-sided*. But this is a long chapter, and we may have occasion to say something on it in our next number. Meanwhile, if our readers shall have derived half the pleasure from reading these extracts that we have enjoyed in penning them, we have done good. The Reviewer seldom has his labours sweetened by such a treat.

ART. II.—1. *Antiquités Mexicaines. Relation des trois Expéditions du Capitaine Dupaix, ordonnées en 1805, 1806, 1807, accompagnée des dessins de Castaneda, Membre des trois Expéditions et Dessinateur du Musée de Mexico; avec des Notes explicatives et autres Documents par MM. Baradere, De St. Priest, et plusieurs Voyageurs.* Fol. Paris. 1834-5. Au Bureau des Antiquités Mexicaines.

2. *Voyage Pittoresque et Archéologique dans le Mexique.* Par C. Nebel, Architecte. Lithographié par les Artistes les plus distingués de Paris. Paris. Fol. Livraisons 1, 2, 3, 4. 1835.

3. *Collección de las Antiquedades Mexicanas que existen en el Museo Nacional y dan a luz* Isidro Icaza e Isidro Gondra, litografiadas por Federico Waldeck e impresas por Pedro Robert, Mexico, 1827—1835.

THE subject comprehended in the three important works which we have made the text of the ensuing article, will be found to possess those features of novelty and originality which we deem of paramount importance, in order to attract public attention to any antiquarian subject whatever. The antiquarian discoveries recently made in Spanish America may, on the threshold of the inquiry, be at once pronounced to be equal in interest and importance to those Egyptian discoveries to which we have called the attention of our readers—while so lately recording the last triumphs in this department, of Rossellini and Champollion. If the former investigation were calculated to startle the reader by the unique novelty of the historical incidents and personages which it summoned up before his eyes as by the spell of a magician—the facts, historical or otherwise, which the present investigation is calculated to bring to light, will be found not less startling by their novelty, than curious by their antiquarian coincidences, and important by their mythological, historical, and geographical revelations. The subject of Mexican antiquities possesses moreover the advantage of being less hackneyed than the subject of Egyptian antiquities. It is comparatively a virgin soil. The golden ore remains in the mine, little worked and scarcely known. The searching eye of some few antiquarians has indeed been enabled to discover the intrinsic value of the buried metal. But they have either seen it dimly through the dark and obstructed channels by which they obtained access to it, or have themselves contributed to render it undistinguishable by the public, by encumbering it with new mountains of pedantic lumber, in the very act of digging downwards to the buried treasures.

To the public generally the mine, rich as it is in the most precious veins of antiquarian information, may be considered as all but closed. Mexican antiquities, for reasons which may be briefly stated, may be pronounced a sealed book. It is for the purpose of throwing a new light of interpretation on its mysterious pages that this paper is undertaken. In pursuing the investigation we shall endeavour to keep in view the same guiding principle by which we were governed while bringing out into high relief the most novel points of Egyptian discovery, namely, that of popularising the subject—by divesting it of the voluminous and repulsive pedantry by which it has been hitherto overlaid. If we have triumphantly appealed to the chief characteristics of our previous Egyptian investigation, viz. the startling novelty of producing a new volume in the roll of history, and of eliciting, as it were, a new Pagan Genesis, concurrent with and corroborative of the Bible, we think that, before we have concluded, we shall establish the fact that this investigation is imbued with the same popular character of excitement and attractiveness.

The first circumstance calculated to rouse surprise on surveying the stupendous, grotesque, or magnificent monuments of a by-gone people, to which the illustrations of the volumes which head our article introduce the reader, is the carelessness or the supineness with which they have been overlooked or disregarded. Robertson, impressed with the same incredulous feeling, or betrayed by the Spaniards, whose interest at that time it was to keep him in the dark, went so far in his *History of America* as to say, that there is not, in all the extent of New Spain, any monument, or vestige of building, more ancient than the Conquest; that the temple of Cholula "was nothing but a mound of solid earth, without any facing or any steps, covered with grass or shrubs;" and that "the houses of the people in Mexico were but huts, built with turf or branches of trees, like those of the rudest Indians. The same acute and cautious historian merely observes, in a cursory manner, that "the unfortunate Boturiori made an amazing catalogue of Mexican maps, paintings, tribute-rolls, calendars, &c. which were lost." In another passage he treats as a matter of great suspicion the authenticity of the chronological wheel, by which the Mexicans computed time; a specimen of which was published by Carrieri; while the monument itself was actually brought to this country by Mr. Bullock. "If it be genuine," he coldly says, it proves that the Mexicans had arbitrary characters, which represent several things besides numbers." It is surprising that so acute a critic as Robertson did not feel some suspicion before he hazarded such contemptu-

ous decisions, that he was either misinformed or too precipitate in his judgment.

A fact, which he himself states, ought to have impressed him with due circumspection. Referring to the Mexican people, who, we shall be able to show, were really in a state of barbarism comparatively with the Tulteques whom they superseded, he yet is forced to admit that the Mexicans, clearly deriving their institutions from the Tulteques, were advanced at the time of the Spanish conquest beyond the then extant points of European civilization in two most distinguishing particulars, namely, in regard to their well-established police, embracing a regular supply of water and sewers, and in regard to the regular posts that they had established. Since the period of Robertson new lights have been successively thrown on the subject, and the vague mists of incredulous ignorance, in the midst of which he recorded these disproved opinions, have been cleared away. Humboldt has since then published his amusing and eloquent account of the monuments that still exist in central America. A Spanish writer, very little known, named Del Rio, in ~~1799~~ 1800 published his "*Description of the Ruins of an Ancient City, lately discovered in the Kingdom of Guatemala.*" This last work, although it may be said to have been scarcely published in this country, and at all events to have lapsed into a condition of obscurity, supplies more curious and valuable information than Humboldt on the subject. Since then the English public have been made partially more familiar with their existence and their characteristics by the exhibition of Mexican Antiquities brought by Mr. Bullock to this country. We are, however, bound to say that the exhibition tended to impart rather a low idea of Mexican proficiency in the arts,—that it was calculated to confound two races of people —(the conquerors and the conquered)—both totally distinct,—and still to retain in shadow the truth which has rapidly dawned on the world of antiquarian literature, that there exist in New Spain the monuments of a highly civilized people who preceded the Mexicans, as stupendous, as tasteful, and as wonderful, as those of Egypt. Since the last-mentioned work, those which head our article have been published. They demonstrate that the attention of the learned world has been thoroughly awakened to the interests and importance of the subject.

Nebel's *Archæological Voyage*, though extremely limited in the amount of its illustrations, is the most splendid in the execution of their details. But the most authentic and complete account which we have of these monuments results from a commission sent out for the purpose of investigating them, under the authority of the Spanish government. It was headed by Dupaix,

who has published an ample account of three scientific expeditions undertaken by him for their investigation. To these results may be added the fruits of an additional commission confided by the local Mexican government to M. Baradere. They however add little to the facts collected by Dupaix, who must in truth be considered as the chief and best authority for all legitimate inferences on this subject. The illustrations of Dupaix are embodied in the magnificent and expensive work entitled "*Antiquités Mexicaines*," printed in Paris, and published in numbers at the *Bureau des Antiquités Mexicaines*. This work is one of those which we have deemed necessary to place at the head of our article. Notwithstanding the apparently official mantle thus attractively thrown over the French publication in question, we are bound in justice to tear away its masquerade dress, and to state that the greater part of it is nothing more than a reprint of Augustin Aglio's illustrations drawn from the work of Dupaix, and already incorporated with the great work of Lord Kingsborough, entitled "Mexican Antiquities." A little variety is sought to be obtained by colouring the drawings, and by occasionally imparting to them picturesque (and therefore, as we apprehend, deceptive) effects. The descriptions attached to the Parisian illustrations are of no great depth or value, but they have the merit of being perspicuous in meaning and brief in form. They possess thereby the superior advantage of being publishable, which Lord Kingsborough's work is not. The work of the noble Lord possesses characteristics quite sufficient to repel the most determined book-devourer from attempting to surfeit on the gigantic meal embodied in its voluminous pages. It is in reality an ill-arranged, undigested mass of every class of contribution, in which the editorial work and the *scissors and paste* work are confusedly blended,—in half a dozen languages, some translated, some not translated—with notes piled upon notes, producing "confusion worse confounded." The mischief is considerably augmented by an extraordinary theory which pervades all the original composition, and of the truth of which the noble author appears to have been as convinced as of any truth in holy writ. This theory is, that America was peopled by the ten Jewish tribes carried away by Salmanazer, king of Assyria; and that not only the Mexicans, but the founders of the extraordinary monuments preserved in the illustrations of his lordship's work, were Jews.*

It is from the combined series of works which we have thus recapitulated and described that we mean to derive the arguments, inferences, and propositions of this paper. Our object

* See the Review of Lord Kingsborough's Work, in our 17th Number, p. 90—124.

will be, we repeat, to *popularize* the subject; to extract the sterling metal from the drossy matter which surrounds it; to extricate it from the revolting mass of learned pedantry and theoretical absurdity by which it is at present overwhelmed; and to impart to it, as far as lies in our humble power, the brilliancy and concentration which are indispensable requisites for attracting public attention.

We have said that this is an inquiry almost new to the public; we can adduce an extraordinary instance of the ignorance prevailing among literary and scientific men in general of the immense sources of information from which they have been excluded by the voluminous pedantry employed upon the subject. It was after the publication of Lord Kingsborough's work, that is to say in 1831, that a correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* announced a great discovery by a certain Colonel Galindo in New Spain. This gentleman, going out one fine morning in the neighbourhood of Palenque, stumbled on the ruins of an ancient city, nearly as wonderful in the architectural details as those of Egyptian Thebes. The discovery was announced with great pomp, and the correspondent of the *Review* in question, which is one of great circulation, promised, on behalf of the colonel, to supply a series of illustrations and descriptions of this astounding discovery. Unfortunately the result of the colonel's morning adventure turned out to be a complete mare's nest. The fact is, that Lord Kingsborough's work, published a year before this event, gave the most ample and minute details, in a series of illustrations by Aglio, the artist, of the identical ruins stumbled upon by the astonished *litteratus*. The Spanish commissions headed by Dupaix had also given equally ample details of this ruined city. Humboldt exhibited some of the sculptures; and, finally, the whole of the ruins had been examined, described, and drawn with great fidelity, by Del Rio, in the publication to which we have already adverted. This circumstance is alone sufficient to show that the subject is, unlike Egyptian antiquities, comparatively new to the reading British public. It is for us to show, in the ensuing remarks, that it is as attractive, useful, and important, as it is new.

The first and strongest conviction, which will flash on the mind of every ripe antiquarian while surveying the long series of Mexican and Tultecan monuments preserved in the various works to which we have briefly called attention, is the similarity which the ancient monuments of New Spain bear to the monumental records of ancient Egypt. While surveying them, the glance falls with familiar recognition on similar graduated pyramids,—on similar marks of the same primeval Ophite worship,—on vestiges of the same triune and solar deity,—on planispheres and temples, which,

though characterized by some distinctions entirely American, are not less worthy of the notice of the Egyptian antiquarian,—on relics of palaces at once noble in their architecture and beautiful in their proportions and decorations,—on monuments sepulchral, domestic, religious, or warlike, which deserve the designation of Cyclopean as much as any that are now extant in Italy or Greece,—on idols and sculptures, some of rude and some of finished workmanship; exhibiting different eras of civilization, and often presenting the most striking analogy in posture and gesture to the monumental style of sculpture and of statuary pre-eminently called Egyptian. Lastly, the eye of the antiquarian cannot fail to be both attracted and fixed by evidences of the existence of two great branches of the hieroglyphical language,—both having striking affinities with the Egyptian, and yet distinguished from it by characteristics perfectly American. One is the picture-writing peculiar to the Mexicans, and which displays several striking traits of assimilation to the anaglyphs and the historical tablets of the Egyptian temples. The second is a pure hieroglyphical language, to which little attention has been hitherto called, which appears to have been peculiar to the Tultecans or some still more ancient nation that preceded the Mexicans; which was as complete as the Egyptian in its double constituency of a symbolic and a phonetic alphabet; and which, as far as we can judge, appears to have rivalled the Egyptian in its completeness, while in some respects it excelled it in its regularity and beauty.

The brief and cursory sketch which we have thus given for the convenience of the reader, by way of preface or overture, is indispensable to remove prejudices which may have been excited through the low estimate formed by Robertson and others. The real fact is, that the depreciated view of Mexican antiquities results, in a great measure, from an anachronism carelessly allowed to establish itself among literary men, who have not deeply examined the subject respecting two eras and two nations. It will be our province to extricate the subject from the confusion thereby caused.

A brief enumeration of a few facts will show upon what slight foundation Dr. Robertson must have built his careless appreciation of the monuments of New Spain. A mania existed in his time, as it does now, in favour of the stupendous importance of every thing connected with the Egyptian monuments. Now what is the simple fact? Pyramids, not inferior to the Egyptian, exist in many parts of the Mexican territories and of New Spain. Some of these pyramids are of larger base than the Egyptian, and composed of equally permanent materials. Vestiges of noble architecture and sculpture are visible at Cholula, Otumba, Oaxaca,

Mitlan, and Tlascal. The mountain of Tescoca is nearly covered with ruins of ancient buildings. The ancient town of Palenque exhibits not only excellent workmanship in the temples, palaces, private houses, and baths, but a boldness of design in the architect, as well as skill in the execution, which will not shrink from a comparison with the works of at least the earlier ages of Egyptian power. In the sanctuaries of Palenque are found sculptured representations of idols, which resemble the most ancient gods of Egypt and of Syria; planispheres and zodiacs exist, which exhibit a superior astronomical and chronological system to that which was possessed by the Egyptians. At Mitlan there exist the remains of a palace which is of considerable extent. Its architecture, though distinguished by characteristics peculiarly American, and different from that of any nation with which we are familiar, is to our view marked by features of stately grandeur and melancholy beauty. The roof of the portico is supported by plain cylindrical columns, no type of which we believe elsewhere exists. The façade of the palace is covered with a beautiful mat-work or basket scroll, which is a characteristic ornament of all the Tlaltacan monuments, which is often found in the sepulchral chambers of the same extraordinary people, and which Rossellini, by a singular coincidence, found in those of Egypt, among others of the magnificent scroll-ornaments, copies of which decorate his *livraisons*. It is curious that the ground plan of this palace is the Egyptian Tau. Finally, statues sculptured in a purely classical style, unlike the rude deformities of Mexican art, have been found in the neighbourhood of Otumba, Mitlan, Xochicalco, and the magnificent flower temple of Oaxaca. These are not the works of barbarians, as Robertson intimates, having no metal implements to work with. This misconception is the result of the before-mentioned confusion of two eras. It is true that the Mexican semi-barbarians produced their rude sculptures with stone utensils, but the civilized people who preceded them worked with copper implements, some of which have been discovered in their tombs. Vases agreeing both in shape and ornament with the earliest specimens of Egyptian and Etrurian pottery have been found in their sepulchral excavations. Moreover, evidences of an amount of civilization and of social comfort, which are not to be found among the popular and boasted monuments of Egypt, are furnished by the architectural memorials of this great, singular, and almost unknown people. Roads are to be found not only in the vicinity of their great cities, but at a considerable distance from them: artificially constructed, like the Roman military roads, of large squared blocks of stone. These roads, on the same principle

as the railroad, affect a continued level. They are in fact *viaducts* as contrasted with *aqueducts*, which these people also constructed. Where they traverse acclivities, they are parapeted, and the evidences both of regular posting stations at regular intervals, and of the regular division of the distances upon the principle of our mile-stones upon turnpike-roads, are still to be observed. Bridges, constructed of the same durable materials and traversing mountain torrents, are also to be found. In these bridges, an approach to the principle of the arch and key-stone may be in a few instances discerned; but generally they display the primitive and obvious form of architraves of stone, super-imposed on two or more piers of the same massy character and durable materials. Every feature of these structures is at once singular, ingenious, and gigantic. Cyclopean in the forms of their masonry, they are characterized throughout by the same Titanian character of wild and exaggerated grandeur.

The older monuments of New Spain, which are most important, and which most strikingly resemble the Egyptian, are in fact not Mexican. The term Mexican antiquities, as far as they are concerned, is a misnomer. It is indispensable to bear this distinction in view. They are the monumental relics of a great nation, whose existence at the time of the Spanish Conquest had become a matter of vague record under the name of "giants and wandering masons," the traces of whose social civilization had been in many respects obliterated by the incessant irruptions of barbarous tribes from the north—in some respects partially repaired or renewed. Sufficient evidences remain that this nation, which had long passed away from the central seat of its triumph in New Spain at the time of the Spanish Conquest, was a most polished and powerful nation. It has been agreed to call the monuments left by them Tultecan, but our decided conviction is that their erection dates back much further than the era assigned to the Tultecans, who preceded the Mexicans by six hundred years. Our opinion is that many of the monuments exhibited in the numerous and splendid illustrations of the works under review are coeval with the Egyptian or Etrurian. Many of them we furthermore believe—and it will be our province to demonstrate the proposition by evidence—are, as the Indians in fact told their Spanish conquerors in the armies of Pizarro and Cortes, the works of the nation called "giants and of wandering masons." Now every scholar knows that these terms are merely exchangeable terms employed in every district of ancient Europe, to designate this Cyclopean family, who were called by the same names in ancient Greece and Italy. Our impression is that the Indians were right in the designation which they gave them, and that the monuments of New Spain—

we mean those to which we are now especially referring,—for some of them are clearly of later origin—are in reality Cyclopean.

It will be advantageous to establish this point of affinity, and clear it at once from our path before we enter upon the succeeding steps of the investigation. It is our opinion, and we have given reasons for the inference in a former paper, that the pyramids, being nothing but a more regular form imparted to the sepulchral cairn, are structures which may be generally pronounced peculiar to the shepherd or Cyclopean community. There was a distinct record in Egypt that the great pyramid, not improbably the model of all the others, was built by that people. Uninscribed pyramidal temples appear to have distinguished them in Egypt, as the truncated form imparted to inscribed palaces and temples would appear to have characterized the race which expelled and succeeded them. Wherever the expelled community wandered or were driven, their location was distinguished by the same unvarying type both of their architecture and of their government. We cannot do better than repeat the description which we gave of them in reviewing Rossellini. "The republican forms of government of the great pastoral community, as Aristotle proves in his history of all the republics clearly assignable to this extraordinary race, and generally embracing a community of goods, were disseminated throughout the world wherever their wanderings led. These people carried with them in their wanderings all the favourite forms of the Pastoral or Cyclopean architecture—pyramids, gateways, triangular or graduated arches without the key-stone, cellular cairns, unsculptured initiatory caverns, irregular courses of colossal masonry, cylindric columns, and rock-built fortresses, which, wherever they are found, attest their presence."

These facts being admitted or established, the question is, do the monuments of New Spain, as displayed in the illustrations of the works under review, correspond with these unvarying and identifying characteristics? Our reply is, yes; they correspond entirely. Some of the pyramids, as we have said, are larger than those of Egypt. Some of them are different in their model—having somewhat of an Indian character—bearing strong affinity to pyramidal temples still extant in Japan.—(See the work of Sir Thomas Raffles.) The pyramid of Cholula exhibits a most singular identity with the model of the temples of Belus, described by Herodotus, and which, by many scholars, has been considered to be the Scriptural tower of Babel. It consists of eight graduated square towers, each rising above the other, and terminating in a topmost sanctuary, dedicated apparently to the same solar god. But there are more singular analogies between the forms of some of the pyramids of New Spain and some of the

most ancient pyramids of Egypt. Among the pyramids on the plain of Saccareh is one consisting of four graduated steps. The illustrations of the "*Antiquités Mexicaines*" furnish a copy of a Mexican pyramid of exactly the same form and nearly the same dimensions. Again, descending galleries, at a particular astronomical angle of declination, lead to central chambers, either for the purpose of mystery or sepulture, in the Mexican pyramids, as well as the Egyptian. Quite enough has been said to prove the architectural identity. It is fair to infer, that tribes of the same architectural family built both. In that case, they would be cotemporaneous; but the evidences of the same affinity or identity multiply as we proceed.

There are numerous rock-hewn monuments, scattered throughout Central America, which the natives call granaries of the Giants; but which in every respect resemble the Cyclopean fabric near Argos in Greece, called the treasury of Atreus. The form of these structures is generally dome-shaped; a gallery leads to a central room, which is lighted by a cavity from the dome. In some cases, the doorway to this gallery resembles in its Cyclopean structure the gate of Mycenæ; but there are some singular exceptions, in which a knowledge of the arch and of the keystone (and the same thing has been proved by Rossellini and Belzoni to have existed anciently in Egypt) is clearly assignable to these architectural barbarians. Again, sepulchres have been found constructed on the very same model as those of Cyprus and Asia Minor, which probably preceded, but were at all events contemporary with, the most ancient monuments of Egypt. They are generally in the form of the Egyptian cross. A sloping passage, intended to be closed, leads to a vestibule, supported by a single column and ornamented with the mat-work scroll, out of which branch sepulchral chambers to the right and left. In the *Antiquités Mexicaines* rock-built fortifications are exhibited, which precisely resemble similar Cyclopean structures at Tyrens and Perugia. The walls of their cities and fortresses are built of rough stones, irregularly fitted into each other, and arranged in irregular courses, precisely as all the walls of known Cyclopean *origin* discovered in Greece and Italy are constructed. There is another and still more remarkable instance of the architectural identity, which we are endeavouring to demonstrate. Some of their palaces, but more especially the combined temple, palace, and city of Palenque, are characterised by the well-known Cyclopean arch, consisting of receding steps of stone in a triangular form. At Palenque a rectangular square is surrounded by cloisters built in this manner, being lighted by windows bearing the exact form of the Egyptian 'Tau.

We have thrown a rapid glance over the architecture, and over the sculptures which exist in New Spain in the various ruined monuments of the extraordinary and powerful nation whose empire, along with every certain memorial of their name, has long passed away. We shall proceed to draw upon the descriptions and illustrations in the works before us for an equally brief, and, we hope, perspicuous and popular view: 1st, of their personal characteristics and costume; 2nd, of their religion and religious rites; 3rd, of their hieroglyphical language, and of the state of science among them. We purpose to conclude, by inquiring into the origin of these extraordinary people—whence they came—who they were—how it was that they imbued the mythology of New Spain with the most striking analogies to the mythological system, which is known to have existed in the most remote times in Egypt, India, and even in Italy. We shall advert, in the course of this inquiry, to the theory especially taken up by Lord Kingsborough—and which runs through the whole of his seven gigantic volumes—that they were Jews; and that even the Mexicans who succeeded them were a tribe of the Hebrew nation. We shall inquire into the probability of this startling and rather eccentric theory. We propose to conclude the whole inquiry, by the aid of such facts and evidences as we shall be able to bring forward, with establishing an hypothesis that will satisfy our readers, and will at all events be pronounced not at all improbable, if not entirely capable of demonstration. The personal characteristics, physiognomy, and costume of the extraordinary nation, whose monuments we are discussing, and whom for the sake of avoiding confusion and prolixity we shall call Tultecans—although we doubt the strict propriety of the designation—will be found among the illustrations of Castaneda, accompanying the original work of *Dupair*; and which are copied by the artist employed in the *Antiquités Mexicaines*, published in Paris at the *Bureau* of Mexican Antiquities. Both, however, merely reproduce, and thereby honourably prove the accuracy of the illustrations published long previously by Captain Del Rio, in his description of the Ruins of an Ancient City. The sculptures in question are most extraordinary, and bring before us a people as extraordinary as if they appertained to another planet. Their physiognomy is unlike any of the various families of the human race, with which any other sculptures or monumental records had previously rendered us familiar. Their receding forehead, their low facial angle, and the conical form of their heads, would, according to the ordinary principles of the craniologists, indicate little short of idiotism, did we not perceive, on the very monuments where the elementary data of craniology would seem to testify against them, marks of

a powerful, civilized, and enlightened people. The sculptures which reveal these novel characteristics in the outward form and lineaments of a distinct nation, are bas-reliefs, which appear in the form of metopes on the square pilasters, which, alternating with similar square door-ways, form the outward façade of the Cyclopean cloisters, which surround one of the rectangular courts of the great temple of Palenque. The architectural forms with which these sculptures are associated are as unique as the sculptures themselves; yet is there a general resemblance to the metopes of the Greek temples, inasmuch as, in the instance of the Parthenon itself, two analogous figures appear on each tablet, one of the victor, the other of the vanquished. Other physiognomical characteristics, not less singular than the low angle of their facial elevation, mark the countenance of the extraordinary people thus curiously preserved for our inspection. The nose is large, long, and prominent, so much so as to amount to a deformity, when contrasted with the receding forehead. The facial line recedes in the same singular manner from the base of the nostrils to the termination of the chin. But, as if these curious physiognomical signs were not sufficient to distinguish them from any race of people with which we are acquainted, the receding angle of the lower portion of the face is grotesquely broken by an unsightly protrusion of the lower lip. These are the general characteristics of the nation. But there are some of the sculptures which depict individuals less revolting to the European standard of physiognomical beauty. These characteristics are still more important than they are singular, inasmuch as we think they will help, in the course of the ensuing investigation, to furnish tolerably clear views of the origin, or, at least, of the original location of the people.

We follow the subject into the next division, according to the line we have chalked out;—we mean the costume of the people represented on the metopes in question, as well as in the sanctuaries and on the walls of different temples. It has been rather rashly intimated in a learned periodical, which glanced at the subject some few years ago, that the costume in question is perfectly Egyptian. This is not the case; there are some striking analogies with the Egyptian costume, but there are at the same time differences from it as striking. The Egyptian apron, compared with the corresponding Tultecan covering, was very different. It was generally of striped cotton, and folded in a peculiar manner, a portion of it forming a girdle, and passing between the legs, resembling a similar article of dress worn by the East Indians at the present day. But the Tultecan apron resembles the Roman military apron, or the Scotch philibeg. It descends from the waist, and covers the thigh down to the knee; it is, however, dis-

tinguished by one Egyptian appendage, namely, by the mimic tail of an animal, which appears (as a mark of ancient origin probably) to have adorned the Tultecan hero as it adorned the Egyptian demi-god. Nothing like a tunic, supported by straps, sometimes covered by a cuirass and girdled at the waist, which was the dress of the military and superior class in Egypt, is to be found in the Tultecan costume. The apron is supported by a baldric, which descends from the right shoulder to the left side, and joins the girdle at the waist.

There are however some strong resemblances; thus the breast-plate and collar of the Tultecans were sometimes decorated with a symbol of the sun. The armlets, bracelets, and anklets, strikingly resemble the Egyptian. But the legs of the Tultecan heroes are invested with sandals, some of them reaching above the ankle, and strikingly resembling the Roman; some of them, like greaves, cover the leg as high as the lower part of the knee, and some of them in every respect seem to resemble the Highland sandal;—so minutely indeed, as even to imitate the same diagonal cross-lined pattern. The patterns of the stuffs of which the aprons are made, are often various and elegant, sometimes flowered, diamonded, or leopard-spotted. Rich ornaments of gold, silver, or jewels, would seem to have been used on the baldric, the girdle, the fringes of the apron, and the sandals. The apron, thus richly decorated for the male, becomes, strictly speaking, a petticoat for the Tultecan females; descending as low as the foot, but equally distinguished by variety of pattern and ornaments. The whole costume might be safely described as at once gorgeous and elegant, and certainly in no wise inferior in either of those qualifications to the Egyptian; but the effect is greatly deteriorated by the grotesque wildness of the head-dress. In the midst of this difference, however, it is curious that there should still be a striking resemblance to the Egyptian style of head-dress. The object was in both cases the same; namely, to express some symbolical properties peculiar to the wearer. There appears to have been a great variety of these symbolic forms in both cases; but some of the Egyptian head-dresses are extremely elegant, some tasteful, some beautiful. Even those that most revolt our notions of correct taste have a certain regularity about them, and the obvious meaning intended to be conveyed by the symbols of which the latter are composed somewhat reconciles us to their incongruous forms. But none of these terms will apply with propriety to the Tultecan head-dresses, which generally appear to have been characterized by a grotesque extravagance, bordering closely on the absurd. The head-dresses in question are constructed out of certain combinations of symbols, like the Egyptian; all having, no doubt, their distinct and combined meaning; but there is neither regu-

larity nor taste, generally speaking, in their separate forms or combinations. There, are however, exceptions. Some of the female head-dresses exhibited in the illustrations of Castaneda are graceful and even elegant. At the foot of the Tultecan victor, as represented in these sculptures, generally appear vanquished enemies, either kneeling or in some attitude denoting humiliation. Their costume is plainer, but their physiognomical characteristics denote that they were a family or tribe of the same nation. The most singular appendages to the Tultecan heroes are the instruments either of war, music, or agriculture, which they hold in their hands; they are grotesque and almost unintelligible. Some of them, however, appear to have been instruments of music, with a great number of strings stretched on pegs; others are obviously sceptres and symbols of different functions or degrees of authority. There is one concluding remark to be made on the Tultecan costume, which is important, as it may contribute to throw light on our proposed concluding investigation. Attached to the girdles of some of the Tultecan warriors appear, in the form of a war-like ornament, a head or heads (embalmed in all probability) of their vanquished enemies.

We proceed to the next division of the subject; namely, the religion and religious rites peculiar to the extraordinary people from whom the veil of oblivion is withdrawn by means of the illustrations under our notice. There is in this part of the subject, as well as in the preceding, a striking Egyptian analogy. The gods of the Tultecans appear sculptured in bas-relief, in the dark inner rooms of extant temples. We will take one as an instance of the analogy to which we allude. It will be instantly seen that the idol bears no resemblance to the monstrous deformities peculiar to the gloomy superstition of the Mexicans, and which that cruel and barbarous people bathed in the blood of innumerable victims. Portrayed on the inner wall of the adytum of one of the sanctuaries belonging to the great temple of Palenque, appears the chief god of the Tultecan people. He would appear to have been their only god. He is worshipped symbolically under other forms and in other localities; but we are not familiar with any other sculptured indication of a worshipped divinity. Our opinion is, that he is strictly identifiable with the Osiris of Egypt and the Adonis of Syria; or rather, that he is the ancient god called *Adoni-Siris*—a well-known classical combination (and therefore identification) of both divinities.

In the first place, he is enthroned on a couch perfectly Egyptian in its model; namely, it is constructed somewhat in the form of a modern couch—a cushioned plinth, resting on the claws and four limbs of the American lion. We may at once emphatically say, that there is no real difference between the above couch and

that peculiarly designated as Egyptian, and which is reproduced in all the tombs and palaces of Egypt. The god is characterized by the same physiognomy as that which distinguishes his worshippers. He is, however, seated in the Hindoo or Asiatic fashion—not in the Egyptian, his legs being crossed under him. On his head he wears a conical cap, not differing much from that which the *Osiris* of Egypt wears, and connected doubtless, like the upper division of the *Pschent*, with the symbolic idea of fire, or the upper hemisphere. Two additional symbols—the one Egyptian, the other not, but equally intelligible, namely, the *lotus* and the *column* affixed to the cap, clearly indicate the same triune divinity. Of the *lotus* not a word need be said. Every tyro knows its Egyptian associations; but the *column* is never used on any Egyptian head-dress. It was nevertheless an unquestionable symbol of *Osiris*, and thus completes the identification. All the remaining appurtenances of the sculptured picture concur in establishing the same hypothesis. It was on the back of a similar leonine couch that both the cognate gods of Egypt and of Syria—*Osiris* and *Adonis*—underwent their three days' entombment, previously to their fourth day's resurrection. It was during this interim that, in both cases, their devotees or their priests made offerings to both deities of flowers in pots, and thence the proverbial designation of the "Gardens of *Adonis*." They were doubtless intended to be symbolical of the lost Hesperian garden—the pagan paradise forfeited by man's fall, and to which the dead and revived *Adonis* or *Horus* was destined to restore him. All these characteristics are complete in the sculptured tablets to which we are referring. A priestess kneels before the Tultecan god in the attitude of adoration, and offers him a pot of flowers; but the "sacred garden" in the Tultecan vase does not consist of the mint offered to *Osiris*, nor of the gilded apples and lettuces offered to *Adonis*, but of an equally expressive if not of a more beautiful symbol, the flower of the blood-stained hand-plant or *Manitas*, held sacred, as all the monuments attest, throughout New Spain. We have only one additional remark to make: on the sculptured tablet over the head of the deity appear, precisely in the Egyptian fashion, the phonetic characters of his name, in an oblong square; and although the oval was devoted to the names of kings in Egypt, the scholar will recollect that the oblong square was devoted to the names of gods. But neither of the phonetic character nor of the symbolic character, which appear to have constituted the two divisions of the Tultecan hieroglyphical language, do we at the present time know any thing. Another sculpture of a more extensive kind appears on the wall of another sanctuary at Palenque: it represents the same divinity, not in a human but in an

animal form; but it perfectly corroborates our preceding inferences, and establishes the identification for which we contend.

Instead of being symbolized in the form of the sacred hawk, as in Egypt, surrounded by rays of lilies, standing on the Egyptian cross, the lower end of which terminates in a heart-shaped spade—a common *anaglyph* on most of the Egyptian thrones—the sacred bird of the Tultecans, the rainbow-coloured pheasant of central America, is represented standing on the Tultecan cross—resembling the Christian*—and with its lower extremity terminating in a similar heart-formed spade. The subject of the sculpture shows the simplicity of the worship. Two Tultecan heroes, priests or chiefs, stand beside the sacred bird; one of them holds an infant in his arms; and it may be fairly inferred that the sculpture represents a dedication to the god—perhaps a species of baptism—which we know from Tertullian was a rite practised by the votaries of the god Adonis. There appears to be the indication of a similar ceremony in a detached temple near Mitlan. The sculptures of the sacellum, representing the god, have been obliterated; but the forms of females bearing infants in their arms, with the apparent intention of consecrating them to the divinity, are seen on the lateral faces of the pilasters of the doorway. The first of the sculptures which we have been describing must, in its original condition, have produced a noble and imposing effect. All the details are tasteful, and highly ornamental. The pictural parts of the design stand out in a prominent manner; while vertical and horizontal lines of hieroglyphics, peculiar to the people who left these monuments, and descriptive, doubtless, of the ceremony, fill up, precisely in the form adopted in Egypt, all the interstices of this extraordinary sculpture.

The temples, of which we have previously given a cursory and superficial view, themselves supply all that is requisite to complete the argument, if anything be requisite, as to the nature of the religious rites practised in them. In touching this part of the subject, it will be useful to begin with a brief proposition as to the theological character of their architecture.

All the temples of Egypt and Greece have their theological character. These, like the palaces of New Spain, the impressive feature of which is melancholy grandeur, bear upon them the unmistakable signs of their theological origin and meaning. Their extant forms are peculiar to New Spain; but the original type of them is on record; and the antiquarian will not fail immediately to recognise in them the high-places of Syria, Palestine and Judæa. They are, to our view, most striking, most impres-

* A similar cross, translated Saviour, appears on the Rosetta stone.

sive, and, at the same time, most unique monuments. Like those of the Egyptians, they are all distinguished by architectural peculiarities, exclusively appertaining to the people who erected them. A high-place of three successive terraces or steps generally constitutes the platform of the temple. The terraces themselves resemble, in their sloping form, that which the Egyptian architects peculiarly affected. On the top of the high-place was an oblong rectangular court; in the centre of this court stood the temple, divided, like the cavern temples of Nubia, into three dark rooms, built of stone, and having an ark, or barn-shaped roof. The innermost of these three rooms constitutes the sanctuary. Painted sculptures decorate these rooms occasionally. Sometimes the staircase ascends the high-place in front, traversing the curvilinear terraces in a straight line to the door of the temple. That which we have described (we have the temple of Guatusco especially in our eye) may be considered as the typical form of all the temples and high-places of New Spain. They were occasionally built upon a larger or more magnificent scale. Occasional variation was imparted to the square form of the area, and the triple form of the terraces, by staircases ascending to the sanctuary from each of the cardinal points. The effect of these ascending stairs is often very striking; and sometimes the picturesque effect of these peculiar terraces is rendered beautiful by a graceful irregularity, or curvilinear form, being imparted to the outward acclivity of the angle. The high-place sometimes (as at Tehuantepec) has a circular instead of a square ground-plan, and in that case will remind antiquarians of the well-known *Tepes*, or high-places of Syria, which are described as resembling a woman's breast. The Syrian origin of these structures would thus seem to be presumptively made out. We ought to observe, that the sloping terraces above described are made of permanent materials. They are generally constructed of large blocks of stone, sometimes arranged in regular and sometimes in irregular courses, but fitted together with true architectural skill, and covered with a stucco admirably constructed, and as hard as stone. This stucco, in some instances, (as at Oaxaca and Xochicalco,) was ornamented with sculptures, bearing a striking affinity in their design to the style called arabesque. It appears to have been, in some cases, covered with a purple colour, which, when these structures were in their "high and palmy state," must have produced a tasteful, if not a magnificent, effect.

The *archetypal* form of the Tultecan sacred edifices, with such varieties as we have been describing, and which distinguishes their architecture from that which characterises any extant monuments of any known nation whatever, appears to have prevailed

throughout the whole extent of the regions of central America occupied by this extraordinary people. But the simple form of sacred architecture, such as we have described, was sometimes combined with other forms of civil and palatial architecture. The combination has produced architectural monuments worthy of the highest civilization. The combination especially existed at the city of Palenque, where the great temple dedicated to Adoni-Siris—as we have contended—appears to unite within its gigantic precincts all the forms of architecture to which we have been just adverting. For the details of its plan, which are at once artificial, intelligible, imposing, and unique, we refer generally to the ample and minute illustrations of Castaneda in the *Antiquités Mexicaines*. A general glance at the structure will, however, be necessary for the purpose of obtaining all the remaining lights requisite to complete our view of the origin of the builders. We are not surprised at the enthusiasm excited in Del Rio, Dupaix, and other more recent travellers, while surveying and describing this vast and singular structure. Neither are we, indeed, surprised at the inference drawn by Lord Kingsborough—especially as it is in full conformity with the Jewish theory of American origination which pervades his volumes—that this vast pile is built after the model of Solomon's Temple. Abrupt and extravagant as such a proposition may appear, we are quite willing to admit that there would be strong architectural grounds for the inference, provided his main theory were correct. The structure, as we have said, is calculated to awaken surprise and admiration. It may be appropriately termed an ecclesiastical city rather than a temple. It seems to be the locality of the chief cathedral church of the Tultecan religion. Within its vast precincts there appear to be contained (as indeed was, in some measure, the case with the area that embraced the various buildings of Solomon's Temple) a pyramidal tower—various sanctuaries—sepulchres—a small and a large quadrangular court, one surrounded, as we have said, by cloisters,—subterranean initiatory galleries beneath,—oracles, courts of justice, high-places, and cells or dwellings for the various orders of the priests. The whole combination of the buildings is encircled by a quadrilateral pilastered portico, embracing a quadrangular area, and resting on a terraced platform. This platform externally exhibits the same architectural model which we have described as characterizing the single temples. It is composed of three graduated stuccoed terraces, sloping inwards, at an angle of about seventy degrees, in the form of a truncated pyramid. Four central staircases (one facing each of the cardinal points) ascend these terraces in the middle of each lateral façade of the quadrangle; and four gates,

fronting the same cardinal points, conduct from the top of each staircase into the body of the building, or into the great court. The great entrance, through a pilastered gateway, fronts the east; and descends by a second flight of steps into the cloistered court. On the various pilasters of the upper terrace are the metopes, with the singular sculptures we have described. On descending the second staircase into the cloistered court, on one side appears the triple pyramidal tower, which may be inferred, from the curious distribution of little cells which surround the central room of each story, to have been employed as a place of royal or private sepulture. It would be pronounced a striking and tasteful structure according to any architectural rule. On another side of the same cloistered court is the detached temple of the chief god, to whom the whole religious building appears to have been devoted—whom we have described as bearing all the characteristics of the Syrian god Adoni-Siris—and who appears to have been the great and only god of the nations who worshipped in this temple. Beneath the cloisters, entered by well-staircases from above, are what we believe to be the initiatory galleries. These opened into rooms, one of which has a stone couch in it, and others are distinguished by unintelligible apparatus carved in stone. The only symbol described as found within these sacred haunts is, however, perfectly Asiatic and perfectly intelligible—we mean, two contending serpents. The remnant of an altar, or high-place, occupies the centre of the cloistered quadrangle. The rest of the edifice is taken up with courts, palaces, detached temples, open divans, baths, and streets of priestly cells or houses, in a greater or less degree of dilapidation.

But we have said enough to demonstrate what this building must have been in its undecayed and primitive condition; and what means for royal or national pomp, or priestly procession, were afforded by the great eastward staircase ascending to the chief gateway, and by the descending staircase leading from the upper pilastered terrace through the same gateway into the cloistered quadrangle; distinguished as it was by the vicinity of imposing sacred structures such as we have described. A poetical imagination may readily conceive what the effect of the magnificent costume of the Tultecan assemblages must have been, in the midst of the forms of wild but sublime architecture, lighted up at the people's yearly intercalary festival of the "Feast of Lamps," (which they had in common with Egypt, China, and Syria), by vases of burning aromatics and torches of the fragrant *ule* tree.

Every circumstance tends to prove that the creed of this people was all but plameless, being a form of patriarchal deism, which however permitted some few varieties of symbolic representation.

The two contending serpents which we have described attest the presence of an Ophite people and of an Ophite worship. It was the symbol by which, throughout the East, (and especially in Persia,) the conflict of light and darkness, of good and evil, was depicted. But the chief god, according to this universal and primitive religious system—whether he was called Adoni-Siris, Horus, Hercules, Balder, or Oromazes—was destined, after a temporary descent into hell, and in the two first instances a three days' entombment, to triumph over the grave, to supersede darkness by eternal light, moral vicissitude by unchangeable good, and to set his heel upon the crushed head of the serpent of evil, by whatever name that serpent was designated in different countries, Typhon, or Saturn, or Ahrimanes. This would appear to be the simple creed of the Tultecan nation. It is perfectly clear, from the few records of their religious rites which have come down to us, and which are principally derived from the extraordinary rolls of American papyrus,* on which their beautiful hieroglyphical system is preserved, (there is one of considerable extent in the Dresden Museum,) that they were as simple, perhaps we may add with propriety, as innocent. Not only does it appear that they had no human sacrifices, but no animal sacrifices whatever. Flowers and fruits were the only offerings made to the presiding divinity of their temples.

How different such a religious system and such a divinity were from the hideous idols and sanguinary sacrifices of the Mexican people it is not requisite to urge. Sufficient evidence, we are assured, has been adduced to prove the utter distinction between two nations hitherto confounded, namely, the Mexicans and the people whom, for the sake of the argument, we have throughout this paper found it expedient to designate as Tultecans. Our belief, however, is, that they were a branch of the great Cyclopean family, the shepherd kings of Egypt, the Anakim of Syria, the Oscans of Etruria and the Pelasgians of Greece, the Titans or Giants of classic fable; and who are recorded to have been severally expelled from Egypt and Syria. If any evidences were further wanting to prove the above complete distinction, the mere fact of their having possessed an obvious hieroglyphical language, with its proper phonetic and symbolic divisions, would be sufficient to supply the deficiency. The Mexicans, at the time of the conquest, had only advanced on the road of civilization—of which the progress of language is one of the best indices—from the point of the first rudely scratched imitation of natural objects by the Indian savages on trees and rocks, up to the point of the scarcely less barbarous expedient of the picture language, im-

* Formed of the prepared fibres of the *Maguey*.

proved as we are willing to admit that language had become, under the intelligent auspices of Montezuma. The interval between this point and the perfected system of hieroglyphical language possessed by the Tultecans is vast indeed.

Nations do not go back on the road of civilization from a complete knowledge to an inferior or barbarian knowledge. The inference is quite clear,—the Tultecans and the Mexicans were two totally distinct nations. The one was just emerging from savage life; the other was highly civilized. The inference is equally fair, that the civilized people were swept away by some sudden irruption of North-American barbarians, who occupied their seats, and availed themselves, as far as their ignorance and the obliteration of their victims enabled them to do, of some of the more obvious and elementary arts or sciences of the preceding state of civilization. The same circumstance occurred in Italy when the Etrurians superseded the Oscan branch of the Cyclopean family.

Before we enter upon the concluding division of the subject, such as we have proposed, namely, an investigation of the theory that the people of the monuments were the ten lost tribes—a very few words are requisite to complete all we have to say on the subject of the hieroglyphical language of the Tultecans. We shall be very brief in touching upon it, for the best of reasons: inadequate supply of information. As far as regards its symbolical division, we know but little, or rather next to nothing. It is probable that a light may be thrown upon it, now that the attention of the learned has been awakened to the subject of these very extraordinary antiquities, by a careful collection of the various manuscripts containing the hieroglyphical language in question, which are extant in several of the museums of Europe. In its external form it resembles neither the Egyptian nor the Chinese system. The general collocation of the symbols is pleasing to the eye, exhibiting an irregularity in the midst of regular design, and somewhat resembles the effect produced by florid or ornamental alphabetical characters. A number of the symbols contain forms of objects with which we are wholly unfamiliar. Culinary, warlike, agricultural, hunting, fishing, and commercial instruments are occasionally seen among them. Sometimes instruments of music, sometimes jewellery, appear; sometimes vegetable and sometimes animal symbols. All that appertains to the *head*, whether figuratively or imitatively expressed, would appear to be classed under the form of the *head*, and thus it constitutes a numerous class of combined symbols representing combined ideas. In the same manner all that appertains to the *hand* or the *foot* is classed under the hand or foot.

In this respect, the system resembles the Chinese; and the paramount or radical form of the combined symbol would readily furnish the means of constructing a key or a mode of classification for the whole hieroglyphical alphabet, such as the Chinese have; and such as the Egyptians *may have had*, but which has *not yet been found*.

It is our view that any investigation of the Tultecan hieroglyphical system must follow the clue that we have thus given. The phonetic system of the Tultecans is, however, intelligible at a first glance. The sounds intended to be conveyed by the symbols are conveyed syllabically or heraldically. So far it resembles the Chinese. Indeed, the barbarous Mexicans adopted a mode of designating names, which may be also termed heraldic. The names common even up to this day among the North American savages and, therefore, in all probability, among their North American ancestors—such as “Wolf,” “Great Hog,” “Bear,” “Rattle-snake,” “Sword-fish,” or “Hawk,” were represented by *crests* rudely fashioning the same animal forms which surmounted the helmets of their warriors and the diadems of their kings. Indeed, it is curious that similar heraldic names for persons or places should appear on ancient Tultecan shields carved in stone, the forms and symbols of which the Mexicans appear to have borrowed. The phonetic language, as we have said, was syllabic or heraldic. A single instance will suffice to explain this proposition. The head of a Tultecan king appears along with two others sculptured in the pyramidal tower of Palenque. Over it is the name inscribed in the oblong phonetic rectangle. The name is *Acatla-potzin*. It is composed of two words; the first word implying *reeds*; the other *hand*. The symbol of a *hand* therefore, and the symbol of *reeds*, convey the sounds of the name *Acatla-potzin*.

Our great aim hitherto has been to extricate the subject from the confusion in which it has been involved, by drawing a line of marked distinction between the monuments of Mexican and Tultecan art. The Mexican, thus separated, are nevertheless worthy of a separate discussion. There are matters growing out of that discussion, whether philological, as connected generally with the origin and growth of language, or historical, as connected specially with the origin of the savage tribes of America, and with their progress at the time of the Spanish conquest towards civilization, which are replete with the most attractive interest and imbued with the deepest importance. But we should not have space for so long an investigation as this department of the subject, thus detached and distinct as we have proved it to be, would

(in order that we might do it adequate justice) claim at our hands. We shall merely say, that ample, voluminous, almost inexhaustible means of throwing full light upon every corner of the subject are to be found in the numerous volumes under our review. Its vast extent renders its present postponement more reasonable, or, rather, indispensable. It will be more convenient to ourselves, and more advantageous to the reader and to the subject, to make it (distinct as it is from the whole train of our preceding argument) the theme of a distinct article.

It has been brought forward as a theory by Lord Kingsborough and others, (Cabrera the commentator on Del Rio included,) that the ten lost tribes of the Israelites, who were carried away captive during the reign of Hoshea, king of Judah, by Salmanazer, king of Assyria, and who were by him scattered among the different nations of North Eastern Asia subjected to his rule, passed over into America, which they originally peopled; and that to this circumstance is attributable the striking and almost entire analogy alleged to exist between the ancient Jewish rites, customs, laws, manners, and forms of building, and the whole series of Mexican antiquities, subjected to the public eye in the illustrations of the works under review.

It is due to Lord Kingsborough to state, that he makes occasional distinction between the Tultèques and the Azteques, who founded the Mexican empire; but generally speaking, like all other antiquarian literati who have treated the subject, he confounds two nations and two eras, and having thus—certainly to the advantage of commodiously simplifying his argument—fused together the whole voluminous and incongruous mass of Tultèque and Azteque, of civilized and uncivilized, relics of antiquity, he erects, upon the hollow and supposititious base thus thrown together, the whole structure of his theory. It will be requisite to bear in mind, before we proceed to examine it, our previous admission, which we now repeat,—that there are points both of contact and of identity between the Tultecan and the Mexican antiquities. This must naturally have been the case, and for the reasons we have stated before; namely, that the Azteque victors, who expelled and occupied the seats of the Tultèques in central America, availed themselves (as the Goths did at the fall of the Roman empire) of such portions and fragments of the arts and sciences and policy of the vanquished people, as were either indispensable or intelligible to them. Those old fragments of the social edifice were, as in the case of the Gothic irruption, commingled or incorporated with the less polished elements and coarser materials of the new. And it may be stated here—since the statement will be of essential service, in enabling us to come

to a clear and settled decision upon the subject—that, among other memorials of the knowledge of the vanquished people, the Azteques preserved one which must have been deemed indispensable to any thing like an orderly social existence—we mean the calendars, the cycles, and the astronomical system generally, of the Tultecan sacred or scientific colleges.

There is a strong, and, as we think, irresistible objection to the Jewish theory of American origination, on the very threshold of the inquiry. What are the physical characteristics of the American Indians? The answer to this question, we apprehend, entirely subverts this imaginary structure. The native American population, as every tyro in natural history knows, are *red and beardless*. They are marked by other unmistakable characteristics, which announce them indisputably to be a perfectly distinct variety of the common species, man. They are perfectly distinct from the three other varieties, namely, the Black, the Mongolian, and the Caucasian races. They are most distinct of all from this last, which is the race to which the Jews belong. The American Indians, therefore, cannot be Jews. Is it possible, by any argumentative ingenuity or sophistical adroitness, to induce plain thinkers to believe that the Jews—remarkable for their bushy beards, for their sallow complexions, for the peculiar form of their eyelids and the expression of their eyes, for the *family* model of feature and person, in which the whole nation from time immemorial appears to have been cast—should, through some unintelligible or supernatural agency, on passing into America, lose their beards, exchange their sallow complexions for that of the red-skinned race, and their characteristic physiognomy for a physiognomy as opposite as it is possible for any thing to be, whether we look to the exaggerated profile of the Tultecan portraits of a red, beardless, and purely American people, or to the flat and broad faces and high cheek-bones which characterize the native Mexicans of the present day, and the American Indians generally? The idea of such a change is perfectly absurd. The Jewish theory cannot be true, for the simple reason that it is impossible.

Having thus cleared away this incoherent impediment, thrown by the laborious fancifulness of learned system-building into our path, we come at once to the question—How was America originally peopled?

Two subordinate questions rest upon this, and may be answered at the same time: Who were the Tultequés of the monuments, or the people so called, and whence came they? And who were, and whence came the Azteques, who superseded them?

From the scriptural account—the only reasonable account

(since every day supplies corroboration of its truth) of the first colonisation of the earth under different and clearly designated heads of nations, proceeding from a common centre, near the table-land of Mount Ararat, no indisputable light can be obtained. There are two theories, both gratuitous and both improbable:

1st. That an especial race of men was made for the purpose of peopling America, who are not named in scriptural history, and who had no participation in the events recorded by the historian of Genesis.

2d. That the red race, detaching themselves, like the other races of men, from the central ligature of their common birth-place, for the same purpose of colonizing the world, passed into America, either from the northern coasts of Asia, or from the chain of Indian isles which stud the ocean between the south-eastern coast of Asia, midway to the American continent.

We need not seriously discuss the first proposition; we entertain doubts of the probability of the second, considering the earliness of the period, and considering the want of shipping for the transfer. We do not, however, dispute the hypothesis (and we think it highly probable), that America may have been visited at later periods from both points, and perhaps may have been colonised at both points, at least to such a degree as to produce those differences in the native American tribes which were observable when first they were discovered, and which are observable at the present day. There is more difficulty in accounting for a colonization from the southern coasts of Asia than from the north. The fair inference, therefore, is, that, in the first case, the transfer could only have been effected by a comparatively civilized nation at a late period of the world's chronology; while in the latter case there is no great difficulty in the belief that savage tribes may, at any given time, have passed in their boats across the narrow interval which, at Behring's Straits, divides the American from the Asiatic continent. It is fair to infer therefore, in the absence of any decided lights upon the subject, that, for a long period (perhaps for some ages) after the period of the general migration of the human family in the time of Peleg, America remained unpeopled and uncolonized. There is, however, no difficulty in the belief, nor will it interfere in the slightest degree with the credibility of the theory we are about to propose—that at the time of Peleg the red race, accompanying their brethren, the Mongolian race, towards the extreme north-eastern districts of Asiatic Russia, may have passed beyond them towards the shores of the Arctic Ocean; and, after a certain period, constructing boats, (to the construction of which they would be compelled by the necessity of deriving sustenance from fishing,)

traversed Behring's Straits, and thus commenced the colonization of the transatlantic continent. This, however, is a problem, and must, we apprehend, ever remain so. It can only be assumed as a probability.

But who were the Tulteques? and who were the Azteques? are the next questions we have proposed to answer. We have already given the most satisfactory reason for not concurring with the proposition that they were Jews. The confusion between these two people (the Azteques and the Tulteques) is in reality as disreputable to writers as the confusion between their antiquarian monuments and language. Both nevertheless are native American Indians. Both belong to the primitive type of red and beardless men. In every other physiognomical characteristic the Tulteques of the ancient monuments differed totally from the Mexican Indians at the time of the conquest and differ now. On the other hand, there is no difference in the physiognomical characteristics of the Azteques, as recorded in the Mexican picture writings, and the Mexicans themselves. Their identity, which the Mexicans themselves asserted, may be considered as proved. There is no occasion to waste time in unnecessary argument. They asserted that they came from the regions of North America; that, after an interrupted progress of many years, they reached the central district which they occupied at the time of the Spanish conquest; and all the evidences to be collected from the same curious records tend to substantiate the truth of their assertion. It is therefore extremely probable (and it exhibits a singular coincidence between the histories of the New and the Old World,) that savage tribes, descending from the same northern regions of Asiatic Scythia, whence all barbarian irruptions have proceeded, and traversing Behring's Straits, pressed downwards in America, as they did in Europe and Asia from time immemorial, upon the tempting seats of southern civilization, and, expelling the occupants by conquest, established themselves in their room. The picture-writings of the Azteques exhibit the whole progress of this barbarous irruption, from the time when (like the present Arctic savages) armed with fish-bone spears, and clothed in skins, they commenced the long vicissitudes of their aggressive march, down to the time when, invested with a more civilized costume and panoplied in complete suits of armour, with the dentated clubs and condor-visored helmets, peculiar to them, they are seen successively vanquishing the resistance, burning the temples, and storming the fortresses of the central Americans.

Who then were the Tulteques of the monuments is the next question which naturally arises? Who were that extraordinary race sculptured on the monuments of New Spain, who, although

identified with the native American population by the two chief characteristics of being red and beardless, differ in every other respect, and not less in their physiognomy and person, than in their costume and in the extraordinary structures which they erected, from every other race of men with which history or antiquarian discovery has rendered us familiar. That they were not Jews, we think is almost self-evident. Our proposition is that they were a branch of the shepherd kings, Anakim, or Cyclopeans. Our opinion is that they were Canaanites; they may have been Hivites (a nation clearly identified with the Ophite worship), and occupying a portion of the maritime coasts of Phœnicia. All the primitive Canaanites affirmed their descent from, or family relationship with, the Anakim, or the giants—the scriptural Titans, who, according to the Oriental language of the sacred historian, “built cities, with walls, and towers reaching to heaven.” The metaphor merely implied the gigantic style of architecture, technically called Cyclopean. These people were clearly the Titans and giants of the poets of early history, and the Pelasgians, or wandering architects, of an equally vague though later era. They had the same designation in all the parts of the ancient world, and were always associated wherever they went with two ideas, one that they were men of great stature, and masons or builders; the other, that they were expelled from their native seats, and were continually wandering. Thence they were called alternately by the classics giants and wandering masons. They are clearly identified with the Cyclopean structures of New Spain, by the well-known tradition of the Indians, who told the Spaniards, at the time of the conquest, *that they were “built by the giants and by a people called the Wandering Builders or Masons.”* Pagan tradition in the Orphic hymns, in Hesiod, and other fragments of classical antiquity, vaguely depicts them as expelled from the neighbourhood of Babel by the wrath of the offended Gods, in consequence of having attempted to storm heaven, by building a lofty tower, or, according to another version, by piling rocks on rocks. It would appear that their great offence was their refusing to locate themselves according to a divine law, or, it may be, in opposition to a convention of the whole human race, when colonization and division of the earth became necessary. They thus retained stations assigned to other tribes or families, and were successively driven out by those to whom the lot belonged. Hence their wandering designation and character. Under the well known title of shepherd kings, they made an irruption into Egypt, occupied it by force during one hundred and twenty years, and left behind them the architectural evidences, which always attended their locality, in the pyramids and other primitive

memorials of Cyclopean architecture. Thence, also, in process of time they were expelled. They were also expelled or subjugated in Greece and Italy. The same result occurred in Syria. To the Canaanite nation, termed *Anakim* or Giants, all the ancient Cyclopean monuments which exist in the mountain regions of Syria are assignable. Interfering there again with the spirit and tendency of the universal law of colonization, by which all the families of men had concurred in dividing the earth, they retained districts, which, by divine ordinances, had been predestined for the Jews, and were consequently driven from their mountain fortresses and again made wanderers by Joshua, the Jewish leader. Wherever the same race occur in the earliest records of Greece and Italy, under the name of Pelasgians, Enotrians or Oscans, they always exhibit the same invariable characteristics of gigantic architecture, of gloomy mysteries, and of unsettled wandering.

Our theory, after this preliminary synopsis, may be as briefly as perspicuously expressed. The builders of the Cyclopean monuments of Palenque, Mitlan, Papantla, Quemada, Cholula, Chila, and Antiquerra, in New Spain, were the Anakim or Cyclopean family of Syria, who, with their brethren, the Canaanites, were vanquished or expelled by Joshua. They were not therefore Jews, but expelled by Jews. They were not the Cyclopean race who, under the name of the shepherd-kings invaded Egypt; but they were a branch of the same family, and we believe them to be represented on the same monuments. Occupying the Ophite land, or the land of the Hivites of Scripture, (and a Mexican tradition, recorded by Cabrera, indeed affirmed that they came from that land with Votan, the alleged founder of the American people,) they were, of course, a maritime nation; and it is extremely probable that they founded Tyre. One colony of Tyre was Carthage, as famous for high-places and sanguinary human sacrifices as the Mexicans. Another was Tarshish in Asia Minor; and it probably gave the name of New Tarshish to the American continent, to which the Phœnicians of the same maritime coast, in all probability, directed their trading *triennial* voyages. It has been assumed, with some probability, by learned men, that Tarshish, called the daughter of Tyre in the Scriptures, may have been Carthage. The same name, which would be tantamount to the designation of New Carthage, might have been imparted to her transatlantic colony, the voyage to and from which required so long a period as three years. It is on historical record that Carthage possessed a distant colony, the knowledge of which was retained as a state secret, not to be revealed, under pain of death. It has been supposed that the relics of the Carthaginian popu-

lation, on the destruction of their empire by the Romans, may have fled in their ships to this transatlantic colony. An attempt has been made to explain some mythological analogies which the works under review collect and exhibit by some such theory as this. It can, however, only be considered as a conjectural probability, and, as it is our object rather to adduce facts than to follow shadows, we shall leave this historical problem to rest upon its own basis, and proceed to more substantial inferences deducible from ocular proof, and illustrated by historical evidence.

Among the different representations on the walls of the Egyptian tombs and temples of the various nations on whom the Egyptians made war, there is represented a people distinguished by very striking characteristics. They are portrayed on the walls of Lousor as driven to their ships by Sesostris or Rameses the Great. Their deportment, their armour, and their costume, show that they were in a state of civilization, at least equal to that of the Egyptians. They are eminently a maritime nation; they have been supposed to be Phœnicians, and it is difficult to suppose any contemporary maritime nation besides them capable of maintaining a war with the Great Sesostris, and who is moreover recorded to have made an irruption into their territories. Now how are these men, now almost identified with the Phœnicians by the logical necessity of the argument (for in fact there is no historical choice of any other nation)—how are they represented? They are beardless and red-skinned. Part of their costume identifies them with the American Indians, almost as much as their physical characteristics. They wear head-dresses like those worn by the Mexican nobles in the time of Cortes, and the Peruvian magnates in the time of Pizarro. They consist of a diadem, surmounted by a circle of feathers or palm branches, slightly verging outwards. *Anouki* (the primitive Syrian *Cybele*) alone wears this *head-dress* among all the Egyptian gods and goddesses. In fact, on the walls of the flower-temple of Oaxaca and on those of Xochicalco appear individuals of a nation identifiable with the alleged Phœnicians of the Egyptian temples. They are red and beardless; they wear a similar tunic and the same head-dress; and they exhibit, moreover, the same elevated and classical physiognomy. We have before intimated that statues have been found, approaching in facial outline and model the *beau idéal* of Greek statuary. They agree in physiognomy with the people sculptured at Oaxaca and Xochicalco; nor have they any thing in common with the exaggerated features of the race of men depicted at Palenque. Our inference from the facts we have stated is, that the Mexicans were right in their tradition, that their Tlaltecan predecessors came with the great ancestor of

the American people, Votan, from the Ophite or Hivite land in Phœnicia. In fact, a Phœnician inscription has been found engraved on a rock in Massachusetts.

Many curious traditions respecting this ancient emigration were preserved among the Mexican Indians, and are collected in different portions of the various works which head our article. The lights derivable from them are vague and scattered, but they may tend to impart additional probability to that which cannot be demonstrably proved. Such was the tradition, that Votan and his companions, before the emigration, were present at the building of the great tower; that, in the course of their emigration, they visited or were expelled from Egypt; a tradition true only as applied to the great Cyclopean or shepherd family, of which they formed a branch. They may, however, have passed it. There is no other land but Egypt to which such traditional designations as the land of the *dragon with seven heads*, the land of the *veils of papyrus*, the land of the *red lake or sea*, could legitimately apply.

The learned reader will here recollect the column recorded to have been found at the western extremity of the African coast, recording in Phœnician characters the flight of the Cyclopean Canaanites from the victorious Joshua; and may couple this with the Massachusetts' inscription. We have adduced proofs, by combining the ancient Egyptian monuments with the monuments of New Spain, in favour of their being the Anakim of Syria or the Hivites. Both were a Phœnician people. Both may have been concerned in the transatlantic colonization. Other probabilities might be adduced. The origin of the *Ophite* worship, or *double-serpent* worship, may be traced to Mount *Hermon*, in the country of the Hivites. It was there that Cadmus, the founder of written language, and his wife *Hermione*, were changed into two serpents, and worshipped under that form. It is quite notorious that serpent worship was the great characteristic of Mexican mythology. That it was a Tultecan dogma also is clear from the symbols which remain at Oaxaca and Palenque, and may have been derived to the Mexicans from the Tultèques, at the same time as the admirable astronomical system of the latter, which no savages like the Azteques could possibly have invented. The astronomical wheels, always embraced by two conflicting serpents, support this view.

We have already referred to an hieroglyphic at Palenque, of two contending serpents, a symbol which the Druids of this country appear to have borrowed from their Phœnician maritime visitors. We may observe, that the fact of the Carthaginians having circumnavigated Africa, and of the Phœnicians making regular voy-

ages to this country, renders the hypothesis of their having once reached America a much more tameable difficulty than it would otherwise appear; especially as the difficulty is lessened by the supposition that, during their compulsory wanderings, or their commercial enterprises, these people may have reached America from the south-eastern shores of Asia and the Indian Archipelago.

If the serpent symbol at Palenque conveys a strong intimation of Tultecan affinity with Syria, there are numerous others of a still more convincing nature. Dupaix exhibits a silver medal, found in one of the sepulchral monuments, which indeed points to the source of the whole Ophite worship. A man and woman are represented in a garden with a great serpent near them. This is obviously a pictural record of the first pair in Eden, the serpent and the fall. The model of the temples in New Spain supplies another link of religious identification. They are built upon the model of the high-places of Phœnicia; some of them, as we have intimated, like those *tepes* or mamiform pyramids, the forms of which were affected by the Carthaginian colonists from Phœnicia. The identity of the god of the temple of Palenque with the Adoni-Siris of Syria has been already sufficiently argued. We may, *en passant*, notice Lord Kingsborough's startling supposition, that the great temple of Palenque and the temple of Solomon were built after the same model. With the disproved theory of the builders of Palenque being Jews, this hypothesis must also be admitted to fall. But there is more truth in it than would at first sight appear. There exists, in fact, a strong resemblance between some of the details of both, and the resemblance arises from there being one Syrian model for both. If his lordship had merely argued for the similarity of the ground-plan of both, we should have been prompted to concur with his inference. We will go further, and say that the model of the final Jewish temple, which Ezekiel describes as a future point of reunion for the whole restored and united Jewish family—and which either imitates or supersedes that of Solomon—is almost precisely like the model of the temple of Palenque; as like, in many respects, as anticipative description can be supposed to coincide with an extant exhibition of the same model.

There remains but one point of coincidence to notice, which we shall do briefly, being warned by the extent of our paper and the limit of our space. We refer to the astronomical system preserved by the semi-barbarous Mexicans, but evidently derivable from the Tultèques, or, rather, traceable to a previous condition of superior civilization. This system was not less admirable for its ingenuity than remarkable for its peculiar and exclusive character. The Mexican zodiac, unlike the Egyptian, (whence ours is

derived,) is subdivided into eighteen signs, and the year into eighteen months of twenty days each. The year was thus like the Egyptian, the alleged antediluvian year of 360 days. Five intercalary days, as in Egypt, (and spent in festivals as there,) were added, in order to make up the periodical complement. But the fact of eighteen zodiacal signs, and of eighteen months instead of twelve, clearly breaks all link of connection between the founders of the monuments of New Spain and the Egyptians. Where shall we find a similar astronomical system and a similar subdivision? The reply is at once precise, and confirmatory of our hypothesis—*among the Etrurians*. They derived that system, as they did all the arts, from the Cyclopean family called *Oscans*, whom they vanquished and reduced to bondage. A singular fact may be added. Both the numerals, and the symbols for them, among the Etrurians, were the same as those employed by the Mexicans, and those employed on the Tultecan monuments. Another circumstance will complete our view of the identity between two branches of the same great Cyclopean family, or *Wandering Masons*, as they existed in Italy and Syria, and as they existed (in all probability contemporaneously) in New Spain.

In all the families of languages preserved by Akerblad, there is none on record that bears the slightest analogy to the Mexican dialect. It is as singular as it is peculiar. But this language, as the phonetic names of the monuments demonstrate, was also the language of the founders of those extraordinary piles, whether Tultèques be their proper designation or not. This being the case, it will be admitted to be a most curious corroboration of our theory, that, on an Oscan monument recently discovered near the admitted Cyclopean structures of Perugia, words are found which are perfectly Mexican in their structure. The following are among them—*Spancxl, Eplt, Thunchultl*.

There is one more curiously corroborative circumstance to be adduced, and then our argument will be complete. In some of the Japanese islands, and on the south-eastern shores of Asia, which we have inferred to be the point whence the expelled family of Cyclopean wanderers and architects (driven as they were from every colonized region which they necessarily visited) reached the shores of America, are to be found the relics of the same calendar and of the same astronomical system. The zodiac is there divided into eighteen signs, and the year into eighteen months of twenty days each.

We have now done with the Tultecan division of this interesting and important subject. We reserve our investigation of the Mexican monuments and antiquities, preserved in the various works which head our review, for another opportunity; merely

remarking, by way of emphatic conclusion, that the term "Mexican Antiquities," hitherto applied to the class of monuments which we have been investigating in this paper, should be exchanged for Tultecan. We believe that we have been the first to draw attention to this salutary and indispensable distinction.

ART. III.—*Umrissе erfunden und gestochen von Moritz Retzsch.*
(Outlines designed and engraved by Moritz Retzsch.)—

1. *Göthe's Faust.*
2. *Schiller's Lied von der Glocke.*
3. *Schiller's Fridolin,*
4. *Schiller's Kampf mit dem Drachen.*
5. *Schiller's Pegasus im Jocke.*
6. *Gallerie zu Shakspeare's Dramatischen Werken:—Macbeth, Hamlet, Romeo und Julia. 1836.*
7. *Die Schachspieler.* (Not yet published.)

THERE is no greater proof of the power of good drawing for conveying the emanations of genius than that which dwells in every one of the productions of Moritz Retzsch. All his published Outlines are now before us, and although there is not a single instance of cross-shading, no colour of any kind, the interest they excite impels us to return to them again and again; and every time we look at them we see some new beauty, some admirable touch of feeling, which escaped our previous inspection. So completely, indeed, do they take possession of our minds, that we forget the total absence of those adventitious aids which the higher branches of the art call in to their assistance. All the passions are expressed, and yet there is no lighting up of the eyes, no heightening of the tints, no pallid hues, no harmonious and delicate blending of colours, with which painters are wont to embellish their loving and beloved maidens; the supernatural is introduced without the transparent artifice of the brush, and yet how transparent is the ghost of Hamlet's father! The receding distance of far off scenes is represented; yet there is no mist to involve them in that shadowy uncertainty in which Nature and our best painters clothe them. The depth of chasms, the frowning darkness of overhanging rocks, are all conveyed to us, and yet there is nothing but the outline of their form, and the white paper on which that outline is traced.

What, then, are the secrets of Moritz Retzsch? We should make answer, deep feeling, a perfect comprehension of his subject, and, above all, correct drawing. No one can be more sensible to the charms of colour than ourselves; ill-assorted hues give us

positive pain; and a groupe of well arranged flowers is, on the other hand, a positive feast to us. No one can more fully appreciate the excellence of the English school in this respect than we do, but no one can more deeply regret the defective drawing which but too frequently obscures this school. Our eyes have often been riveted to a picture at the first moment of beholding it, with a pleasure which a strong sense of good colouring must give us; but in too many instances the same picture has created in us a vexation which we have found it difficult to express, and which vexation has been excited by the wrong position of a muscle, the too great length of a limb, or, in fact, that which the multitude, dazzled by the loveliness of the general appearance, would pronounce a defect of no consequence. Disgusted as we are with the cold leaden colouring, the heavy blue and grey tints, the dull masses, and several other characteristics which distinguish the French historical school,—little as we admire their hard and gaudy landscapes—yet their pictures unavoidably inspire us with respect, because their outlines, their perspective, all are correct, and because they accord with that feeling of just proportion, which is an innate sentiment with all who are close observers of, and truly sensible to, the rules established by Nature.

Many great masters have given us their inspirations in outline, but we will here only notice our own Flaxman, because he is so frequently brought forward by the English in comparison with Retzsch. In each of them do we find the conviction, that good drawing will, to a certain extent, and on a small scale, stand alone, forcible, vigorous, and all-sufficient, for conveying to the beholder the fire of the passions, the grace and purity of youthful beauty, the elegance of allegory, or the sterner lessons of morality. Still we think no further comparison can be made between the two artists. In Flaxman's severely beautiful Homer, we have the sublime, the grand, the classic—we had almost said, the impossible—characters of antiquity. In Retzsch we find loftiness, grace, morality, and feeling. Each has a different story to tell, and each tells it with the same perfection. The times of the first are too remote to meet with corresponding feelings in ourselves, and the adventures are too heroic to create our ordinary sympathy. The subjects of Retzsch come nearer to our every-day life; we irresistibly partake of his conceptions; we feel for and with the actors in them; and the persons, the stories, and ourselves are inseparable. In order to prove to our readers that we do not advance too much, we will take a brief view of those of his works which have reached this country, and comment upon them with the strictest impartiality.

The Illustrations to the First Part of the poem of Faust, per-

haps demand less notice from us than the succeeding productions; they are the first, they are the best known, and we believe that the mass of opinion is in their favour. Excellent as they are, however, we think that this preference can only be accounted for by their being the first, and consequently making the first impression. Something, perhaps, may be also due to the widely extended reputation of Göthe's extraordinary poem. We have heard Germans say, that we Englishmen cannot comprehend Faust. With that we have nothing to do here; we understand Retzsch, very much to the honour of the poet whom he illustrates, very much to his own honour, and very much to our own gratification; and for the present that must be sufficient. There are two strong feelings always uppermost in our minds when we look at these exquisite productions; the one is the tenderest commiseration for the unfortunate Margaret, and the other a consciousness of the torment which the demon incessantly inflicts on the being whom he pretends to serve. Bound to obey the wishes of his victim, however extravagant, he contrives to poison his every enjoyment, and to inspire him with that irritation which utterly precludes the calm of entire satisfaction. These two points have been seized on by Retzsch with a masterly hand. That holy passion which ennobles even the devil-bound Faust, which at its commencement fills him with the best feelings of humanity, may well be the scorn of the demon; and the triumphant malice, which marks his features in all the love-scenes, can only be equalled by the matchless impudence and fiend-like exultation with which he listens in the doorway of the garden, where Faust is giving to the poor fascinated Margaret the liquid which is to destroy her child. Nothing can be more finely conceived than the confiding obedience with which the victim listens to the instructions of her lover, still retaining that look of innocence, as if that innocence would never have been lost, had not the devil in person been opposed to her. The character of Margaret's grief, too, is finely contrasted to that of Faust; witness that exquisite scene, where, unable to spin, and leaning her head upon her hand, she exclaims that "her rest is gone, and her heart is sore;" witness the utter but quiet despair with which she lies on the floor of her dungeon, and compare it with the restlessness, the headlong career, of him who connects himself with the devil. Only once does Margaret evince that goading sensation which leads to entire destruction, and that is when Mephistopheles assails her in church, and mingles his spirit with her prayers. An indefinable feeling of awe takes possession of us when we read the poem of Göthe, and we cannot close the illustrations of Retzsch without a breathless sense of the moral which it conveys.

We may often have to recur to the peculiarly felicitous expression of innocence to be found in Retzsch's *Outlines*, but we nowhere find it more pure and more perfect than in his delineation of the Fridolin of Schiller; it is the very personification of our dreams of what a lady's page should be; nor is it injured by his devotion to his lady, his humble assistance in the church, or by the surprise and fear with which he learns that the huntsman of his lord has been thrust into the furnace. In the latter scene he stands riveted to the spot,—he is unable to utter a word, and no finer contrast can be exhibited than that which he affords to the miners. To an English eye, the uncouth and fierce appearance of the latter may seem to be exaggerated; but on the large estates formerly possessed by German barons, these men seem to have formed, and perhaps do still form, a race totally apart from the rest of mankind. Buried as it were in the heart of immense forests, beyond the precincts of which they never issued, rendered even more ferocious by their employments, they knew no law but the will of their lord, and were as ready, at his command, to feed their furnaces with human fuel, as with the produce of the woods and mountains in which they dwelt. There is much of graceful beauty in the poem itself, and, save in the signal punishment which the wicked huntsman brings upon himself, there is nothing terrible in it; it has moreover another peculiarity, which is, that it contains nothing marvellous, nothing supernatural; and as we turn over the *Outlines* of Retzsch, and look at the high-born and gentle lady of the castle, the sick child, with his nurse and anxious mother watching over him, we feel as if we were following the history of a domestic occurrence in our own sphere of possibility—a feeling which, perhaps, to matter-of-fact English people, gives it an additional interest.

While we acknowledge the grace, beauty, and vigour of the whole of the *Combat with the Dragon*, except, indeed, the figure of the hero in the last plate, where he looks rather sheepish and awkward, we cannot divest ourselves of the comical feeling with which the sight of the monster inspires us; for it is the dragon of our youthful days, the dragon which we have personated scores of times. "Here comes the dragon to swallow you up," issuing from a mouth which is immediately stretched to its utmost dimensions, sounds as freshly in our ears as if it were but yesterday. We are almost tempted to say, that this is a strong proof of the natural in Retzsch; and, passing over the first plate, where the dragon is pursuing two figures, and a despairing old man and young woman are beautifully drawn in front, we think no one that has a spark of youthful memory in him can fail to share our reminiscences; we fancy ourselves lying on the stairs, and at a short

of defiance from the nursery-door, slowly rising, with extended jaws, and putting to flight a number of screaming little bullies, the hindmost of whom is dragged to our cave (the landing-place) to be devoured at the first opportunity—a scene which, though magnified, is drawn to the life in the rising of Retzsch's dragon from behind the bank, and the uproarious flight of his shepherds and cattle. The alarm of the flying squires is also inexpressibly droll, the one in front more especially so; for, in spite of his strongest efforts, he cannot get away fast enough, and, in spite of a sword nearly as thick as his arm, evidently thinks, that

“ Those who fight and run away,
May live to fight another day.”

The fifth plate is one of the happiest of our artist's conceptions, and we could not part with one of the groupe without injuring the whole. The well-drawn figure of the young knight, listening with absorbing interest to the picturesque old man, who is narrating the danger which he has just escaped, and the weeping figures round him, are perfect of their kind; and there is not a more expressive head in all Retzsch's works than that of the woman immediately behind the old man; the attitude conveys the painful eagerness which pervades her whole frame; she seems to hear with her eyes; every faculty is employed by that one subject, and, if the dragon were close behind her, she would not know it. There cannot be a finer composition than this whole picture, for, besides beauty of form, truth of expression, and variety of attitude, the auxiliary action of the distance is in such perfect keeping, that every stroke seems to bear upon the subject.

The next plate is, perhaps, of less importance; but we cannot forbear noticing the figure of the same young knight, who, for the purpose of ordering a fictitious dragon to be made on the model of the original, has come to its cave to get a near view of it while asleep; he cautiously clammers up the rock, and, placing one knee in a cleft, the whole weight of the figure is balanced upon the thumb of the right hand; take that thumb away and the whole figure would be prostrated: it is a beautiful proof of the value of drawing the extremities correctly, for, were that thumb otherwise placed, that hand otherwise curved, the whole attitude would become an impossibility. By the way, we must be here allowed to remark, that correct representation of the hands and feet is much too rare in England; so much so, that our foreign neighbours are apt to talk of “the vague hands and feet of the English artists.” The tuition of the horse and dogs to face or attack the monster is a very spirited design, and the two plates devoted to the actual combat are very forcible. The strength and skill of the last

thrust, even while the victor is enveloped in every direction by the tail of the dragon, is admirable. Exhausted by his efforts, he falls partly under the monster, and his companions, who wait at a distance, come to his aid; but so occupied are they in gazing at the huge mass before them, that the hero's squires alone help him, if indeed we except one of his faithful dogs, who is on the point of licking his face, as if to revive and congratulate the master he has been assisting with all his own strength.

If we mistake not, the Pegasus in Harness, of Retzsch, together with his Song of the Bell, are less known to the English world than his other works. They are illustrations of the poems so called, and written by the immortal Schiller; but as we must resist all temptation to notice the poems themselves, we shall only make such mention of them as may be necessary to explain the drawings. Both are highly allegorical, and the moral to be conveyed by the first is, that true poetry and genius are not to be shackled,—that they rebel in bondage,—and, if scorned and oppressed on earth, they eventually find freedom and happiness in their native heaven. The frontispiece represents the apotheosis of the bust of Schiller. It is placed in a garden, embellished with statues of the gods and a number of *et cetera*; the temple of the Muses is in the back-ground, and Pegasus is seen dividing the clouds, and surrounded by rays of glory. The first plate belonging to the story shows the poor poet, unable to gain a livelihood by his art; his lyre is mute, his purse is empty by his side, and he sits in a mournful reverie, as if thinking of a resource against his misery: his beloved Pegasus, still free and in fine condition, is close to him, and about to graze on the flowers which are blooming in profusion near him. A horse-fair at a distance suggests the idea of selling this noble animal, but the deep dejection of the poet shows that to do so will be a fearful struggle. Throughout the whole of these illustrations the artist has wished to give an idea of an unearthly horse; his back is shorter, his shoulders higher, his neck more arched, his legs more slender, and his mane and tail much more profuse than we generally see them, or than those of the horses in the same work. In the second plate the sale is accomplished; Pegasus passes from the poet, whose words and looks he obeyed, into the hands of the low-minded horse-dealer; a halter encircles his neck for the first time; he turns his large full eye upon his sorrowing master; and he paws the ground, as if with indignation at the bargain, and at the coarse appearance of those at whose will he is led to mingle with the common-place beasts of the earth. It requires all the eloquence and artifice of the dealer to dispose of so fiery and restless a steed as the winged horse, but at length he falls to the lot of a farmer, who, in

Plate 4, is seen mounted on a horse of common mould, a steady, hard-working beast, leading Pegasus home with his wings tied, and who, in spite of the strong rein and hand of his new master, appears quite ready at every step to break loose. Behind them comes a wary-looking equestrian, who it is very evident does not envy his neighbour the possession of his bargain.* In Plate 5 behold the poor Pegasus for the first time "im Joche," and doomed, by way of taming him, to draw a cart full of large stones; it seems impossible that any single horse should drag so ponderous a load to any distance; the master is in front, holding the reins with a firm, tight hand, his fixed eye and his closely compressed lips showing a determination to conquer the wild spirit before him. The geese cackle, the cock screams, as he is scared from the paling by the cat clambering and caterwauling, the dogs bark furiously, and the noble Pegasus is impatiently waiting for the last adjustment which a servant is making of the harness. With a sort of triumph we see our hopes verified in the ensuing plate; the mettled steed has been too much for the stones, the cart is on its side, the farmer is tumbled into the dirt, the shafts are broken, and, with every sinew stretched, his knotted mane and tail floating in wild disorder, his head tossing in the air, Pegasus is comparatively free; the mother hastily removes her child from the vicinity, and the frightened peasant runs to the assistance of the farmer. A second trial is then made, and the fiery creature is yoked with two other horses, and made to draw a family coach, heavily laden for a journey; but he throws out his legs, dashes through the bog and the forest with irresistible force, dragging after him the poor panting quadrupeds of ordinary mould; the startled deer scamper through the trees, the very frogs leap out of their dwelling-places, and the travellers are frightened out of their senses. The eighth plate shows us the whole cavalcade, brought to the brink of a precipice by the mad course of the intractable animal; the people within and without try to make their escape, and a shepherd, who from below sees their danger, runs to their assistance. Pegasus is brought back in utter disgrace, and placed in the stable among the cows and the pigs; no food is allowed to him; and his master, shaking his fist, vows vengeance upon him, and prepares us for some further indignity. The winged horse, however, is not yet tamed, and never was a generous indignation more admirably expressed than in his look and attitude. His beautiful mane and tail, escaping from the knots into which they had been twisted, fall in rich profusion about him; the unquenched fire of his eye, the uplifted paw, the erect, though half-bound wings, all seem to say that something yet harder must be tried before he can submit to bondage. There is nothing exaggerated

in the animal, and yet there is a something like human distress about him which is quite touching. In the next plate we are positively grieved for him, for, yoked with an ox to the plough, lashed by the hind who guides him, gored by the horn of his companion, worried by dogs, and worn out with hunger, he at length sinks under his sufferings, and, falling on one knee, he groans in spirit, and implores the aid of Heaven. Apollo descends and stands before the affrighted peasant, whom he reproaches for his cruelty. We then turn to the last plate, and Pegasus is free; Apollo mounts his darling steed, and, singing as he goes, is borne by him with renewed grace and elasticity to his native skies. The poet's song, if once bartered for gold, is lost, and not till it regains its freedom does it regain its full power; but no sufferings can wholly tame it,—no shackles can entirely confine it; it is ever bursting forth in rebellion against its bonds; and where long and iron oppression, and abject misery, break its unbending spirit, its sole relief is in heaven. Thus do we ourselves echo the song of Schiller, and thus are his thoughts expressed by our poet of the pencil.

The Song of the Bell was intended by its great author as a vehicle for the representation of the vicissitudes of human life. Even while it is casting, the world is going on with all its changes, and some of these changes are laid before us by the author and the artist. The illustrations begin with a fine allegorical plate of the bell, and the Hours floating round it, bringing with them Discord, Joy, Pain, and Peace. The forms of these figures are beautiful, and they are so completely suspended in air, that we even expect them to vanish from the paper. The first plate (but marked No. 2) which belongs to the poem, represents the interior of a workshop, with the master of the foundry, and his workmen at their different employments. The furnaces, the mode of supplying them, raking them out, and various operations, occupy the ensuing plates, till we come to the sixth, where we see a christening; the nurse is walking with a very important look in front of the procession, with the infant under her garment, the parents and sponsors follow, and all seem impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The seventh plate is the christening itself, with allegorical figures above, representing joy and suffering. The eighth is a beautiful scene of domestic happiness in humble life; the infant is lying in its cradle, and the father and mother are about to commence their simple meal. In the ninth plate we are presented with the domain of a neighbour, who is a gardener; the door opens, and the infant, now a child of some years standing, comes with his father to present a rose-tree to his favourite playfellow, the gardener's daughter; the eagerness of the

two children forms a lively picture, when contrasted with the calm, pleased smile of the two fathers. The following plate shows us the *lad* starting for his travels, with all the enthusiasm of youth; even the pain of parting with the gardener's daughter is forgotten, and he seems ready to rush forward with an impetuosity which scarcely admits of his noticing his weeping playmate, or receiving the last injunction of his mother, doubtless an often repeated intreaty or caution. The father, with all his experience on his head, by his serious air, seems to be deeply impressed with the importance of launching his son into the world. In the ensuing plates we trace an increase of stature, and already has the strippling burst into manhood, when, in advance of his fellow-travellers, he sees the sea for the first time, and half rushing towards it, and half turning to announce it to his companions, the action of the figure and the feelings within are admirably expressed. This action forms one of Retzsch's chief beauties; the springiness, the vivacity of youth are shown in every limb; he has evidently leaped at once upon the bank up which the others are toiling, and yet, in the height of his pleasure, he does not forget to inform those behind, that they are close to the wished-for goal: he is not yet old enough to have learned selfishness. He travels to the north, and we see him amid the snow-clad forests of pine: he travels to the south, and, while lingering to admire the splendour of the scenery, he narrowly escapes from banditti. At length he reaches his home, a fine, stout youth, and so changed from the slender lad who left them, that he stands before his parents, and for a while remains, unknown; the father shades his eyes from the light on the table, that he may better look at the figure in the obscurer part of the room; the mother ceases to spin, and turns the light fully upon him. "Do you not know me, mother?" seems to issue from his lips, but we have only to look at the next leaf, and the recognition has taken place; his mantle has fallen on the ground, the distaff is upset, the father hastily rises, and the mother, still quicker than he, has folded her arms round the neck of her kneeling child. It is not long before the proud parents bring their son to the gardener's daughter, but he is now a tall, elegant young man, evidently "polished by foreign travel," for he respectfully raises his cap from his head to salute the fair creature, who, from surprise, throws down the bucket of water, with which she was going to refresh the rose tree, grown like herself into loveliness. The consequences of this meeting are not difficult to imagine, and we are not surprised in the seventeenth plate, to see the youth, apart from the noisy festivity of his friends, mournfully gazing at the dwelling of his beloved. In the next scene he brings her a bouquet, doubtless composed of flowers that tell his love;

but instead of the noisy exultation which accompanied his first offering, he is evidently now fluctuating between fear and hope, as she, with timid willingness, accepts this decided mark of his affection. The nineteenth plate is the original of that which is now to be seen in most of the print-shops in London, where the pair are sitting together by moonlight, and which is called "the German Lovers." The twentieth plate represents the first kiss, much too important a part of the courtship to be omitted, and which Retzsch seems to delight in portraying. At this we do not wonder; for both in the present instance, and in that of Faust and Margaret, he has shown a purity and feeling rarely equalled, and which make us pity a young lady with whom we once happened to meet, and who refused to look at this particular scene. Here the narrative breaks off, to show us the progress of the bell; the metal is mixed, inspected, and proved to be good, and we are suffered to return to the little story we have commenced. The courtship has been successful, and the bridal procession next appears, where, according to custom, neither the bride nor the bridegroom look half so well as they do at ordinary times. We do not know whether it were the intention of Retzsch to mark this, but we cannot help thinking, that both fiction and reality may arise from the same cause, which always operates against beauty on such occasions; viz. the taking especial pains to heighten it. The bridegroom's wreath, in the scene before us, is anything but becoming, and we like the maiden herself better in her simple little bodice, than in the wedding finery of ribbons and streamers. Very beautiful, however, are they both, even after a series of years, when, with children flocking round them, the husband takes leave of his family, at the moment of starting for a trading journey; the graceful creature, with her matronly cap, whom he is now encircling with his arm, evidently requires some of his manly nature, to enable her to take comfort in his absence. The ensuing plate shows us, that she has taken comfort, by the best means which a good wife has in her power; she is in the midst of her little household, with her domestic employments round her; her little girls are close by her side, and she ceases for a moment to instruct one of them, to enforce order on two urchins of boys, who are quarrelling about the possession of a boat, and cuffing each other in good earnest. The journey has been successful, and stores of merchandize are brought back to the warehouses of the husband; he pauses at his gate to see them enter within, while the house-dog has preceded all others in his greetings; his wife and children, however, are seen in the distance, hastening to meet him. Nothing but his back is in view, but there is so much character in that back, that we could not mistake the master of

the property; his erect and noble figure, his attitude, and the perfect repose of rider and horse, say that he is a favoured man. Accordingly, in the twenty-sixth plate, he stands in a balcony, and with security shows his blessings to his wife, who lifts up her beautiful eyes in thankfulness to Heaven. But out of that Heaven nothing is sure, and afar off is the storm which is to convince him of the instability of human riches. The lightning and the hurricane begin the work of destruction, but we are in plate twenty-eight again made to turn to the bell; it is now in the furnace, and the master and his men pray for its success. Meanwhile the fire rages in the rich man's storehouses; the tocsin sounds; all is confusion, activity, and distress, for the whole village is threatened with annihilation. The flames no longer rage, but of all his boasted wealth nothing remains but a heap of smoking ruins, and a very few relics, hastily snatched from the fire. Two or three roofs alone are spared to shelter the inhabitants of the village. More beautiful, however, in sorrow than in joy, the father stands by his wife, counting the heads of his children, and returning thanks to God for their preservation; the resigned mother, with her youngest treasure sleeping in her lap, is comforting the eldest girl, who seems to be overwhelmed with grief. We cannot forbear to notice here one of the minutest, yet one of the most exquisite, proofs of Retzsch's power of detail: one of the boys has saved his greatest treasure, and is playing with it, as if, that being safe, he cared not for the loss of all other earthly things; it is nothing but a wooden horse, whose leg has been broken off, and put on again with a large nail. Retzsch must be a close observer of children to have imagined this, for none but those accustomed to them can tell how dear old toys are to them, and how very much more they are valued if they have been injured and repaired. Agriculture again lays the foundation for other fortunes; the village is rebuilt; and the sower is scattering grain upon the earth; the beginning and the end are here put in fine opposition, for a funeral is seen at a distance. In the next plate the funeral is close to us, and we find it to be that of the lovely mother, whom we have followed from her childhood, through the stages of maidenly and matronly beauty, in joy, in hope, in fear, in doubt, in prosperity, and in adversity, playing her part with an innocence and feminine dignity, which make us regret, but not fear, to follow her to the tomb. We are next presented with a continuation of the agricultural plates, one of which consists of nothing but finely drawn cattle, returning home in the evening, and here again we find our artist singling out those delicate touches of nature which give such an air of truth to all he does. None but an eye intimately acquainted with such

scenes, could have taught the hand to make those cows all rush to the gateway at once, as they always do, as if they were jealous of all that went before them. In another place we have a harvest-home, where all is riotous mirth, and where there is no end to the variety of posture, from the groupe of grotesque musicians, playing with all their might, to the damsel on the top of the last loaded waggon. Then we have an evening scene in a town, where an apprentice is shutting his master's shutters, and the doctor is going home, leaning on the arm of his servant, who is lighting him with a candle and lantern. Here too all seems to be security and confidence, but in the next leaf is an aged seer on his knees, who seems to foretel the misery that threatens the devoted city. Peace flies away, and war appears to be fast approaching. In the following plate the plot is developed; for, mounted on a table, is a fierce artisan, addressing the mob around him with the greatest vehemence, and inflaming its passions, till oaths are sworn upon brandished daggers, and pikes and different weapons are seized upon with mad fury. We are afterwards shown the plot in full force, and all the savage ferocity of mob revolution is displayed. Numerous ropes are attached to the statue of the king, and violent efforts are made to pull it down; men, women, and dogs are thrown out at the windows; every species of human butchery is going forward; but in the distant parts of the town the military are arriving in numbers, and prepare us for the return of order. In the mean time the bell is completed, the mould is broken, and the finished work is taken from the furnace, in presence of the master of the foundry, and the principal authorities of the place. "Concordia" is inscribed on it, and other mottoes, such as "Vivos voco," "Mortuos plango," are introduced among much ornament. Peace is now restored, and a beautiful procession is going to the church, in order to hold a public thanksgiving; here the idea of multitude is excellently given, but in the following leaf, the bell, in its ornamented steeple, is the sole object in the plate. Season after season then revolves, even the bell and its dwelling-place are no more, and the forty-second plate closes the whole, by showing the bell broken and half buried in the earth, the sturdy oak snapped in two, the church in utter ruin, the grave-stones tossed about in fragments, and even the figure of Time, which has been sculptured on one of them, is cracked across, to tell us that time itself shall be no more.

We cannot close this portion of Retzsch's works without calling the attention of our readers to the profound thought that is evinced in all of them; he must have been able to comprehend his subject not only as a whole, but individually, and has represented

it with every individual beauty, without injuring it as a whole. To these perfections he unites a brilliant imagination, which makes all that he portrays display a poetic feeling in the garb of truth. He is decidedly of that school which, in France, would be called the romantic, and which in fact is meant as a natural style, as opposed to the severity and stern grandeur of the classic rules of art: but he is far above the romantic school of that country, in every period of its existence. He seems to think, that it is only the beautiful in nature which ought to occupy the painter, and, although he designs the rude, the fierce, and the uncouth, he contrives to give a noble air to every thing he does, as if it were impossible to make his pencil low or vulgar. There is immense breadth in his drapery, but it is never coarse; the folds are large and simple, without making it heavy; and though the full round sweep of woollen material is faithfully drawn, yet his cloaks never look like blankets. Some credit must certainly be given to the picturesque and wholly German costume in which he dresses his figures; his feathers too infinitely add to the elegance of the effect, and, whether placed on the head of the noble or the plebeian, each one plays its own graceful part. There is not a single instance in common life of those detestable shorts which destroy all idea of dignity, and while we make this remark, we cannot forbear a recurrence to a celebrated French picture, of the old romantic school, (if we may so express ourselves,) the subject of which is a shipwreck; the vessel is reeling awfully, the sailors are in sufficient consternation, the sea is terrible enough to excite our feelings, but on deck stands a gentleman, about to be wrecked in satin breeches and silk stockings; doubtless a very correct delineation of a true story, but we could not feel the least pity for him if we were to try our utmost. Another instance of the folly of taking ungraceful realities for the subject of a picture may be found in the more modern portion of the same school; we mean a picture of Virgil and Dante, on their way to the Infernal Regions, a work of considerable merit in other respects, but both of the figures are so vulgarly ugly, that, we think, if once Pluto laid hold of them, he would never let them out of his dominions. We love not to think of this production and the poems of the *Æneid* and the *Inferno* together, and we pity the artist who, if he ever read these divine efforts of the human mind, could associate them with the forms he has painted. Now these are faults which have been wholly avoided by Retzsch, even when perhaps his subject might have formed some excuse for them; but although his peasants and his workmen are not polished gentlemen, they still have a dignified nature, and even when he gets into the town, amongst those occu-

pations which more or less tend to degradation—as, for instance, the groupe in *Faust* gathering round the dying Valentine, the assemblage of rebels in the *Song of the Bell*, all evidently of the lower classes of society—there is not a single figure which disgusts us by its coarseness or vulgarity.

We have now to notice those works of Retzsch which more than all others interest the English public—we mean his Illustrations of Shakspeare. How few of our countrymen have ever heard of Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, or of his *Pegasus*; but of course it is a matter of astonishment when any one is ignorant of the plays of Shakspeare. We are all of us sharp critics in this respect, and very jealous for the fame of our immortal bard; we feel a positive irritation at a French translation of his works, for they may all be considered as Shakspeare travestied;* but the genius of the people and the language enable the Germans to comprehend him better than any other nation. This is scarcely matter of astonishment, when we consider how many German roots there are in our own tongue—how many actual German expressions we utter in our conversation, and how much German blood has descended to us from our forefathers.

The first play selected by Retzsch is the tragedy of *Hamlet*; and passing over the apotheosis of Shakspeare, which is attached to each one of the series—and is perhaps not quite so graceful an instance of the sportive pencil of the artist as we have seen elsewhere—we come to an introductory plate of the great incident which was the cause, as it were, of the ensuing tragedy, viz. the murder of the King of Denmark by his brother Claudius. The scene is finely imagined; the unconscious victim reclines on a sofa in a summer-house; a stern figure of Justice, placed over him, seems to be threatening the murderer with vengeance; he advances with noiseless step, and, while he pours the poison into the ear of the king, he stretches out his left hand to steady himself, and, as if by chance, rests it upon the crown.

The action of the play itself begins with the first ghost scene on the ramparts; the spirit is waving his truncheon towards the cliff, and Hamlet tries to break from Horatio and Marcellus, in order to follow it. We must here observe, that Hamlet is throughout of much thicker and consequently less elegant proportion than any other of Retzsch's heroes, for which we are not aware that he can plead any reason, seeing that Hamlet was of that age in which manly beauty is, generally speaking, in its greatest perfection; his limbs are too large for his height, yet the thigh is not sufficiently full for the lower part of the leg; and the

* We have not yet seen any of the results of Mr. O'Sullivan's undertaking.

singular costume, by which he is always distinguished, is by no means calculated to lessen these defects. We have before remarked the transparency of the ghost, which is peculiarly beautiful in this instance. The next scene is taken from the same subject, and shows Hamlet making Horatio and Marcellus swear upon his sword that they will not betray what they have just seen; the ghost, who exclaims from underneath, is faintly shown, but the three living beings who hear him, look in different directions for him who utters the word "Swear" from below. The idea of a supernatural voice filling the whole rampart is most happily given by their all looking a different way for it, and is one of those delicate but allowable artifices, by which Retzsch so often impresses his full meaning on the beholders, and of which very few are capable. The celebrated soliloquy is the subject of the next plate, and, except in the point on which we have before remarked, the figure of Hamlet is good, and gives an idea of deep meditation. We could have wished that Ophelia had been more intellectual in all the scenes in which she is concerned; for, excepting in the last, she does not look capable of having uttered that beautiful passage, beginning with,

"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

With the listening and villain king, and the simple old Polonius, we can find no fault. The sixth plate is the enactment of the king's crime by the players. Hamlet, seated at the feet of Ophelia, has his finger pointed to the scene, as if in the act of explanation, but his eyes are keenly fixed on his uncle, who appears to be rising from his chair. The queen, whom, by the by, we have always suspected of being more weak than wicked, is absorbed by the representation; and it is not till afterwards that her full beauty is disclosed to us. The following plate gives us the famous scene of the pipe, which is one of the most masterly of Shakspeare's conceptions, and which our artist has drawn to the life: the large penetrating eye of Hamlet is scrutinizing Guildenstern, as he begs of him to sound the flute; Guildenstern looks in as great a dilemma as his deceitful conduct ought to bring upon him, and the very shape and mien of the man show that he was not a fit instrument to play upon the noble Hamlet. In the eighth plate the king is at prayer; and Hamlet, on seeing him so occupied, is deterred from killing him. The figure of the kneeling Claudius is excellent; and the manner in which Hamlet is driving his sword again to the very bottom of its scabbard, seems to show his vindictive feeling almost as much as the words themselves. The making the queen so beautiful is a fine thought, for it strongly conveys to us one of the temptations which assailed Claudius to

commit the crime. Two plates are given to the interview between the mother and son—the first contains the death of Polonius, the second again shows us the ghost; in the latter the attitude and expression of the queen tell us plainly that Hamlet has succeeded in wringing her heart, and the effect of the apparition on himself is well shown; his hair stands from his head, though not so much so as to give a feeling of exaggeration, and his cloak seems to be lifted from his shoulders. For once the fair Ophelia appears in all the loveliness with which the poet has decked her, as she comes with her mournful madness before the eyes of the afflicted Laertes, who gazes on her with an intensity of grief which foretells the part he is about to act in this mighty tragedy of revenge. We then come to the grave-digger's scene—that scene in which our Lawrence has so finely portrayed the matchless Kemble, that we perhaps look on Retzsch's with a prejudiced eye, though, in truth, we cannot but be pleased with it. The lofty sentiment of Lawrence's picture was adapted to a single figure, and, besides being a portrait, the subject was too well known to need explanation in England; but Retzsch has a story to tell, and does tell it with admirable force: still those clumsy proportions of Hamlet come so strongly in contrast with the tall dignified figure of our great actor, that, although we do justice to this design as a very fine conception, we yet cannot give it that heartfelt approbation which we generally bestow on Retzsch's productions. The struggle of Hamlet and Laertes in the grave of Ophelia is the next selection, and we find in it that variety of action, that excellent grouping, in which the artist is so happy; we never see any of his faces looking out of the picture,—the subject is almost always the most prominent part of it, and everybody is occupied with it.

We now approach the catastrophe, and, mere outlines as they are, we cannot look at the two admirable creatures about to strive in mortal combat,—the courtiers and mother all in ignorance of the dreadful scene which is to follow—the diabolical, but handsome countenance of the king, about to commit fresh murder,—the anxious look of the page presenting the cup to Hamlet, as if he alone, besides the villain himself, knew that the poison was there,—without a feeling nearly allied to awe on our own parts. The fifteenth plate relates the close of the same scene, the queen falls, and her dying words are for Hamlet; Laertes is a victim to his own revengeful treachery; Hamlet has also received his death-wound; but, before his strength quite fails him, he makes a desperate thrust at the king, and fulfils his promise to the ghost. The poisoned sword enters the breast of his uncle, but there is a want of force in Hamlet's action, which may perhaps be accounted for by his fast-waning powers. All is now over; the still-

ness of death has calmed the human passions of the guilty and the revengeful; the king and queen are lying side by side on the same bier, exposed to public view; the unfortunate and high-souled Hamlet lies in state on a stage above them; Fortinbras is there to take possession, and the beloved friend of the prince is about to tell the story to the uneasy and wondering populace. The judgment of the artist is well exemplified by the parts he has chosen for illustration; they either tell the tale, or lead the attention to the most striking passages in the play; they give room for his excellent powers of composition, and his skill in execution, to display themselves. But we hope to prove, in continuing our notices of the two last series, that he has felt, even more than in the present instance, the innermost workings of the poet's spirit.

Before we proceed further with the illustrations of Shakspeare, we feel ourselves bound honestly to confess that we are prejudiced; that we received a certain impression of his characters when young, and that that impression has never left us. It was given to us by those great actors who have passed away; and when we say that we have seen the principal parts of Macbeth performed by Mrs. Siddons and John and Charles Kemble, we may perhaps be forgiven for the strong bias of our minds. A full acquaintance with the plays of Shakspeare had formed a part of our education from the moment we could read, and we went to the theatre with every nerve throbbing with that breathless expectation which perhaps only the young can feel. We neither spoke nor moved during the performance, and for many hours after it was over we scarcely heard or uttered a sound; we knew nothing of the farce for which we were obliged to remain with our companions, and it was several years before we could dare to acknowledge the intense effect which such acting of such a sublime tragedy had produced. We have been forced to see it since, but with the parts so cast, as rather to heighten than destroy our former feelings. We come then to our present task with a certain fixed idea of how Shakspeare ought to be illustrated; but when we find fault, we are far from setting up our opinion as the standard by which others are to judge; because we feel that other circumstances may have produced other judgment, and new readings have given new views of many of our poet's characters.

In Macbeth, the witches hovering near the field of battle are first presented to us; we have been told that they are not Shakspeare's witches: certainly they are not at all like the mad and livid frights, with wigs standing upright from their heads, which we see upon the stage; but we as certainly have no rule given to us by the author as to what his witches should be. To us Retzsch's witches are admirable; their long drapery floats behind them as

if it partook of their supernatural character; they glide along the surface of the ground with a peculiar motion, which is neither flying nor walking; they wear a sort of exulting smile; and it is not only by the peculiar turn of the hand, with which one of them points to the battle, that we see how they relish a field of blood, but their very toes seem to be full of malice. We next find them hailing Macbeth by his present and future titles, and we fancy that we could distinguish her, who calls him king, by her peculiarly demoniacal expression, even were she not pointing to a crown in the clouds. The eyes, too, of these witches strike us as being very remarkable, and exemplify the power of simple but well combined strokes. In each head they assume a different expression: the first, being the one who hails him Thane of Glamis, evidently intending to frighten him by showing him that he is familiar to her; the second, who calls him Thane of Cawdor, evinces more astonishment, and the third, who salutes him with Royalty, has a cunning that leaves no doubt of the wily temptation which she offers to his ambition: yet all this is done with nothing but a set of curved lines. In the fourth plate, Duncan thanks his valiant soldiers, and announces his intention of visiting his castle, a purpose which Macbeth receives with the deepest respect; how soon after to be converted into the blackest treason! We think that Duncan is scarcely old enough to answer Shakespeare's description, or to be father to Malcolm. In plate 5 Lady Macbeth receives his majesty at her castle gate; and, even at her first appearance, she does not meet our expectations, and we see at one glance that our excellent artist has taken a very different view of her character from that which we have always held. It is impossible to mistake the vindictive expression of her eye as she inclines towards her benevolent-looking sovereign, and we must maintain, contrary to the opinion of many others, that Lady Macbeth was not cruel before her ambition for power and rank destroyed all the better feelings of her nature. Her inability to kill Duncan, because he resembled her father as he slept, her great love for her husband, and her confession of how deeply she once felt a mother's tenderness, we think, will justify our opinion of her. One absorbing passion will for a time change the whole nature of the human heart, and in a woman its effects are often more violent than in a man. By her husband's relationship to the king—by his already great reputation—Lady Macbeth's mind was so filled with the thirst for more distinction, that it became a part of herself; she believed herself and her husband to be foredoomed to it, and the opportunity of attaining it, afforded by Duncan's visit, as a special grant from supernatural powers. The times, too, in which she lived, were not those in which an

ambitious woman could receive correction from those around her, or from religion; and Lady Macbeth's fierceness is more a part of those times than of herself. Retzsch's delineation of her only once conveys to us an idea even of a commanding high-born woman, and that is in the last-mentioned plate, where her eye alone betrays his conception of her character. In the next, when she rings the bell for her husband to take his drink, she looks much more like an attendant than the lady of the castle. The figure of Macbeth in the same scene (the dagger-scene) is finely drawn and conceived. The next plate possesses uncommon power; Lady Macbeth, with more dignity than in the preceding, is watching with intense interest for the consummation of the deed. Macbeth is in the act of murdering Duncan, with one hand over his face to stifle the cries that may escape, and with the other he drives the dagger home; his hair stands nearly upright, and his whole appearance is that of frenzied passion, startled at the voice which tells him to "sleep no more." The grooms are disturbed in their slumbers, and the whole scene is wrought up with that horror and supernatural aid, which flows so plentifully from German imagination, and which is fully justified by the play itself. The angel of death, if we may so call it, hovering over them all, is a very original personification of the idea. The life and action evinced in the death-struggle between the murderers and Banquo, is really an extraordinary production; the energy of the muscles, the complicated attitude, the positions of the hands and feet, make it one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the delineator, though the English version of the play tells us, that Banquo's wounds were upon his head, and Retzsch destroys him with a stab in the heart. In our opinion of the next plate, we almost doubt ourselves, for in the banquet scene the inimitable Mrs. Siddons, with her unequalled dignity and grace, stands before us, and destroys the personification of the same circumstances by the artist. There is not sufficient space apparent in the German representation; it looks rather like a cabinet-dinner than a great national banquet, at which all the Scottish chiefs who remained in the country were present; consequently it is confused, and the whole interest of the scene is centered in the ghost of Banquo, which tells admirably. Lady Macbeth has not one spark of that winning and courteous entreaty, which dismissed her guests without giving them an opportunity of murmuring. In plate 10 we have the witches at home in their cave, surrounded by their domestic animals, an assortment of misshapen and malicious monsters, which could proceed from no other than a German imagination; on the shoulders of one of the witches is her pet beast, which we suppose to be meant for the "brinded cat," and which is spitting

and snarling at Macbeth with great fury. Banquo and his long line of kings are seen passing away in the distance. The figure of Lady Macbeth, when walking in her sleep, is wholly unfitted to create that intense interest with which the poet clothes the secret workings of her disturbed spirit; she is much more like the common acceptance of a "midnight hag," than that woman in whom stateliness was an inherent quality. Retzsch doubtless never saw the majestic Siddons in this display of her wonderful powers, but his own Schröder looked and walked the character with grace and almost appalling effect, although her personification of it at the last was somewhat different from that of the English actress. We cannot help therefore feeling a little surprise, that he, who seems to be so sensible to the grand and beautiful, should have produced the figure before us, at least twenty years older since she received Duncan at her gate, and wholly unable to utter anything but a screaming command, instead of the noiseless caution with which Mrs. Siddons used to glide off, for fear of being found stirring. In the twelfth plate we behold "Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane," and the watch informing Macbeth of the extraordinary appearance. The heart of the man of blood is evidently shaken, but we would ask why he does not strike the messenger, instead of merely laying hold of his arm. A defect also exists in the figure of Macbeth standing where it does, for he could not possibly at that distance have reached the man. Perhaps the upper half of the body looking nearer to us than the lower may arise from a fault in the printing. The last scene closes the life of the murderer by the avenging sword of Macduff, a circumstance which is not shown on our stage, and which has no authority but that of inference from the poet, but it certainly tells the story better in a series of illustrations.

We now come to the last of Retzsch's efforts in this style. So far from yielding to its predecessors we think that it far exceeds them, and this is a great deal for Englishmen to acknowledge, respecting *the* love-play of their country. The artist as well as the poet has to change his atmosphere and his feelings, from the cool deliberate crimes of the north to those sudden and violent impulses, which produce quicker, but the same results, in southern climes. The history of Romeo and Juliet is a history of impetuous feelings, leading to unpremeditated crime. The most intense happiness and the most intense misery are alike exemplified in the reckless career which accompanies a headlong passion; certain destruction awaits not only those who are guilty of the excess, but it engulfs a number of unintended victims. No finer exemplification of this exists than Romeo and Juliet; we ourselves have lived in the south, and since then we have not only

been able more fully to appreciate the talents of Shakspeare, but we wonder at the fidelity with which he draws his characters, and his perfect comprehension of those nicer touches of the human heart, which are laid bare only in lands whose vivifying atmosphere Shakspeare never breathed, and whose burning sun seems to impart a subtle fire, which is rarely understood by the inhabitant of colder regions. We will now see how far his illustrator has been capable of setting forth his perfections.

The plates commence with the hostile meeting between the rival houses of Montague and Capulet. The prince is seen in the distance descending the palace-steps, in order to put an end to the brawl. The limbs of the two leaders are finely contrasted with the youthful vigour, the graceful roundness, of their followers, and this is particularly evident in old Capulet; his hose hangs upon his shrunk limbs, and perfectly justifies his wife in recommending him a crutch instead of a sword. The countenance of the Lady Capulet is prophetic of her conduct to poor Juliet. We next come to Romeo and his friends, in the act of going to the Capulet masquerade; masks of various kinds are seen crowding into the hall, and a remarkably fine figure, wrapped in a large mantle, is stepping hastily forward. We must pause an instant to point figure out this to our readers, for it so entirely shows the truth of our remark in the first part of this article, concerning the drapery of Retzsch. Romeo, in a pilgrim's gown and hat, is preceding his party, with a lighted torch in his hand; the same elasticity of limb, and freedom of action, mark him in disguise, as throughout the rest of the illustrations. We can scarcely say in what it consists, but an air of dauntless purpose, an utter carelessness of consequences, mark the gallant, warm-hearted, and generous Romeo. We are then led to the masquerade itself, with all its variety of character, grimace, and costume, but Romeo has not only seen the star of his destiny, but is sealing that destiny upon her lips. Juliet is now the innocent, half-formed girl, who seems to be quietly submitting to the embrace, unconscious that it is to awaken in her those uncontrolled feelings, which will lead her to an early tomb. In the scene next placed before us, the mighty passion has taken effect; her whole frame has assumed a different expression; a few short hours have given her a new being; and, with a look of ineffable love, her arms encircle her lover, as if her confidence in his affection were perfect, and every other consideration worthless. His form and face are of extreme beauty, and contrast well with the old Friar, who is hastening them to the altar. We now turn to the bride, who is taking her last farewell of the husband whom she was only doomed to meet again in the embrace of death; he is half out of the bal-

cony, but again lingers, again returns, as if it were impossible to tear himself from her; but the nurse, a fat, bustling, busy-body, announces the approach of Juliet's mother, and the parting must come. In plate 7 poor Juliet is on her knees, deprecating the wrath of the father, who is cursing her; even the nurse is shocked at his expressions, and the Lady Capulet herself, not blessed with many of the gentler qualities, is entreating him to abate his anger. In vain does Juliet, in all the luxuriance of beauty, plead against her father's will; his purpose remains unshaken, and in his hard, unrelenting features, we see that poor Juliet is decreed to be the wife of Paris. But Juliet is now a woman, capable of a courage which will dare every thing when driven to extremes; and, unshaken by the fancied vision of her murdered cousin, Tybalt, she drinks to Romeo with the potion prepared for her by Friar Lawrence. The artist has finely marked the progress of his heroine's character, as developed by circumstances; in each plate she has acquired more dignity, and in this trying moment, uncertain as to the result of the hazardous scheme she has adopted, her lofty attitude, her intent but fearless gaze, show, that her soul is wrought up to some desperate risk, and that she will not shrink even from positive death, should it be necessary. In the ninth plate, Count Paris comes to claim his affianced bride with the customary train, but Juliet lies apparently dead before him, and he clasps his forehead in despair; old Capulet seems to be awakened to something like remorse; the mother shows compassion when too late, and throws up her arms in agony; the nurse is praying on her knees; the Friar is trying to effect something like calmness; and the musicians in the doorway stand in stupid astonishment. We must here beg leave to criticise the posture of Juliet; she is not sufficiently on the bed, and could not in an inanimate condition have remained in that position. But Juliet is buried in the fashion of her country, and Romeo has stolen from his banishment back to the city. The poison is purchased, and, alike impetuous in grief and in love, he hastens to the tomb of his beloved, determined to die with her. The artist has given us the meeting between him and Count Paris, who comes to strew flowers round the grave of his lost bride. Romeo envies him even this mournful pleasure. They quarrel, fight, and Paris is killed; and, as he dies, he entreats to be buried by the side of Juliet. The attitude of Paris is perhaps one of the worst that we have ever seen from the pencil of Retzsch; he has the air of a *petit maître*; he appears to be dancing, rather than falling under the stroke of the sword; but that of Romeo is full of inimitable grace; and the dark melancholy eye is, on this occasion, even more beautiful than elsewhere. Having dragged Paris into the

tomb, he throws an arm round the neck of the still insensible Juliet, drinks the poison, and dies. In the following plate Juliet is awakened to all the horrors of her fate. Romeo is dead, and the Friar conjures her to fly to some religious asylum, but on her refusal he leaves her to seek further assistance. The heart-broken victim takes that opportunity of plunging Romeo's dagger into her heart, which is the moment chosen by the artist. It is one of the most spirited and masterly of his compositions; the figure of Juliet, as she listens to the noise that approaches, seems to be perfectly alive, and is admirably shown off by the complete lifelessness of her lover, whose head she supports; his is as perfect a representation of death, as hers is of the living energy of despair. In the concluding plate we have the crowd assembled in the tomb, to view this scene of destruction; the bodies of Romeo and Juliet lie on the ground, lovely in death; and the authors of this miserable catastrophe, when it is too late, become sensible to their errors; their prince sends the lesson home to their hearts, and Montague and Capulet consent to a reconciliation, amid the corpses of those they loved best, and the agonizing cries of the childless and desolate mothers.

In describing these admirable productions, we have as much as possible avoided all technicality; we have attempted to give the spirit of the artist, in humble imitation of his having interpreted the spirit of three of the greatest poets of modern ages. We are not among those who seek to find spots in the sun; we could not in a beautiful whole lower our feelings to seek out minute faults, which in fact can be of no importance, or we should not receive so pleasing an impression of the general effect. We are quite aware, that, as all human things are imperfect, even with all the strictly anatomical correctness of Retzsch, a defective proportion may occasionally be met with; but, admiring the whole as we do, we had rather dwell on that masterly decision of touch, which, with one sweep of the pencil, forms an outline of perfect grace and keeping, and which, with only one more sweep, produces a perfect limb; those five or six delicate touches which form a face of exquisite female beauty, witness the lady in *Fridolin*. We had rather notice the freedom which belongs only to the close observer of nature, the boldness which throws nothing into obscurity, because it is difficult to draw, the perfect action, or the perfect repose, alike impressed with the air of reality, the foreshortening without a single instance of distortion, the force where no shading is admitted but what a few simple strokes will effect, the assistance of the drapery in throwing out the figures in groups, the decorations of furniture, the foliage of the different trees and

plants as may be particularly seen in the Song of the Bell (notwithstanding the German, Paul Brill touch of the artist), the accompanying animals, all in perfect keeping, all telling the story—nothing is forgotten, and these details are so appropriate, so well placed, that so far from interrupting the attention, they add to the unity of the picture.

Moritz Retzsch, according to Mrs. Jameson, is fifty-seven years of age, and, if we may judge by our own excellent Stoddart, who designed some of the exquisite plates to Mr. Rogers's two fine works when on the verge of eighty, he may have many years of vigour and judgment before him. We hope he will make use of some of them, in continuing to illustrate our immortal Shakespeare, for his Romeo and Juliet most especially tempts us to be covetous, and cry "more! more!" The accomplished authoress above mentioned has given a very interesting account of our favourite, and an abstract from her pages will be so appropriate here, that we cannot forbear its insertion. She tells us, that when a child he drew and carved in wood, but was so devoted to the wild scenes of nature, that he had serious thoughts of being a huntsman by profession; however, at the age of twenty, he established himself as an artist, and the devastation occasioned to his property by the war, rendered him dependent on that profession for his livelihood. We are happy to hear that he has been successful, and that he lives in great comfort at a sort of farm a few miles from Dresden, except when his duties as Professor to the Academy call him to the city, where he has a lodging and *atelier* in the Neustadt. The character of Retzsch, as described by Mrs. Jameson, is exactly such as we should have given him, had we been asked to judge of him from the works we have seen; she says that he is penetrating, benevolent, and innately polite; that his figure is large and portly, and his head sublime; his eyes of a light blue, wild and large, and his hair profuse and turning grey. His manners are careless, simple, and perfectly frank. Of the colouring of Retzsch there seems to be a great diversity of opinion, and we ourselves have heard it both praised and censured; at all events it is original, for our authoress, evidently leaning to the first opinion, adds, that no one paints as he does. That his moral sentiments are highly developed both in word and deed, we should gather from his works; in none of them do we ever see these offended; in the midst of the most highly wrought passion he preserves his purity and decency, and the moral of his subject is always prominent. In some of his supernatural decorations, he may perhaps be called extravagant, but the sentiment of them is never false. His wife, of humble

parentage, is a lovely and loving being, looking up to her husband as to the first of mortals; she is the original of many of his female heads, and we should like to see her, if she were the model for his Juliet, who is even more lovely than Margaret.

Though not exactly called upon to do so, we must say a word or two on the translated passages of our English bard, as they are given in explanation of the plates. They have been taken from the works of Schlegel, Guizot, and Barbieri. There can be no comparison between the respective merits of the German and the French, that of Schlegel being so decidedly the best. That of M. Guizot only confirms the utter hopelessness with which we have long contemplated a French translation of Shakspeare; an instance of this is easily found, and the first which occurs to us is in Hamlet in the passage, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." The German version of the passage is good, and almost literal, but the French have it—"Qui se sent morveux, se mouche; pour nous, nous ne sommes pas enrhumés;" a phrase which would not be admitted into the polite society of any country. The expression of "bare bodkin" is mistaken by both; Schlegel makes it literally the bodkin which ladies use at their work, and the French call it a sharpened iron; the real meaning being a short sword, or dagger, which is now out of use, but which was so called in the time of Shakspeare. With regard to the Italian, we have been more than once agreeably surprised by its capability in conveying the meaning of our great dramatist. But we feel that we have no right to yield to the temptation of further criticism on this head, and we now close our remarks, with a hope that ere long we shall have the opportunity of noticing another series of illustrations of Shakspeare, from the gifted and inspired pencil of Moritz Retzsch.

We had thus concluded our article when we were made acquainted with the publication of Retzsch's Fancies, six in number, with an English preface, and a translation of the artist's own explanations, from the pen of Mrs. Jameson. We may perhaps notice these at a future opportunity, the length of our present observations having been stretched to our utmost limits. We, however, think it our duty to announce to our readers, that a seventh subject has appeared in Germany, which has not yet been published in this country, but which now lies before us. It is Satan, playing at Chess with Man, for his Soul. The imaginative powers of Retzsch here revel in the utmost luxuriance. The finely formed but wicked and terrific countenance of Satan is directed towards his victim, and he is watching him with

a wariness and stern purpose, that make us tremble for the beautiful and youthful antagonist. The fallen angel is robed in a mantle with broad folds; one hand is supporting his chin, as if he were intent on the effect of some devilish and deeply plotted move, and the other grasps a figure of Peace, which he is taking from the board. The young man rests his head upon his hand, as if he were fearful of impending ruin, and desirous of averting it. Between these two figures, and behind the board, stands the good Genius of Man, anxious and distressed, as if fearful for the youth. The attitude of this angel is as beautiful as the countenance is lovely; the hands are clasped, the wings are half spread, the head is gently turned towards the important charge, and we feel afraid, that at the next move those wings will bear the guardian away. The decorations of the chamber, with the lizard supporters, the soul represented by Psyche in the toils of Death, a beetle above her as the sign of regeneration, are all admirably appropriate, and wholly German, especially the chessmen. On the side of the Demon the king represents himself; his Queen is Pleasure, pressing forward in front of all; his Officers are Indolence, like a great swine, Pride strutting about with a peacock's tail, Falsehood with one hand on his heart, and the other holding a dagger behind him, Unbelief trampling on the Cross, Anger, &c. The pawns are doubts, and alas! for poor Man, the only pieces which he has taken are Anger and one doubt, while Satan has secured several Angel's heads, (which are the pawns of Man, and are symbolical of Prayer,) Humility, Love, and Innocence; but Religion, Truth, and Hope, are still left. All the pieces are well set forth, and it is evident that Satan's are coming down in full force against those of his antagonist.

This design requires a long study, and will afford much matter for reflection; every part will bear the most minute scrutiny, and it is scarcely possible for any one to quit it without a deep and almost painful sense of the moral which is conveyed by this fine allegory.

ART. IV.—*Poggii Epistolæ. Editas collegit et emendavit, ple-
rasque ex Codicibus manuscriptis eruit, ordine chronologico dis-
posuit, Notisque illustravit, Eques Thomas de Tonellis.** Vo-
lumen primum. Florentiæ, Typis Marchini, 1832. pp. 368.
(The Letters of Poggio Bracciolini, Pontifical Secretary and
Chancellor of the Florentine Republic. Written originally in
Latin, and now, for the first time, collected and translated into
the Italian language, by Tommaso Tonellis.)

The interest which the familiar letters of a man of sound judg-
ment and acknowledged talent never fail to excite in the most
common-place readers has never been disputed: touched by the
magic pen of such a writer, circumstances the most trivial, matters
the most local, and opinions the most contracted, assume a con-
sequence, a value, and an expansion, which arrest attention and
awaken sympathy. If such be the effect produced by this kind
of writing upon him who reads for mere amusement's sake, how
great must be the interest it creates in one whose object is the
study of the man himself, and of the times in which he lived!
What in the former is a simple wish to gratify a harmless curiosity,
or to while away a tedious hour, becomes in the latter an intense
desire to investigate the springs of human actions, and, if pos-
sible, to discover the rise and fall of the moral barometer.

The Letters of Poggio, an extraordinary man, who lived in
extraordinary times, being replete with materials for this kind of
observation, we have thought that a few extracts from them, in an
English dress, would prove both amusing and instructive; and we
shall, therefore, proceed to lay them before our readers, com-
mencing with those which touch upon the subject of religion, as
being best calculated to develop both the character of the writer
himself and that of the age in which he wrote.

"I am delighted," observes Poggio, addressing one of his friends, "I
am delighted to find, from the Cardinal di Saint Angelo, that you have
formed a friendship with a truly learned and worthy man. If he indeed
be such as you describe him, not only is he deserving of your esteem,
but, moreover, of your love and reverence, as well on account of his
virtues, as of the great scarcity of such men. You must have already
perceived, that, as Juvenal says, they are

'Raræ aves in terris, nigroque simillimæ cygno.'

Mark how others of the same rank, a few only excepted, live! Mark
with what sanctity, with what prudence, with what honour they run
their mortal course! Learning I speak not of,—that, together with all

* This gentleman is the same who some years ago translated the Life of Poggio,
written by our countryman Shepherd. This work he so enriched with valuable inedited
matter, and so elucidated by many interesting notes, as to deserve the commendations
of the learned author himself.

the other virtues, has long been banished. These idols of the people are made up of gold and silver; abandoned to sensuality and sloth, and swollen with luxurious pride. They clothe the plain instructions of morality in pompous verbosity, and employ terror and ostentation to command that respect which they have forfeited by their indifference to religion and by the irregularity of their lives; and if, as you very justly remark, the precepts and holy living of the Christians of the olden times had not greater weight with us than those of our contemporaries, such examples would, no doubt, be fatal to the true faith. One thing only are they alive to—power,—that they may feed their sensuality and amass riches; for this is the goal of every effort. Few are the soldiers of the Gospel—many are they who combat for luxury and wealth.* Happening, whilst flying from the plague, to visit the church of Salisbury, I made inquiry there concerning the books about which you have so often written to me. Not a single individual could I find who had ever seen them. Many are the votaries of gluttony and lust, few are the lovers of literature—and even these are uncultivated, being more skilled in learned puerilities and sophisms than in real knowledge.†

“With respect to the Bolognese bishop,‡ I know not whether to be sorry or glad: I regret his disappointments, although I am certain it is no mortification to him to be without that which he never desired: for they who wish for authority, as St. Augustin says, and yet never promote the good of their fellow-creatures, are undeserving the name of bishop.”§

Let us here pause to consider in what light this severe censurer of the clergy looked upon, and acted with respect to, ecclesiastical benefices, and we shall then be convinced how much more easy it is to deal out reproaches than to avoid them.

“At length this patron of mine presented me with something. He gave me a small benefice with a great encumbrance—a cure which produced 120 florins—but which did not suit me, from the very circumstance of its being a cure: for, as Gregorio insists in one of his Homilies, it is a difficult thing for him who cannot check his own passions to restrain those of others. But it will not be long before I lay aside a gown which sits too heavy upon me. I have often written to you that my sole object is to secure, by the labour of a few years, a competence for the rest of my days.||

“I wrote to you, in a former letter, that my patron had given me a small cure, upon which I set no great value, caring not for a livelihood which subjected me to the responsibility of the priesthood. The other day he presented me with another, worth forty *lire* clear, which I immediately accepted, relinquishing the other. Had the benefice been without the cure, I should have been content; but the responsibility of this latter is too great for me. I think that I could, in exchange for this, find a free benefice, without cure, of twenty *lire*; should I succeed, I should have enough—more I do not desire.”¶

* Lib. i. ep. vi.

† Ep. x.

‡ Niccolò Albergati.

§ Ep. vii.

¶ Ep. xviii.

¶ Ep. xviii. And in xxi.—“The benefice has been given me out of ill will.”

The above observations throw a singular light upon what follows:—"One thing I wish you to know: these satraps of ours are monsters of ingratitude; a vice common in all those who possess more power than they should have."*

With more justice and sincerity, Poggio describes himself and all the court of his time in this sentence:—"You know our ways, regardless of everything save ambition and covetousness."†

We have seen with what views the Florentine philologer aspired to a benefice. His ambition was to secure himself a living, but he disdained to purchase liberty at the price of his integrity,—nor were his wishes immoderate.

"As my patron‡ is almost always travelling and wandering about like an ancient Scythian, I live here in undisturbed tranquillity, completely buried in my books: food and raiment are provided for me: what need have I for more? What beyond these can kings procure, with all their treasures!"§

"I know that you are free from the vice of flattery, a vice generally very profitable to those who frequent the houses of the great.|| I would, therefore, entreat you to discontinue writing in this manner, since he who adopts it renders himself obnoxious to the charge of being a flatterer, and he who allows, or is gratified with it, to that of effrontery. Always write what you feel; let not your zeal carry you beyond the bounds of truth; and seek rather to confine yourself to what the subject strictly requires, than to display ingenuity of argument or felicity of diction. Should you, for a mere exercise of your wit, undertake to praise any one, choose such a person, that your commendations may appear what they really are, and not as censures.¶ What can be more disgraceful to, what more unworthy of, a free man, than to give utterance to that which his conscience cannot approve?"**

"It would give me much pleasure to travel with you; and the more so, as I am at present in such bad odour at court. But you know how contracted my means are. . . . It is very easy to talk about going in quest of new means of subsistence, but very difficult to put it in execution: and then again, can any thing be more—I do not say—disagreeable only, but wretched—than to be for ever recommencing life.††

"To no one is such an existence more disgusting than to me. It has already been my lot for more than two years: but I know not whether it be practicable to find in labour a refuge from fatigue; and to enter upon a new kind of life would not only be folly, but stupidity itself. It is a lamentable condition, that of being forced to deliberate upon the means of providing for the few remaining years that are left us: and he who makes a mistake in this (and there are many who do), cannot quit the

* Lib. iii. ep. xxxi.

† Ep. xxxix. Several important facts connected with ecclesiastical history are contained in the second letter of the first book—the twelfth of the second—the third, eighth, and twenty-third of the fourth.

‡ Henry of Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester.

§ Lib. i. ep. vi.

|| Ep. vii.

¶ Lib. iii. ep. ii.

** Lib. iii. ep. xliii.

†† Lib. i. ep. x.

road he has entered upon without disgrace. The utmost caution is necessary in making a change, while to persevere in a wrong path is downright madness. These two opposite and contrary considerations keep me in such a state of doubt and perplexity, that, placed between hope and fear, I flounder about as if in some quagmire, unable to get into the true road.* . . . I know not what I could do were I to quit the court, unless it were to keep a school, or enter into some gentleman's service. . . . either of which would be most wretched for me. For of all kinds of servitude, the most miserable and humiliating is that of being obliged to obey the caprices of a vicious man.†

"What I am most desirous you should think is, that liberty and the tranquillity afforded by study are dearer to me than all that is most valued and desired by the multitude. And if I saw a prospect of obtaining these blessings, I would, in order to secure them, transport myself not only to Sarmatia but to Scythia itself.‡ Could I but procure eighty florins a year, I should be content, and, abandoning every wish for riches and honours, devote myself entirely to literary pursuits, as I have always wished to do. This, as I have often written to you, has ever been my desire; and I have therefore come here§ to endeavour to find the means of gratifying it||. . . . The communication of Cardinal Pisano is very gratifying as far as honour is concerned; but in other respects this office is no introduction to liberty, on the contrary it only leads to slavery. Understand me well: I do not seek that kind of liberty which is clogged with cares and anxieties; but that in which I shall be subjected to the fewest possible,—that which Tully defines as, the being able to live according to one's own inclination. The former is the most holy state; but the spirit will breathe where it listeth. In this state lives our Ambrosio,¶ whom I repute most happy. . . . but I, who possess not such strength of mind, aspire after that mediocrity, in which I can follow God, and not live altogether the servant of the world.** Many endeavoured to persuade me, after the death of our Bartholomew,‡‡ to insinuate myself into the favour of the pontiff, and engage in public affairs. But I am most averse from such counsels; my only wish being now to retire. Such a step, far from being the commencement of tranquillity, would lead to never-ending fatigue; it would be, instead of that liberty I so much desire, the severest slavery. Therefore let him who likes mount towards power, I am satisfied with my condition: nor do I desire more than to be enabled to enjoy it as I please. I see even those die who sit in the seat of the mighty,

*Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.—Horace.*

"Thy Poggio is content with little, and he will prove it by deeds. I apply myself for some hours to literature, freed from the anxiety attending public affairs, which I leave to those above me. I live in as much liberty as I can; and this secures my cheerfulness. I am equally free from ambition and the desire of accumulating: what is given to me I

* Ep. xi.

¶ Ep. xx.

† Ep. xii.

¶ Traversari.

‡ Ep. xviii.

•• Ep. xxii.

§ To London.

†† Di Monte Pulciano.

accept with gratitude; but the withholding of presents causes me no pain, and up to the present day I have never wanted the requisites for an honourable and comfortable subsistence. No one can be richer than I, if I continue in such sentiments. But enough of self; these things are to be proved by actions, not by words.*

"I ratify and confirm what I lately wrote to you, viz. that I do not intend to spread much canvass to the wind, but rather to furl my sails: the sea of life is a wide and stormy one, and he who blindly trusts to it, endangers not only body but soul also. I will quit it, and as soon as I can take shelter in some port, where, if I obtain not quiet, (for in this our pilgrimage perfect quiet is not to be hoped for,) I shall at least escape the fury of the tempest. All the fatigues I have hitherto supported have but procured me food and clothing; this only they have brought me that I can call my own,—the rest has become the property of others. What madness to undergo the greatest fatigues, to suffer a continual martyrdom, for things that can be obtained with so little! Thy Poggio will look to his actions: let others speak as they like; I consider it greater strength of mind to despise than to covet those good things of this life, which others seek after with so much eagerness. Death carries these off much earlier than he does those who are solely occupied in living a contented and happy life. I will therefore enter into no one's service, except my own. I cannot say I shall not encounter greater fatigues, but at any rate, they will not be of my seeking: I will bear the weight imposed upon me, but not like a discontented man.

After reading the above, it will scarcely be believed that the same hand had written, ten years before,

"I understand that Guarino has married a girl, young, beautiful and, *quod est omnium primum*, rich.† . . . I am contriving how I shall quit this place at other people's expense, and I hope to succeed."‡

He himself, in a Letter from London, confesses and condemns his besetting sin of covetousness.

"I do not think," he writes, "that I am actually better off here than in my own country, but you well know that I still keep rolling on this stone of Sisyphus, as the means of procuring future ease; and yet it appears to me the very height of folly to hope for a moment's tranquillity in this life, in which nothing is stable, but all is in continual flux and perpetual agitation. And I very frequently laugh at myself for seeking quiet in a place which the wisest men have anxiously fled from, precisely because they have found within it nothing but the deepest misery. It would be infinitely better to abandon all the affairs of this world, all vain cares and anxieties, all mundane thoughts, and to seek refuge within the harbour of poverty, that is, of liberty, peace, and security. This, however, is the privilege of but few,—of those only whom, as the Scripture says, 'the Father calleth unto himself.' Long have I been in search of a quiet and tranquil life, but whether I am in the right road I know not; for, as I have often observed to you before,

* Lib. iii. ep. xxix.

† Lib. i. ep. xi.

‡ Ep. xii.

I am well aware of the heavy responsibility of the priesthood, and of the great anxiety which accompanies the cure of souls to him who wishes to discharge his duties conscientiously. But reward is due only to those who labour, and the Apostle says 'the labourer is worthy of his hire.' But all this is more easy to be said than done, and it is a common proverb, that it is better to fall into the hands of God than into those of man. However, if the affair, that is, the promise of Pietro, should turn out well, I would leave the priesthood to the next comer, not because I have the slightest disrespect for religion, but because I never hope to become what, according to the canon, I should be." *

In the following Letter, Poggio appears to have been more timid and less generous than he has shown himself in preceding ones:—

"We must wait upon the very nod of the great if we wish not to offend their sensitiveness, for they are more disposed to resent than to look over a fault. The first beginnings of every thing are difficult and laborious. But, as Virgil says, *Labor omnia vincit*. I endeavour to produce something worthy of me, and to insinuate myself into the good graces of the prince, who appears to be favourably disposed towards me. I have not much business, but, timid and irresolute as I am, I have thoughts enough to occupy me.† . . .

"Believe me, you are not the only one: we have all our troubles. Life is one lengthened pain, and they are generally the most unhappy who are least thought to be so. But the fault is all our own; we seek for misfortunes,—we rouse them from their lairs; and he who is overwhelmed by them is so because he wills it. I judge of others by myself. Were I content with the absolute necessities of life, I should live more free, and more independent of the labour and of the opinions of others; but as I am, I harass myself by an anxiety after superfluities, and by the anticipation of years which perhaps may not be granted me,—an instance of which is my brother's case: I had already married him, and not only provided all that was necessary for housekeeping, but had contemplated a thousand other things connected with his future welfare; but God called him to himself, and thus dissipated my golden dreams. But, blessed be his name for ever and ever, he perfectly knows what is for our good, and this consideration consoles me. Yet I cannot but feel for my mother, at her being thus deprived of a favourite child when weighed down by years and infirmities. Misfortunes never come alone. I had made arrangements for receiving friends, and many had gladly availed themselves of the opportunity; but my house will now remain gloomy and deserted. Blessed be God! Believe me, the being left in this manner alone disturbs me; it may, however, compel me to adopt another mode of life."‡

Devoted to honouring and entertaining his friends, he thus writes to his Niccolo.

"My friends must not be offended if I invite them to my table; it is

* Ep. xxii.

† Lib. ii. ep. v.

‡ Ep. xvii.

an ancient and universal custom, and never has, so far as I know, been considered as a vice. Perhaps you are displeased with the expense, and are unwilling to have your parsimony measured by other people's liberality. Well, then, live upon a pound or two of mutton,—be as stingy as you please,—save your money to pay your taxes, and work your fingers to the bone,—I will get rid of my money as I like." *

In another Letter, preceding the above, when he was a little less excited, he thus describes his mode of life at Rieti.

"Upon arriving at Rieti, I rented a little house upon the rather large river which runs along the city. After going to mass in the morning, on my way home I walk into the market, looking at and buying what I stand in need of, especially melons, a good knowledge of which Lo Zuccaro considers very difficult to be attained, and moreover advises that every one should go to market for them himself. But Zuccaro's example has not so much weight with me as the authority of that excellent poet, Horace, who, describing his mode of life in Rome, says, that he was accustomed to go into the market, and ask the price of vegetables as well as of wheat. Now I, who am a mere nothing in comparison with him, have certainly no reason to apprehend being blamed if, in an almost country town, I market for myself. Having returned home, I read or write, seated in the grove by the side of the river, which runs murmuring at my feet. After this I give my body the necessary refreshment. The greatest part of my time I pass in walking, the air being here very fresh, and the environs very beautiful, which, to me, is most valuable. No news reaches me of wars or tumults;† I hear no complaints of the warlike preparations of the King of Arragon, or of France; I am quite ignorant of the machinations of the Duke of Milan, or of the Florentines."

The following extract exhibits Poggio as one of those many literary characters with whom selfishness is religion, and sympathy in the misfortunes of others mere folly and stupidity:—

"It is not for me to give an opinion upon such important subjects; all my wish is, that we should have the disposition and the power of maintaining peace. We do nothing now but throw away our money. But of this enough; let affairs go on as God pleases; all I care for is, lest the weight of the taxes ruin me." ‡

He does not, however, continually indulge in sentiments so unworthy of him.

"I have no more to say either upon public or private affairs. The latter are in such a state that they are next to nothing. Of the former it is best to be silent, if one is not desirous of being reputed either a flatterer,—a name most unworthy of an upright man,—or a prating, petulant fellow.§ I approve of the strict alliance between us

* Lib. iii. ep. i.

† Lib. ii. ep. xiv. Concerning Zuccaro, see Tonellis' note, p. 101.

‡ Ep. iii.

§ Ep. viii.

and the Venetians: many are, however, of opinion that this alliance does us not much honour, especially as they are made the arbiters of peace. If this be so, I would much rather fall with honour than rule with ignominy.* But they who ought to wish this, and have the power not to do so, will not." †

Let those who wish to understand the numberless strange contradictions and inconsistencies of this man, of the man of literature and of human nature in general, read the following words:—

"I know not how the war of Lucca, so foolishly begun, will end. It never pleased me; and surely, while former scars still remained unhealed, it was imprudent to expose ourselves again to new and dangerous wounds. Cicero observes, that they who have justice on their side, though vanquished, are not to be despised. I maintain, that they whose cause is a bad one, are not to be praised, though conquerors. To say in a few words what might form the subject of an essay, I never saw, I never read of any republic more stupid, or of one in which prudent counsels had less weight. With great justice has Aristotle defined the democratical kind of government as the worst of all, and one in which no virtue whatever can possibly take root. I sincerely hope that the rashness of the few may not prove injurious to the many. The tyrant of Lucca, ‡ who has so much oppressed that city, and accumulated so much wealth, after being deposed from office and imprisoned, has been put to the torture, as far as I can judge, in order to force him to disclose his treasures. The Lord of Vengeance has manifested his hand in this; and, like men, cities have also their destined hour. Let us apply ourselves to our books, by which our attention is diverted from such cares."

Whether we consider Poggio in a moral, civil, political, or literary point of view, we shall find good and evil mingled in him in a most extraordinary manner—a fact which renders his familiar Letters doubly interesting and instructive. The style of these Epistles is also, like their writer, unequal,—at one time running into a loose Italian Latinity,—at another, embellished by real eloquence, and by an elegance of diction by no means common.§

Brought up in the study of books, and in that of human nature, this interesting writer had a mind which well understood in what pure and genuine elegance consisted: he was enamoured of ancient manuscripts and of new customs; was carried by the caprice of

* Ep. xxxvi.

† Lib. iii. ep. xiii. Respecting the political affairs of his time, see Letter xxiv. of book ii.; xvi. of the fourth, and xx. xxii. and xxiv.

‡ Paolo Guinigi.

§ His moral principles may be seen in pages 35, 36, 37, 41, 44, 50, 62, 63, 121, 147, 178, 181, 209, 320; and in Letters xiii. and xvi. of the first book, and in Letter xviii. of the second, and v. and x. of the fourth. His sensibility is exemplified in pages 92, 99, 107, 109, 139, 150, 169, 172, 179, 180, 186, 187, 191, 196, 201, 202, 241, 283, 302, and 327, besides Letters v. vii. x. and xxiii. of the third book. Lastly, of his studies, some interesting account will be found in pages 1, 2, 20, 27, 30, 59, 80, 104, 162, 190, 202, 219, 273, 275, 276, 277, 278, 281, 309, 310, 322, 323, 331, 349, as well as in Letter xxi. of the third book.

fortune, and by that of his own disposition, to Rome, Germany, and England; was in the service of bishops and popes, and was appointed secretary to the most renowned among the republics of his time; an eye-witness of schisms, revolutions, and wars, he was at one time forced by necessity to beg to be received as a travelling companion,—at another was the mediator between pontiffs, and honoured with the countenance of the princes of Italy, and with the favour of foreign monarchs; at one time devoted to the study of Hebrew, at another delighted with the eloquence of the Fathers, or enraptured with the monuments of pagan art; an admirable translator and historian, an obscene jester, and a severe judge of the moral conduct of others; a terrible enemy, and a mild adversary; an irreconcilable opponent, but a mediator among friends; a caustic impugner of the living, and an eloquent panegyrist of the dead; ready to impute to others heretical opinions,—himself equally obnoxious to them; at one time haughty, at another humble; now kind and now harsh towards his dearest friends; a man, in short, who, both in his good and bad qualities, was more a modern than an ancient,—a type of the numerous contrasts, oppositions, and antitheses, which render his own times, Italy, and human nature itself, inexplicable riddles.

ART. V.—*Kaiser Otto der Grosse, aus dem alten Hause Sachsen, und sein Zeitalter.* (The Emperor Otho the Great, of the ancient House of Saxony, and his Times.) Von Dr. Eduard Vehse. 8vo. Zittau und Leipzig. 1835.

ALTHOUGH professing to be a life of Otho the Great, one of the many distinguished sovereigns who have borne the imperial title, the volume before us cannot be considered as belonging to the interesting and amusing department of literature termed biography. It contains little of personal anecdote, and less of a picture of manners; and is, in fact, merely a detached portion of history, chiefly important under a philosophico-political aspect. Before we speak of Otho, we must, therefore, explain the author's views of the feudal system, as it existed under his predecessors; and as Dr. Vehse, though full of thought, often profound and sometimes original, is neither the clearest, the concisest, nor yet the liveliest of writers, we shall put his ideas into a form of our own.

According to our author, the very essence of feudalism was, what is now considered, erroneously if we are to trust M. de Tocqueville, as the purely democratic principle, to wit, the advancement of the highest talent to the highest station. The bravest warrior and ablest statesman, as statesmanship was

then understood, was selected by his equals for their king. This king was necessarily well acquainted with the relative merits of the comrades by whose side he had fought, with whom he had acted in critical emergencies; and from amongst them, though expected to be his own prime minister and commander-in-chief, he selected those best fitted to supply his place in absence, to be his deputies as governors of provinces, as leaders of armies. The men thus selected bore the titles of dukes, earls, march-earls, (*markgrafen*, whence marquesses); and, salaries being then unknown, the king, as the reward of their labours, and the means of defraying the expenses incident to, or incumbent upon, their official dignity, assigned to them, in vassalage, ample domains in the provinces committed to their charge. Hence was produced such a hierarchy, if we may use the word in a lay sense, of great men, as commanded the respect and obedience of the nation.

The corruption of this system, of which its overthrow was the unavoidable consequence, our doctor derives from the introduction of the opposite principle of hereditary succession, which wrought destruction in a two-fold direction. Upon the throne, hereditary succession occasionally, but inevitably, placed sovereigns of inferior capacity and energy, who suffered themselves to be governed by favourites, and immediately incurred the contempt of subjects accustomed to behold their monarchs the first in character as in station. Amongst the great vassals, the operation of hereditary succession was different; an occasional weak duke or earl, amongst many, being less important. But the delegated power intrusted to their hands was, perforce, immense, in times when laws were few, manners simple, and war, in some sort, the natural state of society. That power was useful in fitting hands; and it was innoxious whilst it uniformly reverted to the crown at the death of the individual holding it. But when the father transmitted to the son his official power and official domains, the family soon became too potent for royal control or popular resistance, and the country was plunged into the anarchy arising from multifarious tyranny.

If we refer to German history for the illustration of these views—for the general reader, the sketches given in some of our preceding numbers,* will amply answer this purpose—we shall find them pretty much borne out and confirmed by facts. We shall see the bold and able, though rude and not over-scrupulous, Merovingian Frank, Chlodvig (Clovis), not merely conquering, but actually founding, and, upon the pure feudal principle, organizing, a great empire; converting to Christianity his barbarian

* Vol. VII. page 145, and Vol. XV. page 388.

heathen countrymen, and, comparatively speaking, civilizing them. We shall see his talents and influence enable him to transmit his crown and authority to his sons; his posterity rapidly degenerate; all the great vassals render hereditary their offices and benefices:—which last word our author considers as a far more appropriately feudal designation than *fief*—and a state of anarchy and misery ensue, which baffles description; which, in our days of law and order, modifying even revolution, baffles the imagination itself to conceive.

From out of the depths of this weakness and wretchedness, we shall see a second great man, or rather a short hereditary series of great men, viz. Pepin of Heristal, to go no further back, Charles Martel, King Pepin, and Charlemagne, arise amongst the Franks; the first two acquiring and exercising the power without the title of kings, the third boldly assuming the title likewise. And we shall further see the last of the four, who held this power more securely and independently than his predecessors, who extended the realm far beyond the acquisitions of Chlodvig, and dignified his royalty with the elective title of emperor—we shall see this really great man, Charlemagne, make it one of the main objects of his government to recall and re-establish the feudal principle of life-benefices. He succeeded in getting rid of the hereditary national dukes, who had become pretty nearly independent princes of the several—nations shall we call them, or tribes?—which they governed, and to which they belonged, and in supplying their places by earls for life, of his own appointment. But this really great man, his judgment biassed probably by parental affection, did not perceive that, for the maintenance of the feudal system in vigorous efficiency, it was equally necessary to abolish hereditary succession in his own family, of which he proved the last great man. His immense empire, comprising at his death all German Germany—not the Sclavonian portion—all France, Switzerland, the greater part of Italy, and the north-eastern part of Spain, was utterly unmanageable by his feeble descendants. New hereditary dukes, markgraves, earls, started up on all sides; and ere long the tyranny, anarchy, debility, and misery that had marked the decline of the Merovingians was renewed.

The degenerate Carlovingians can hardly be said to have been, like the yet more degenerate preceding dynasty, supplanted, at least in Germany. But, happily for the eastern Franks, in modern parlance, the Germans, they became extinct in the male line; and, with regard to the throne, the feudal elective principle revived. Conrad, duke of Franconia, was the first German sovereign not Carlovingian. He was a man of courage, fair parts, and, it

should seem, of good intentions,* who, according to modern notions, should have made an excellent ruler. But he possessed not the master mind that the times required, that could repress seditious turbulence, repel triumphant foreign aggression, re-invigorate debility, re-organize disorganization, reduce anarchy to form and order; and his reign was little more prosperous than that of his predecessor, Lewis the Child.

It is said that Conrad, who had no son, sought not to perpetuate the sovereignty of his house, but recommended the greatest of his contemporaries as his successor. Whether he did or not, certain it is that the elective principle prevailed, and that the choice made was calculated to do it the utmost possible honour. That choice was the greatest man of his day, already alluded to, Henry Duke of Saxony.

The Saxons were the last of the German nations whom their Frank brethren had forcibly incorporated with their widely extended empire, the last converted from their warlike heathen religion; and they yet retained the most of the genuine German nature, pure, energetic, and enthusiastically liberty-loving, depicted by Tacitus. These qualities had been further guarded from decaying amongst them by the incessant hostilities in which, from the time of their conversion and subjugation, they were engaged with their fierce and warlike heathen neighbours, the Northman Danes and the Sclavonians. The dangers ever threatening the Frank empire from these daring and restless foes, and the consequent need of concentrated power in the hands of the governor of this frontier province, were so evident, that, even whilst all the other duchies remained vacant and divided, as left by Charlemagne, the Saxon Ludolf, said to be descended from the renowned Witikind, was made Duke of Saxony, and allowed to transmit his duchy to his son.

Henry was Ludolf's grandson; by his mother and grandmother he claimed the additional illustration of Carlovingian and Billung blood, and he was as much distinguished by his personal merits as by his birth. But of his reign, arduous as glorious, a sufficiently detailed account has been given in a former number already referred to; and we shall here merely observe that Henry, like Charlemagne, perceived and appreciated the evils arising from the power of the hereditary dukes. He could not get rid of them, but he laboured to break the line of succession, to connect them with himself, when practicable, by the ties of blood,

* Conrad has been accused of gaining the crown unlawfully, by conspiracy, and even by the murder of Lewis the Child; but the accusation, of which Dr. Vohse takes no notice, appears to us unfounded.

and he reduced them all to obedience. We now come to the subject of the volume before us—his son, Otho the Great.

Dr. Vehse, who is, it seems, a countryman of his hero, appears to have had two main objects in writing his life: the one, to establish the superiority of the Saxon over the Franconian emperors; the other, to vindicate Otho from the fashionably philosophical imputations of having sought the imperial crown through extravagant ambition or inane vanity; the first motive being laid to his charge by such modern classicists as resent the subjection of those portions of Italy deemed part of the empire to a northern sovereign; the second, by modern theorists, who disdain the old imperial supremacy as an empty gewgaw. With the relative merits of the two kindred dynasties—the Franconian emperors descended from Otho by his daughter Luitgard—we, who think with Mrs. Malaprop that comparisons are odorous, shall not concern ourselves, the more so, because we must individually confess a foible for the object of Dr. Vehse's contempt, the Franconian Henry IV., arising, perhaps, from our having, in our more susceptible years, read a German tragedy, in four volumes, of which that persecuted emperor was the hero. In his vindication of Otho, we think the Doctor successful, as may be shown by contrasting the two periods of this monarch's reign, preceding and subsequent to his coronation as Emperor. Dr. Vehse thus announces the appearance of his protagonista, and the purpose of his book.

"How Otho advanced the work which Henry had begun in Germany,—how he there confirmed peace, grounded the sovereignty of justice, new organized the constitution of state and church,—how he tranquillized France and Italy—propagated the gospel throughout the countries of the Slavonians, through Denmark, Poland, Bohemia and Hungary,—how he adorned his brow with the imperial diadem, secured Europe against the barbarians, and spread the fame of his purely Christian heroism from our quarter of the world to distant Asia and Africa,—this is what it will now be attempted to exhibit."

When Otho succeeded his father Henry, Germany seemed prosperous and tranquil. The dukes not only concurred in Otho's election, but undertook, upon that occasion for the first time, those palace household offices, subsequently considered as the feudal services and titles by which the several German electorates were held. The Danes were at peace with Germany, the Slavonians tributary, the Hungarians repulsed and quiet. But this calm, produced by the dread and awe that Henry had generally inspired, was more apparent or superficial, than real or substantial. The seeds of internal insubordination and external war still existed; and when the sovereign power was transferred

from a wise and able monarch to an inexperienced prince of twenty-four, they suddenly germinated. There was, moreover, a third source of evil under Otho, from which Henry had been exempt, to wit, family discord. The first symptoms of mischief appeared amongst the tributary Sclavonians.

Henry died on the 2nd of July, 936; on the 8th of August Otho was proclaimed and crowned; and on the 28th of September Boleslaus, the heathen Duke of one half of Bohemia, murdered his brother Wenceslaus, the Christian Duke of the other half, renounced his allegiance, and refused to pay the tribute due to his Christian suzerain, the King of the East Franks. Against him Otho sent a Saxon army under his kinsman, Hermann the Billung, who, the following year, gained a decisive victory over the insurgents, and compelled Boleslaus to do homage and pay tribute as before. The Bohemian Duke seems, however, to have acquired his brother's share of the duchy by his fratricide.

Whilst this war, which may be considered as external, was in progress, internal disorders occurred. Arnulf, Duke of Bavaria, died; whereupon our author observes,—

"Otho had ascended the throne firmly resolved to maintain the rights of the crown and enforce the old constitution, by which no prince of the realm could attain to honours or dignities without the concurrence of the supreme head, chosen by all the princes conjointly. * * * * Upon the news of Arnulf's death, Otho sent a messenger to his three sons, Eberhard, Arnulf the younger, and Hermann, summoning them to his court. He was earnestly bent upon assembling around him, according to old custom, the noblest and best of the nation, that he might personally judge whether they were capable of the ducal dignities, of the official earldoms, with which, in case of vacancies, he thought to invest them. * * * * The brothers did not obey the King's summons, but took possession of the duchy as their heritage. * * * * When Otho heard of their proceedings, he immediately marched with an army upon Bavaria, and with unanticipated celerity appeared in the heart of the province, whilst the brothers supposed him still in Saxony, occupied with his preparations. His first step was formally and solemnly to deprive the rebel-brothers of the duchy, and confer this state-dignity upon Berthold, Markgrave of the Etsch (Adige), the brother of the deceased duke, who had from the first disapproved of his nephews' insurrection."

But, before his arms had compelled submission to his sentence, Otho was recalled from Bavaria by an Hungarian incursion into Saxony. He hastened to the relief of his native duchy, and completely defeated the barbarian invaders, who never again attacked Saxony, thenceforward directing the course of their ravages to the South of Germany. From the field of victory Otho returned to Bavaria, and securely invested Berthold with that duchy.

By the time this was accomplished, the King was again summoned northwards by a rebellion, in which almost all nearest and dearest to him were gradually induced to participate. Eberhard, Duke of Franconia, brother of the deceased King Conrad, aspired to the throne, and craftily employed as the instruments of his ambition dupes whom he excited to claim it, sure of being able in due time to set these deluded pretenders aside. They were Otho's elder half-brother Thancmar, the offspring of a first marriage of Henry's, which the Church had pronounced invalid,—his younger full-brother Henry,—who claimed because born when their father was king, Otho having been born while he was only a duke,—and his brother-in-law Gisibert, Duke of Lotharingen, who claimed we know not upon what grounds. The rebellion ended only by the deaths of Thancmar, Eberhard and Gisibert; when Otho bestowed the duchy of Franconia, and subsequently that of Lotharingen, with the hand of his own daughter Luitgard, upon Conrad, Count of Worms, nephew to Conrad and Eberhard. Soon afterwards he obtained the hand of Ida, heiress of Swabia, for his son Ludolf;—these marriages were concluded whilst Ludolf and Luitgard were children;—and, being cordially reconciled to his brother Henry, he married him to Judith, a daughter of the deceased Arnulf of Bavaria; and, upon the death of Duke Berthold, gave him that duchy, as a sort of compromise with the hereditary rights of Arnulf's descendants. This family rebellion was intermingled with and succeeded by wars with the Slavonians and with France.

At length, however, Otho's energy and ability seemed to have subdued opposition. The Slavonians submitted and paid tribute; the Hungarians remained quiet; his brother-in-law, Louis d'*Outremer*,* was acknowledged in France; four of the German duchies were held by his son, son-in-law, and brother; and a fifth, Saxony, by his faithful kinsman and general, Hermann the Billung. A calmer day seemed to be dawning upon Germany, when, to the disappointment of such fair hopes, the most fearful rebellion with which Otho had yet had to contend broke out. The origin of this new rebellion must be related a little more in detail, as being in some measure characteristic of the social condition of the times.

In the year 951 Otho, then a widower by the death of Edgitha of England, was invited, as a good knight and true, to undertake the deliverance from captivity and persecution of the beautiful Queen Adelheid. This fair supplicant, yet in her teens, was the widow of Lothar, one of the contending kings of Italy, and his rival king

* Louis d'*Outremer* married Gerberga, the widow of Gisibert of Lotharingen.

and suspected murderer, Berengar, was endeavouring to force her into a marriage with his own son Adalbert. Otho undertook and achieved the adventure; when his success was rewarded with the hand of the rescued captive and the kingdom of Lombardy; Berengar having fled unresisting from his arms, while the Lombard nobles and Lombard cities vied with each other in doing homage and swearing allegiance to the triumphant champion of the injured princess. Otho thenceforward entitled himself King of the Franks and Lombards.

The King returned with his new queen to Germany, leaving his son-in-law, Conrad, to complete the discomfiture of Berengar, who, though he had fled, had not submitted. The fugitive king immediately entered into negotiation with Conrad; and he, pleased probably with the idea of so promptly dispatching his task, made large promises of Otho's favour to Berengar, on condition of his surrendering. Berengar surrendered accordingly, and followed Conrad to Magdeburg, where Otho then held his court.

But Adelheid had not yet forgiven her persecutor, the suspected assassin of her first husband; and the youthful bride's influence over Otho was not small. Berengar was made to wait three days for an audience; on the fourth it was ungraciously granted: he was treated, as in truth he deserved, harshly; and referred to the next diet for the decision of his fate. Conrad was deeply offended at this disregard of his promises; and although, at the appointed diet, Adelheid formally pronounced the pardon solicited by Berengar upon his knees, and Otho restored to him the Lombard kingdom in vassalage, the slight still rankled in Conrad's mind. In his wrathful mood Ludolf sympathized, though exasperated by different and more unworthy causes. His natural dislike of a step-mother was enhanced by Adelheid's especial friendship for his uncle Henry, of whom he had always been jealous, and whom she now established more firmly than ever in Otho's favour and confidence. In the beginning of 953, the son and son-in-law rebelled against their father, benefactor, and sovereign. Every malecontent, every turbulent spirit, joined these mighty filial insurgents; civil war raged; but not content therewith, Ludolf and Conrad invited the Hungarians to assist them, and again those ferocious barbarians ravaged southern Germany.

As, however, we do not propose to write an abridged and therefore uninteresting history of Otho, and have now abundantly shown the character of the troubles that incessantly harassed the early portion of his reign, it will be enough to state shortly that the rebellion was finally crushed, that Conrad submitted, Ludolf was vanquished, and both were pardoned, but, by

the sentence of their peers, the German princes in diet assembled, deprived of the duchies of Lotharingen and Swabia. Franconia was left to Conrad, in consideration of his earlier submission.

But we are omitting to give a specimen of our author's style of narrative. This must not be; and as we shall very briefly dispatch what we have further to say, we will first extract and abstract Dr. Vehse's account of one of Otho's most memorable feats, his great victory over the Hungarians, which put a final period to their devastating incursions into Germany, Italy, and France, and which, moreover, is in our author's best manner.

"The King had just honourably dismissed with presents some Hungarian envoys, sent, as they averred, to confirm the then existing friendship between the Franks and Hungarians, when messengers from Duke Henry brought him word that innumerable hordes from the Pannonian steppes were overrunning Bavaria.

"And so it was. An old writer, the monk of St. Gallen, estimates them at 300,000 horsemen. Such enormous multitudes of them, Germany had never before seen. Relying upon their numbers, they boasted that, if the sky fell not upon them, if the earth opened not to swallow them, they could never be conquered. From Hungarian rage the peasantry of Bavaria fled, with all their moveable property, into the walled towns, castles, cloisters, and churches, or sought refuge amidst the mountains and forests. When the savage heathen broke into holy dwellings, the aged monks were slaughtered, or burnt in the same flames with their monastery, the young and active dragged away into slavery. From the Danube to the Lech, and even as far as the Iller in Swabia, all was laid waste with fire and sword. The desolating torrent poured on as far as the mountains of the Black Forest. Augsburg alone, though protected but by low walls without towers, and swarming with fugitives, defied their fury. The pious Bishop Udalrich defended it with heroic constancy. He, his brother Count Theobald of Dillingen, and some other neighbouring nobles, hastened to raise the walls and build towers; resolved, in the town thus strengthened, to check the advance of the Hungarians, or die.

"The Hungarians assaulted the ramparts. The besieged fought like desperate men. The bishop himself, seated on a tall horse, clad in his stole, without helmet, armour, or shield, unharmed by the darts and stones that whistled around him, rode through the ranks of the Christians, exhorting and firing them to the conflict. The Hungarians were repulsed. In the night, Bishop Ulrich* caused the damage of the walls and towers to be repaired. Whilst this was doing, nuns, bearing crucifixes and singing psalms, walked in solemn procession through the streets; others, at the foot of the altar, devoutly implored deliverance from the tremendous and imminent danger. The holy man himself addressed fervent prayers to Heaven in behalf of the distressed city. It was near dawn ere he allowed his weary body the refreshment of sleep.

* Dr. Vehse is answerable for this varying orthography; but we suspect it may arise from his sometimes copying the old Latin of the monk, sometimes spelling naturally.

"At day-break he assembled the people in the church, celebrated mass, and administered the communion to his harassed countrymen. He then affectionately exhorted them to persevere in the true faith, and place their hopes on God, who would comfort them; sang the appropriate 23d psalm, and dismissed the warriors to their posts.

"As the rising sun's first beam shone upon the earth, the seemingly infinite host of pagans approached, encircling the town, bringing engines to batter the walls that they were eager to climb. Upon the ramparts stood the Augsburg heroes, well armed, silent, grave, with flashing eyes; their weapons glittered terribly in the sunshine. At this sight the hearts of the Hungarians sank within them. They could not be urged to the assault."

This insuperable terror at sight of the worthy citizens of Augsburg may, we suspect, be a flight of fancy on the part of Bishop Ulrich's panegyrist. At all events, it was not the only thing that saved the town, for at this very moment the Hungarian King Bultzko was compelled to raise the siege by information of Otho's approach at the head of an army. Bultzko hastened with his barbarians to meet the defenders of their native land, in whose host the men of each duchy were led by their proper duke. On the 9th of August, only the stream of the Lech severed the hostile armies.

"The Hungarians did not long hesitate. On horseback they swam the impetuous river, and spread out their innumerable cavalry upon the left bank. When the King saw these hostile swarms stretching beyond the scope of vision, he despaired of its being in human power to resist them. He said aloud, that 'If God struck them not, he and his little band were lost.' Long did the Hungarians hover around the serried German ranks. * * * The King commanded his brave son-in-law, Duke Conrad, to lead his Franks against the foe. He, eager to atone for past guilt by glorious deeds, rushed lion-like upon the savage heathen, compelled them to give way, and recovered the prisoners and booty they had taken."

But this was only a day of skirmish; the next was to prove decisive.

"On St. Lawrence's day, the 10th of August, at day-break, the King, on his knees, alone before God, confessed his sins, and vowed that, if the Redeemer of the world would this day grant him victory and life, he would, in honour of St. Lawrence, the vanquisher of fire,* found a bishopric at Merseburg. The pious Bishop Ulrich now celebrated mass, and Otho, after receiving the sacrament from his hands, addressed his army, exhorting them to conquer or die in the cause of their country and their religion.

"When he had spoken, the King, grasping sword, shield, and the holy spear, sprang on horseback. He was the first to charge the foe, as becoms

* Scoffers might think fire vanquished him, at least his body, since St. Lawrence's martyrdom was by broiling on a gridiron.

eking who rules over gallant men. By the first beams of the rising sun the armies encountered. In close order, protected by their shields, man pressing upon man, the Germans advanced against the enemy. The foremost ranks of the Hungarians resisted stoutly; but more and more resistlessly did the Germans press forward. At length many barbarians fled in terror, and a general panic seized the heathen. Their array was broken, their disordered bands driven, pressing confusedly upon each other, towards the Lech, where the fleetness of their horses was unavailing. Fearful was the sweep of the German sabre amidst the tumult.

"Otho pursued the flying Hungarians until night-fall. Immense numbers perished in the flight, some by the edge of the German sword, some in the flames of the villages in which they sought concealment, others in the waters of the Lech, up the precipitous banks of which it was impossible to climb. The bed of the river is said to have been choked with dead bodies. The camp of the Hungarians, with captives innumerable, with a booty in gold, silver, and jewels of inappreciable value, fell into the hands of the victors. * * *

"Many a German hero had fallen in the battle. Amongst others, the Franconian Duke Conrad, to whose sword the victory was mainly due. In the heat of the battle and of a sultry summer day, he had loosened his cuirass to breathe freely, and at that moment an Hungarian arrow pierced his throat. His death discharged his debt to his country, and he saw his earnest desire, to wash away the blot of disloyalty with his heart's blood, fulfilled. The king wept over him. * * *

"Fearfully did the exasperated peasant avenge his sufferings upon his heathen oppressors. Many were mutilated, crucified, tortured to death; others were buried alive. Of the whole enormous host, according to Keza, their own historian, only seven, and those deprived of their ears, escaped to bear the news of their defeat to Hungary. * * * Never since have the Hungarians attempted a plundering incursion into Germany, or any other country: they, who had made Europe a desert, henceforward remained at home and tilled the soil."

But even this glorious victory could not insure tranquillity to Otho's government. Again we see the Sclavonians withholding their tribute, foreign war, and internal disturbances. In Italy, Berengar revolted; Otho sent his penitent son, Ludolf, against him; and Berengar, when his arms failed, is said to have removed his victorious adversary by poison. Again Otho visited Italy, as the minister of retributive justice upon the crimes of Berengar, and again Berengar fled from the avenger.

It was upon this occasion that, after finally subduing his rebellious vassal, and re-establishing his own authority in the north of Italy, Otho, in November, 961, received the iron crown of Lombardy from the hands of the Archbishop of Milan, in the cathedral of that city; and then, repairing to Rome, was, in February, 962, crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, in St. Peter's church, by Pope John XII. Hereupon Dr. Vehse remarks:

"This imperial dignity was now, as in the time of Charles the Great,

(Charlemagne,) simply the supreme protecting sovereignty of all churches and nations in western Christendom. The emperor was the supreme champion of the Christian world; and, in this sense, Otho, after his coronation at St. Peter's, in addition to his sceptre, bore a globe on his seal. * * *

"From this time, Italy, so long a prey to disorder and lawlessness, was restored by Otho to peace, prosperity, and social order. * * * The Lombards, who, in the dissolution of all legal and moral relations, had fallen into the very depth of anarchy and barbarism, obtained, through their connection with their kindred Germans, in the energetic nature of their new countrymen, a model after which to re-invigorate and re-elevate themselves. In fact, even Italian writers acknowledge, that, through the union of Lombardy with Germany, at least so long as Otho and the other Saxon emperors reigned, new life was introduced into Lombardy, and the seeds of that heroic spirit were generated, which in aftertimes displayed such grandeur in the republican institutions of the Lombard towns."

It should seem therefore that Italians ought not to object to this subjection to German emperors. But what is still more to our purpose, and perhaps still more remarkable, is that, from this time forth, for the remainder of Otho's reign, whether, as some readers may suspect, as the fruit of his previous victories, or, as Dr. Vehse conceives, out of reverence for his imperial dignity, Germany was unassailed by foreign foes, undisturbed by internal sedition. So completely was this the case, that Otho for years together ruled that long-turbulent country by deputy, chiefly occupying himself with expelling the Saracens from Italy, conquering the Neapolitan provinces from the Greek empire, and obtaining the hand of a Greek imperial princess for his son by Adelheid, Otho II. In all these objects he was successful. But they are so inferior in importance and interest to his earlier struggles and wars, that we think it enough to mention them as amongst our author's proofs that Otho judged wisely in seeking the imperial crown.

We cannot lay down the pen without observing that this book abounds with awkwardnesses of expression such as actually confound us, when proceeding from a writer of Dr. Vehse's evident learning and scholarship. Such for instance, to take an example or two at random amongst many, as sentences left actually imperfect, or expressing the direct contrary of their evidently necessary meaning, by the omission of a word or of several words, the repetition of the word *die* in immediate succession, as *die, die die*; which the English reader may exemplify to himself, by conceiving such a combination of the word *that* in its different relative and demonstrative capacities. We should ascribe such faults to the printer, were typographical errors of so glaring a character

probable, we might almost say possible, in a second edition, which this calls itself, and were the book not provided with errata, amongst which none of them appear. It should however be observed, that the errata consist chiefly of pieces of additional information, collected apparently after even this second edition was printed.

ART. VI.—1. *De l'Art Moderne en Allemagne.* Par M. le Comte A. de Raczynski. Paris. 1836. Tome 1. 4to.

2. *Die neuere Deutsche Kunst.* Berlin. 1836. 1ster Band. 4to.

THIS magnificent volume, the first of a work that is to be completed in three volumes, published simultaneously in French and German, is illustrated by eighty engravings on wood, executed by the most eminent artists in France, Germany, and England, with a separate cahier of twelve larger engravings. The noble author has prefixed to this volume an Introduction, containing preliminary observations upon the theory of the Beautiful, the Ideal, and the Sublime; upon the history of Painting among the ancient Greeks and in modern Italy; upon the art of Colouring, and upon Collections and Connoisseurs.

The following extract, respecting the history of painting in Greece and Italy, will give the reader an adequate notion of the turn of thought and expression, distinguishing this work from others on the same subject.

“The progress of ideas appears to have its regulated course, and we might be tempted to believe that in this respect there exist immutable rules to which our moral organization is subjected; yet, if it is true that institutions can influence the duration and the prosperity of states, that education corrects or modifies the natural defects of men, we may be allowed also to believe that a salutary direction given to the study of the arts is capable of furthering their progress or delaying their decline. To point out a danger is frequently sufficient to avert its effects.

“Let us examine, under this point of view, the painting of the Greeks and that of Italy.

“Polygnotus, of the island of Thasos, created historical painting in Greece, above five hundred years before the Christian era. He painted in encaustic, and he knew how to give such solidity to his works, that his *Battle of Marathon* at Athens, though exposed to the influence of the air, continued in perfect preservation for the space of nine hundred years. This picture at length tempted the rapacity of a Roman proconsul, who carried it away. Polygnotus made several copies of his picture of the *Taking of Troy*, one of which was at Athens and another at Delphi. Among the figures in this grand composition was that of *Cassandra*, the daughter of *Priam*, at the moment when her modesty was sinking under the most cruel outrage. Through the veil which

covered her face might be discerned the expression of shame and the flush upon her brow. Polygnotus also introduced into the same picture the portrait of Elpinice, the daughter of Miltiades and sister of Cimon, who had brought him to Athens. He painted Tartarus at Delphi. This was one of the richest of all the compositions attributed to this master; it contained eighty figures. This artist excelled in what the Greeks called ethnography, or the art of painting manners, passions, and characters.

"Apelles was a native of the island of Cos; he belonged to the school of Sicyone, the rival of that of Athens. He threw a grace and elegance into painting: His Diana surrounded by Nymphs on the slope of Mount Taygetus has been admired as a happy and charming composition. He is not less celebrated for his Venus of Cos, in which he took Phryne, the courtesan, for his model.

"Aëtion also established a reputation in the graceful style. His most celebrated picture was the Marriage of Alexander and Roxana. In this piece were seen a number of Loves playing with the arms and the cuirass of Alexander, while others lifted up Roxana's veil and uncovered part of her charms.

"Zeuxis, who produced a Helen that was highly esteemed by contemporary artists, lived sixty years after Polygnotus. It was superior for finish and colouring, but was never equalled in regard to expression.

"Parrhasius, contemporary with Socrates, enriched the Temple of Minerva with his Prometheus. According to Seneca, this painter caused a slave to be put to the torture, in order that he might serve as a model for that figure. This painter was obscene and exaggerated.

"Protogenes acquired renown by his Ialytus; Pausias by his Glycera. Zeuxis, of Sicily, also had celebrity. Mention is likewise made of Pauson and Dionysius. Against the former it is alleged that, instead of imparting real dignity to his figures, he gave them rather the air of actors on the stage; he delighted also in exaggeration and caricature.

"The Rhyparographoi painted the interior of kitchens, shops, and such like subjects: others devoted themselves to a class which the Greeks called Dreams. Some attempts in this line were to be seen at the Lyceum at Athens.

"Aërial and linear perspective were unknown to the ancients. Herculaneum shows us that the Romans had made very little more progress in this very important part of the art of painting.

"The human mind then is continually turning in the same circle. Do you not fancy that you recognize Michael Angelo in Polygnotus?—Between Apelles and Raphael the resemblance would perhaps be perfect, if the one had not been inspired by Paganism and the other by the Christian religion. Aëtion is our Albano.

"Zeuxis was to Polygnotus what the Caracci were to the heads of the schools of Italy in the best period. Parrhasius was the Rubens of his time. To him may also be likened all those painters of Italy who borrowed their subjects from the Martyrology, as well as those modern artists who mistakenly delight in atrocious subjects. Lastly, the Ostades, the Breughels, and the Regas, never suspected, probably, that they were Rhyparographoi.

" Does not the portrait of Elpinice, in the Taking of Troy, remind us of the modern anachronisms of those *donatrici* of Italian paintings, or rather of those portraits of popes, sovereigns, and other patrons of the arts, whom the painters have introduced among the apostles of the Last Supper, in transfigurations, and in Gospel subjects in general. In Greece, as subsequently in Italy, in proportion as artists attained facility of execution, and made advances in the mechanical departments of painting and in the theories, genius declined, and with it disappeared feeling and expression.

" Polygnotus imparted grandeur to his subjects. Dionysius represented his with truth. Pauson debased those which he chose.

" We shall now turn to painting in Italy, and examine its revival, its progress, and its decline.

" If we would look for the first symptoms of the revival of the arts, we must go back to the year 1200. Athens had already fertilized of old the soil of Italy: it was again from those regions, from Byzantium, that it received the first examples of a regeneration so rich in glorious results. The church of St. Paul at Rome, that of St. Mark at Venice, that of Monreale near Palermo, and many others, were adorned by mosaics attributed to Greek artists, or rather workmen, of that period. These performances are rude and shapeless; but they are the first stones of a solid foundation and of a magnificent structure.

" It may be asserted, with some appearance of reason, that the Greeks awakened the arts in Italy from their slumber; but we should have perhaps still stronger grounds for believing that without them painting would have arisen from its ruins; for among all nations there has been an epoch for poetry and the arts, another for fanaticism, another for the positive sciences, and, lastly, another for sophistry, cold scepticism, and licentiousness. This last epoch is the grave of the noble, the beautiful, and the generous, for it is the triumph of vanity over feeling.

" Cimabue lived in the thirteenth century, in the time of St. Louis and Dante: Andrea Taffi, Giunta Pisano, and Guido of Sienna belong to the same epoch.

" In the fourteenth century painting began to be studied in some of its departments, but it had not ceased to be defective. It was dry and inanimate. The draperies were stiff, angular, and heaped without plan and without reserve. The extremities were badly drawn and frequently too large; the limbs harsh, without muscular substance, the groupes in straight lines; but in the heads we begin already to discover truth, often correctness, sometimes even expression. In this century painting made but little progress; yet Giotto di Bondone, a pupil of Cimabue's, and a contemporary of Petrarch's, alone overleaped difficulties which were insurmountable to the artists of his time. His followers in the career of the arts in the fourteenth century profited little by his example; thus it may be said that Giotto, like the morning star, announced the approach of the light of day, but did not impart it.

" The fifteenth century, that of Lorenzo de Medicis, the Great, the Magnificent, the Father of the People, had the glory of giving birth to the greatest geniuses of painting, to all those who in the succeeding

century became the founders of the different schools of Italy. To say that so early as the commencement of that century the Medicis were great and powerful, is to fix with accuracy the epoch of the revival of the arts. In this century painting had not yet entirely shaken off the defects of the preceding ages, but it was inspired by a pure feeling; it was precise and natural. Repose, tranquillity, and devotion, generally pervade the productions of this time. They are almost universally deficient in movement; but I doubt whether this is a defect in painting. They may be charged with the want of aerial perspective. I have also perceived in many of the productions of this century gross faults in drawing; for instance, heads too small for the length of the bodies, and features too small for the face: this epoch is, nevertheless, the most interesting of all. The feeling which animated the painters of that time was the feeling of a new heart, timid, natural, warmed with enthusiasm for the beautiful, but with a mild enthusiasm, which, when it swerved from the truth, did so in a graceful manner. They were the amiable errors of youth, all of them arising from sensibility. Such were Beato Angelico da Fiesole, Masaccio, Giovanni Bellino, Titian's master, Perugino, and, above all others, Raphael, in his adolescence, and the amiable Francesco Francia. Never did any of the most finished works of Raphael so deeply move me as his *Sposalizie*. While gazing on that picture I felt a delight, an emotion, an agitation, that I cannot express.

"Ghiberti has left us, in his gates of bronze, a durable monument of his superior genius. Giotto would, from his works, deserve to have a place allotted to him here rather than among his contemporaries. Cima de Conegliano, Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's master, Le Verocchio, Leonardo da Vinci's master, and Mantegna, whose example animated the pencil of Correggio, lived about the year 1500.

"The most glorious age of painting was that of Leo X., Francis I., Charles V., Cosmo de Medicis Grand-duke of Tuscany, and Tasso."

The first chapter of Count Raczynski's work contains a history of painting in Germany since the commencement of the present century, a short period of thirty-five years, but rich in important results, in great names, such as Cornelius, Wach, and Schadow; and, above all, distinguished by the foundation or revival of the schools of Munich, Dusseldorf, and Berlin. The latter capital has witnessed the flourishing growth of the kindred arts of Sculpture and Architecture, springing up side by side with Painting, and adorned with the immortal works of Rauch and Schinkel. The same period has also been marked in political history by the reconstruction of the Prussian monarchy after its downfall in 1806-7, with reforms suited to the real wants of an enlightened age, and at the same time conformable to its original genius as a military and civil state, where discipline, order, and economy, give strength and harmony to the practical administration. It has also witnessed the foundation of the new universities at Bonn and Berlin: the perfecting of the other means of popular and

scientific instruction; and the conciliation of the just claims of a Protestant state with the principles of religious freedom by an equitable concordat with the head of the Catholic church. But, in all that appertains to art, Bavaria may fairly challenge her equal, if not superior, share of honour with Prussia; and the example of both these states has kindled throughout Germany a generous flame of emulation, giving new life and activity to that intellectual land. Even the smallest princes and communities of the Confederation are ambitious of not being left behind in this noble race for the palm of superiority in mental cultivation, so much more estimable in the eye of reason than the blood-stained laurels of war. The consequence has been a great improvement in public taste, and a rapid progress in art.

The second chapter of our author's work treats of the revolution which has taken place in these respects during the last thirty years. This epoch is coincident with the disastrous battle of Jena, which, though apparently fatal to German independence, was, in truth, the commencement of a reaction against the ascendancy of France, gradually obtained by the influence of her language, literature, and taste, not less than by her arms and arts of policy. The insurrection of the princes and people of Germany in 1813, to throw off the yoke of Napoleon, had been long prepared by a silent revolution in the public mind, adapted to revive the old national feeling of exclusive patriotism. This revolution was produced, among other means, by the revived study of ancient German models in art and literature, contrasting with the French and classical models, the first of which were exclusively patronized by the great Frederic, and the last had too long monopolized the public estimation. One of the principal authors of this intellectual revolution was Frederic Schlegel. In his publications which appeared in the periodical called *Europa*, and his lectures on the history of literature delivered at Vienna in 1810, he appealed to the venerable monuments of Gothic architecture with which Germany is covered—to her popular poetry, which kept alive the national language and literature from the age of chivalry—of the Hohenstauffen, to that of the Reformation, of Luther, whose translation of the Bible fixed the standard of the language, and, however defective in biblical criticism, is still the most perfect model of the pure German tongue. The Reformation thus strengthened the prose literature of Germany, though its influence was unfavourable to poetry, and fatal to the arts, which were nurtured, lived, and breathed in the atmosphere of the old religion. The architecture called Gothic was symbolical of the

Catholic faith,—its mysteries,—its consolations,—its dogmas. Sculpture and painting also combined to mould the hearts of its votaries to religious love for the blessed Saviour, his spotless mother, the glorious company of saints, the noble army of martyrs. These were the subjects on which the old masters delighted to labour. But the school of Albrecht Dürer, Lucas Cranach, and Hans Holbein, which promised so much, had no successors worthy of these great artists, who were sustained by the spirit of warm and lively devotion, and by the patronage of a rich and bountiful church.

"*Sed vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnon.*" At the time when Schlegel wrote, the works of Van Eick were hardly known: other great masters, such as Hemmeling, Mabuse, and Schoreel, were almost entirely forgotten: and the public had no idea whatever of the state of art in Germany previously to the time of Van Eick. The world is principally indebted to the labours and researches of the brothers Boisserée of Cologne for the knowledge of the facts that Germany possessed a flourishing school of painting before the fourteenth century; and that this school, as well as all the schools of Italy, derived their origin from the Byzantine in one unbroken chain of continuation. The torch of Art, like that of Science, has been thus handed from the illustrious Greeks to their modern successors and rivals. Van Eick was the creator of a purely German school. His works are characterized by a simplicity and purity of sentiment, which we seek in vain among those of his predecessors, whatever might be their merits in other respects. We must look for the distinctive character of old German art in the works of this epoch, and those of the fifteenth century—the times of Dürer and Holbein. In subsequent paintings we recognize the influence of the Italian and Flemish schools of the latter part of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth centuries.

The history of the formation of the collection of the Messrs. Boisserée is highly interesting. In 1803, these young men visited the collections which had been formed at Paris, under the auspices of Buonaparte, and filled with the trophies of the French arms, gathered in the various lands they had subdued. Among these was a gallery exclusively appropriated to the works of the oldest masters. The study of these, directed by the lessons of Frederic Schlegel in literature and philosophy, first excited in their minds a passionate love for the history of ancient art. Smitten with this new affection, they returned in 1804 to their native city of Cologne, that venerable capital where religion and art had

found, from the time of the Romans, a sanctuary rarely disturbed by war and revolution. The secularization of the churches and monasteries was then going on, and the works of art which escaped the grasp of the French commissaries fell into the hands of picture-dealers. Our two brothers availed themselves of this propitious opportunity to commence the formation of a museum of old paintings, which was gradually enriched by the works of German and Flemish artists. This collection, which has since become the property of the King of Bavaria, embraces three periods in the history of art. The first includes the whole of the fourteenth century, and the works of Cologne artists of the school which has received the name of the Byzantine-Rhenish School (*Byzantinisch-Rheinische Maler-Schule*), from its evident imitation of the Byzantine style. To the latest period of this school belongs William of Cologne, who lived in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and was then considered the best contemporary painter of Germany. This was the epoch of transition from the traditional and conventional style of the Greeks of the Lower Empire to the imitative painting of the Germans.—William of Cologne is supposed to have been the painter of the great picture representing the Patron Saints of the City in the Rathscapelle, which was removed in 1810 from the Town-House to the Cathedral. In taking it down from the wall, the date of 1410 was discovered, which identified it with the age of that artist, who, we know, was still living in 1490. Göthe calls this picture “the zenith of the arts;” and Schlegel speaks of it in terms still more enthusiastic. Without going the whole length of his admiration, we may observe that, although many of the figures of this noble picture preserve the conventional forms and expressions of the oldest style of German art, others manifest that deep study of nature which had already begun to mark a new epoch. As to this oldest style, F. Schlegel had discovered in a very curious poem of Wolfram von Eschenbach, entitled *Parceval*, a passage which proved that even as early as the thirteenth century the merit of the painters of Cologne and Maestricht was proverbial, and confirmed the opinion which the Boisserées had formed of the merit of the works of the German artists of that remote period.

The second period in this collection embraces the works of John van Eick and the pupils of this school who immediately followed him: Hemmeling, Hugo van der Goes, Israel von Meckenem, Michel Wohlgemuth, Martin Schön and others. To the third and last period, which extends to the sixteenth century,

belong Dürer, Lucas van Leiden, John de Maubeuge, Schoreel, Cranach, Holbein, and their pupils, among whom may already be perceived the influence of the Italian school.

This collection, which was gradually augmented to the number of more than two hundred pictures by purchases in Germany and the Netherlands, attracted more and more the attention of artists, learned men, and the public in general. Göthe, Canova, Thorwaldsen, and Schlegel united to bestow the meed of approbation on the labours of its founders. A portion of it was removed to Heidelberg, where Göthe came to see the pictures and their owners. In the first number of his publication upon "Art and Antiquity," he avowed his conviction, as the result of this visit, of the connexion between the Byzantine school and that of Germany previous to Van Eick, as well as the distinctive character and development given to the German school by this great master. The entire collection was subsequently removed to Stuttgart, where the King of Wurtemberg provided a spacious gallery for its reception. Here the finest specimens were lithographed, accompanied with historical notices. The whole collection was purchased in 1827 by the King of Bavaria for 375,000 florins, and is now to be seen in the palace of Schleisheim. Prince Hardenberg, prime minister of Prussia, had before offered to appropriate the sum of 500,000 florins to the same object, one-half to be paid to the Messrs. Boisserée, and the other half devoted to the expenses of establishing and preserving the collection at Berlin under their superintendence. For some reason, not explained, this offer was rejected.

The reaction thus produced in Germany in favour of the most ancient school of art certainly went further than was warranted by good taste and sound judgment. Many a picture has been sold at an extravagant price merely because it combined all the appropriate defects of this school, thus leaving no doubt of its authenticity. At the time when this mania raged in Germany, the Italians were accustomed to say, in speaking of some worm-eaten *tavola* which could find no market on their side of the Alps: "*Questa roba farebbe figura in Germania.*" But not all the amateurs of Gothic art were deceived by the mere stamp of age impressed upon its works. The reaction in its favour was mainly directed against the theatrical contortions, the exaggerations of grace and force, which marked the French school of painting in the time of the republic and the empire; an epoch when tragedy and the ballet exercised a despotic sway over art, and secured to the gigantic and the affected a monopoly of admiration. Many

pictures have been composed in Germany under the influence of this violent reaction; but its force is spent; and it no longer produces the effect of false imitation of Gothic models in the works of German artists. The religious character, the purity of sentiment, the charm of physiognomy, predominant in these models is still generally acknowledged; but these qualities no longer render amateurs or artists blind to their faults.

Whilst the Messrs. Boisserée were thus employed in collecting the works of the old German masters, Mr. Solly, an English amateur residing at Berlin, formed, under the advice of Mr. Hirt, a German archæologist of great learning and taste, a vast collection of old Italian, German, and Flemish pictures, of very unequal merit, amounting to 3000 in number. This collection was purchased in 1820, by the Prussian government, for the sum of 610,000 thalers. From the whole number of pictures about a thousand were selected and placed in the magnificent museum at Berlin erected by Schinkel. Among the German and Flemish pictures in this gallery many are of the greatest interest and beauty. Among these may be mentioned the altar-piece of Ghent, by Van Eick; the Passion of Hemmeling; and the portrait of Holbein. Those of the Italian school are all anterior to Raphael, and many of these old reliques do not offer the same interest with those above noted, especially after the impressions left by the galleries of Italy of the masters from whose hands they proceed. The whole collection is admirably arranged to illustrate the history of painting in different ages and countries. In this respect the gallery of Berlin is highly instructive.

Various other public and private collections have been recently formed in Germany. Among others Mr. Bettendorf at Aix-la-Chapelle possesses a numerous collection of old masters, among which are two fine Hemmelings. Councillor Krüger, of the same city, and Councillor Mayer of Minden, have collected a small number of ancient Westphalian pictures anterior to Albert Dürer, which seem to differ somewhat in their character from the school of Cologne, but are inferior in merit to the works of Van Eick and Hemmeling. Mr. Lyeversberg of Cologne also possesses a very curious collection. That of Canon Walraff has since his death become the property of the city, and contains many pictures whose merit is independent of their antiquity. The collection of Mr. Nagler, minister of state, and intendant general of the Prussian posts, at Berlin, is rich in objects of art, both national and foreign. It is only since the wars of Napoleon, since the selection by Denon in Germany and the Nether-

lands of the works of old masters to be transported to Paris, and since the formation of the Boisseree gallery, that the pictures of the ancient German school have risen so high in public estimation. To those already mentioned may be added that of the Last Judgment; an altar-piece at Dantzic, by van Eick, (engraved in the work of Count Raczynsky); the Passion of our Saviour, in the Cathedral at Lubeck; the Burgomaster of Basle, in the gallery at Dresden, by Holbein; the altar-piece of Ghent, of which several compartments still remain there, and others, form one of the principal ornaments of the gallery at Berlin; the four Apostles, and Albert Dürer's portrait by himself; and the frescoes of the same master at Nuremberg.

The third chapter of the present volume contains a remarkably interesting account of the new school of Dusseldorf, founded by Schadow, which we have not room to extract. The fourth, is on the subject of historical painting; the fifth, on the transition from the historical to the *Genre*; the sixth, on the *Genre*; the seventh, on landscape painting. The first volume is terminated by the journal of the author's recent visit to Paris, with a notice on the state of painting in France as evinced by the last exhibition. The second volume (not yet published) will be devoted to Munich and the South of Germany. The third volume to Berlin and the North of Germany, including the works of German artists residing in foreign countries. We shall look forward with increased interest to the forthcoming volumes of a work full of valuable information on the art of Painting and its history, conveyed in a style at once clear and elegant, and embellished with beautiful illustrations from a kindred art which has recently attained such perfection.

ART. VII.—*Wamik und Asra; das ist, der Glühende und die Blühende. Das älteste Persische romantische Gedicht. Im fünftelsaft abgezogen* von Joseph von Hammer. (*Wamik and Asra; that is, the Glowing and the Blowing. The most ancient Persian Romantic Poem. Transfer the fifth: into German by Joseph von Hammer.*) Wien. 1833.

THE work which we now introduce to the English reader, and which, after a lapse of about seven hundred years, has been recovered from oblivion by the learned orientalist, Von Hammer, is not merely curious as a specimen of the oldest style of romantic writing in Persia, for this could interest but a very small proportion of the reading world; nor even as affording, by casual, and apparently slight, but nevertheless striking references, an insight into some peculiarities of the system of Fire-worship in that ancient realm. It becomes important to the general scholar and antiquary as combining in their most ancient form much or most of those religious principles which hitherto he has been accustomed to see only in their more corrupted and separated state; and attracts the notice of all cultivated minds, by affording evidence of both how far the mystical taste of the modern Persian poets extends back into antiquity, and that it owes its direction, not only to the more obvious causes to which it has heretofore been attributed, namely, a deficiency or perversion of judgment, and the activity of eastern indolence, that seeks, by the wildness and ingenuity of its wanderings, to compensate for the absence of steady and progressive advances in intellectual cultivation, but to the very ground and frame-work of their religious system itself. It is now demonstrable, in fact, that the errors of taste in this, as in most other cases, sprung as of necessity from the fundamental errors of their religious code, with which it was, and more especially in its origin, closely connected. It was, and is, little more than an illustration of that theological system which adopted and expanded one of the oldest doctrines of the aboriginal Hindoo race into the basis of its own, and saw in Deity, not merely the source and ruler of creation and the origin of light, but also the warm and vivifying essence that became life in the animal and vegetation in the plant; that infused into *matter* itself the properties of *spirit*, and gave to *spirit* at the same time the properties of *matter*, as though neither could exist without the other; and as it bestowed feelings on the soul of man, it lent also, and equally, lustre to the flower at his feet. Every part of existence, therefore, became in the new creed, even more than in the old, an actual ray of divinity; and this latter, though raised above the *Theos* of the Hermetics, and the *Narayan*, or *Essence*, of the Brahmins, (which were both simply negative and

positive,) inasmuch as it possessed intelligence in itself, and was confessedly *etherial*, yet only existed as an adjective or dependent principle, contained in, or combined with, *materiality*.

From a system which, however beautiful in some parts, still disseminated on the whole ideas so indefinite and incomprehensible as those of the Magi, it is easy to conceive how much perversion might arise. Adapted as it was to the unfixed and extravagant genius of the age it pretended to enlighten, it became but a source of deeper darkness to the people that embraced it. It was one further departure from the truth, one more link in the chain of error. With enough of celestial verity to attract, and but too much of human infirmity to confuse, the senses of those who sought to scan this new revelation, it wrapped its eager votaries in a cloud of light that prevented them from beholding the actual gloom of their own situation. Since it possessed no certainties, every thing was permitted to imagination; and thus the mind that felt itself free to join the Creator at its own pleasure, neglected or disdained the duties by which alone we learn he can be reached; or haply, with that blind presumption that since received the name of *Sooffeism*, saw nothing in the Godhead but his own perfect and pervading soul.

It was thus, from the very nature of the doctrines of *Zerdusht*, that arose the confusion of the *material* and *immaterial*, even in their purest state. The same groundwork, brought previously into Europe by Pythagoras and others, did not produce the same extravagance here; for the genius of Greece was already restrained and correct, and probably influenced in no small degree by the spirit of Spartan severity. This, though unfavourable to the growth of literature at home, yet preserved a standard of rigid sense that tended to check its exuberance elsewhere; but unfortunately its power did not extend to the East, and there imagination rioted uncontrolled,—from the earliest periods of history, if we are to trust all extant historians,—but undoubtedly from the time of the establishment of Fire-worship by Darius Hystaspes. The errors of Magism and Infidelity have been referred by learned authorities to the time of the Sassanides for a commencement, but surely from want of sufficient consideration. Infidelity, as we have already seen, existed from the very beginning, and formed almost an integral part of the original system; and as human beings are supposed by some to be born with the germ of the disorder that is to carry them to their grave, so the Zoroastrian, like all other religions of mortal origin, contained in itself the seeds of its dissolution. The downfall of the first Persian empire, and the neglect of its worship during the five centuries that preceded the ascendance of the Sassanides, with the consequent in-

terruption of religious feeling, and the interfusion of novelty during that period, all tended to produce the contrarieties of opinion which characterized the reign of that dynasty, and which was indubitably much assisted by the imperfections of the new sacred books, compiled by Ardashir's order from the feeble or fanciful recollections of the priests, which were after so long an interval necessarily crude and contradictory, and full of monstrous and vitiated imaginings, as we possess them at the present day.

But imagination, thus prone in its abuse to pervert the truth of religion, possesses also in itself a certain redeeming power to save something at least from the degradation that must ensue were that sacred system altogether subverted; and preserves, though only for a time. This power is manifested in poetry. The historian may reach truth by the sure, though slow, process of comparison; the philosopher may obtain it by induction, and as such establish it to the world; but the quick sense of the poet feels it intuitively. While the former, as the loftier forms of creation receive the coming light and assist, by reflecting, its immediate diffusion over earth, he is as the cloud, soaring and separated from the coarser sphere of mortality, that glows with its earliest beam, while beneath him all as yet is darkness. Unfortunately too, like that cloud, his mind is unsuited to any regular and material laws. He cannot, it is true, be really irreligious, because *the beautiful* of his thoughts exists but in *the pure*: on the other hand, he can seldom be confined in reality to the creed of a particular sect, for his spirit is universal, and wants the patience of control. But the grossness of vice forms no part of his nature; it is in fact the antagonistic principle to his being, which expires, like the torch, in a wholly corrupted atmosphere; or where it burns, burns only by separating the finer portion from impurity. He errs, and often, for such is the lot of humanity; but his spirit will struggle in its better moments against mental and corporeal pollution, for it is akin to a nobler nature.

It is no wonder, therefore, whatever degree of licentiousness prevailed among the people, and even when, as in the case of Mazdak, it extended to the court, that the composition before us should be free from the extrinsic impurities that clouded religion at the time it was written; for it bears the stamp of a *mens divini*. Wamik and Asra are personifications of the two great principles of heat and vegetation; the vivifying energy of heaven, and the correspondent productiveness of earth; *the glowing* and *the blowing*, as we may term them, in imitating the learned translator's interpretation. The tale appeared in the reign of Noushervan the Just; consequently between the years 531 and 579 of the Christian era—a period remarkable in Persia for the introduction

of the Fables of Bidpai, and the game of chess, from Hindoostan. It partakes, therefore, of the mystical feeling inseparable from the tenets of Zerdusht, and was written originally in the Pehlivi, then the general language of Persia, and which prevailed even down to the times of the Abbasides.

As to the origin of this ancient dialect, whether Aramæan or Sanscrit, as differently affirmed, we must be allowed to offer a few remarks, without however going into any lengthened and irrelevant detail. It is admitted on all hands to contain a large proportion of Chaldaic words, which are considered to establish the connection at least, if not the formation, of the language. Sir William Jones and others of the learned have advocated the derivation of the Pehlivi from the Chaldee; whilst the opposite opinion has been espoused by profound scholars, equally and even more entitled to our attention. Assuredly, unless truth lies between the two extremes, we may say without affectation *non nascentur tantæ componere lites*: but in fact it may not be difficult to discover the source of the error that misled Sir William Jones, if error it is; and it is not so great as imagined. We have only to cast our eyes over the map of Asia to observe the wide diffusion of a single language. The Hebrew was one of its dialects; and this race, confined by religious prepossessions and paucity of numbers, spoke on the sea-coast of Palestine nearly the same language as the Phœnicians; as we find it, vitiated, in the Carthaginian scenes of Plautus, though with modifications. Cognate with the Hebrew is the Chaldaic, which we trace through Mesopotamia and Persia into Tartary; and the fact that his knowledge of the Celtic, or Erse, enabled Vallancey to decipher at Petersburg a till then unknown inscription brought from Mantchou Tartary, and written in the Ogham character, (the Sanscrit Agham? and one of the oldest of the Irish alphabets; itself scarcely more rude than the inscriptions on Babylonian bricks, whether alphabetic or not,) on the one hand; and that the same Erse served him likewise to read the Carthaginian passages alluded to, on the other; demonstrate the identity of language between the 30th and 40th degree of latitude over a large proportion of Asia. This diffusion of Celtic is supported by two facts, not generally known, we believe:—the wandering Northmen, or Normans, in their piratical descents on the German and French coasts styled themselves, Mantchous: as though of that Tatar race. A second curious circumstance was stated some twelve or fourteen years since, namely, that the Irish on board a vessel could hold a freer communication with the natives of Greece than with the Welsh, from the greater similarity of language. The circumstance, as it is, seems to point to what we must consider the ob-

vicious conclusion and confirmation of Bochart; viz. that much presumed Chaldaic is Tataró-Celtic. The fact that no language but the Hebrew preserves a trace of the confusion of tongues is an argument of their formation subsequent to that event; and that the Hebrew is the sole original. O'Connor, we think, mentions something akin to it in his Irish Chronicles, which may, if credited, confirm its direct Hebrew derivations.

Writers desirous of inquiring into the origin of the difference of languages have paused, as they well might, at this dilemma :

Did mankind, entering new countries, find them uninhabited? If so, how came they to forget their own, and form a new language there?

Or did they find them inhabited? If so, whence came the settlers and their speech?

By adhering to the Jewish Scripture, even overlooking its miraculous testimony, we are enabled to offer a solution.

We do not hesitate to express our decided conviction that the original general language of the middle line of Western Asia, that is to say, between about the 30th and the 40th degree North, was this *primæval tongue*; so far as remains have come down to us. And the only probable theory of the formation of languages, so far from contrverting this opinion, confirms it, to the best of our belief. Admitting that a rude Hebrew formed the dialect of the first family of mankind; wayward, accidental, and compulsory stragglers, from thence, towards the East and West, might, nay, must have been detached at various times, long before any period to which regular tradition or history could by possibility reach: at times too, when the terms of intercourse were confined; the names of objects and wants few; and, not impossibly, the very organs of thought and utterance, such as we now possess them, in some or a great degree undeveloped: and there is nothing difficult to conceive in this; in our daily increasing intellectual and social intercourse we make more terms than we lose. Settling then, with their families, in distant places, fresh names for fresh objects would be required, and former ones be partially forgotten with the things they represented. This process being continually repeated, the original straggling settlers of Tatarý could retain little, those of China next to nothing, of the language of Noah and Chaldea, while their own would long remain unfixed and fluctuating. The dialects of intermediate colonies would be gradually lost in the more copious language of numerous communities, who, seated in fertile locations, would increase their own numbers and attract strangers—and form at length codes for language, as well as for law. It is scarcely necessary to add that children, separated at some of these aboriginal stations by death

or accident from their parents, would, if they survived, be compelled to new designations for objects, and one such instance would found a new *language*: as has probably been the case in some islands. Traces of the Chaldaic are found in all other tongues: and the exceptions, which are few, can be easily accounted for, from some accidental cause such as we have assigned, and which it is scarcely possible should not occasionally operate. As it is, however, in cases of difficulty the Celtic, if any, is the general solvent. The Polynesian tongues are doubtless sprung from later migrations.

Long after the seed of fresh languages was thus sown, the original family, whose progressive increase must have been infinitely more rapid than that of their scattered offshoots, would naturally spread and carry their own speech through the East and the West in latitudes similar to those of their own land: and, though repulsed from particular points, their general superiority of numbers and civilization would avail to give the general character of their race and speech to the central continent—though lost to the extremes. Thus the *separated* Egyptian formed his simple tongue, and the *remote* Chinese his monosyllabic. The *peninsular* but *contiguous* Arab, departed less from the original than the *peninsular*, but *distant*, Indian; and the farther promontory, divided between Indian and Chinese, and the Archipelago, owe traces of their connection with the parent land rather to Arabian and Indian enterprise than Noachidal civilization. In truth, the circumstance that all these countries possess an extensive line of sea-coast accounts for a vast increase and modification of terms in all: as the Phœnicians and Carthaginians also.

Three tongues alone of the civilized ancient world prefer a just claim, in our opinion, to the title of primitive or simpliform. The structure of the Egyptian, Hebrew, and Chinese, differs essentially. The first is obtained but in fragments: the second is preserved to a high degree by the fortunate concurrence of religious and accidental causes that have confined the tongue and its speakers within certain bounds. Jewish seclusion also is as far removed from the sage or timid isolation of China, as the narrow and jealously preserved remains of the former vary from the monosyllabic infinity of the latter language.

If the Hebrew parent dialect originated the semi-universal Celtic, this deserves to class with the Arabic and the Sanscrit. The copiousness of the first appears to spring from its unceasing use; of the second from natural vigour; of the third from elaboration. The Erse is essentially oral; the Arabic, though elaborated, seems boldly to follow in its irregularity of declension and conju-

gation, that of nature herself; the Sanscrit is an artificial perfection. Each bears the character of its native soil.

The *Erse*, by its paucity, and almost incapability, of scientific terms, is clearly the tongue of an *earliest* people, polished by intercourse, but not by science. Their own records *bear out no more*.

The Arabic, combining all the dialects of Arabia into one language, shows how one mode of departure from the original language (Hebrew) could have occurred—i. e. by dialectical or vulgar corruptions—so as to differ entirely now from the Hebrew.

The Sanscrit, by selecting a portion, and rejecting the rest, of one or more established languages, offers another mode of departure; (in order to establish its own religious and scientific systems.)

If such then is the case with *written* languages, after their own formation of a grammatical system—which Hebrew and Zend certainly possessed at the time of forming Arabic and Sanscrit—what might not, nay, what *must not*, have been done with unfixed and oral tongues, unreduced yet to system by grammars? The necessary absence (and loss) of those unwritten tongues prevents our obtaining evidence, but the conclusion is inevitable nevertheless.

Philologists overlook, in their love of grammar, the fact that wandering tribes could not have them. They carried in migration the primitives of speech only; hence we find in every *earliest* tongue the primitives derived, or altered from, Hebrew, and; however disfigured in sound, framed on its principle. Every ancient tongue we have is corrupted Hebrew in its primitives at least.

The Teutonic, Gothic, Armenian, Tibetan, Slavonic, and Sarmatian, with various others, seemed rather compound or complex than primitive tongues. In the formation of such many words probably were arbitrarily selected, and others similarly rejected; and hence a vast diversity; as wider separation, difference of ear, imperfect articulation, or even whim, might suggest. We have known an infant that could perfectly articulate *ma-ma*, yet invariably incapable of pronouncing *pa-pa*, otherwise than *pey-pee*, till two years old: many substitute *da-da*: this belongs to articulation. For difference of ear, why does the Indian prefer *chahna*; the Frenchman, *cracker*; the Briton, *to spit*; each as the best representative sound of the action? is it choice or whim? And can this last, or some imperfection of utterance, have called up the "*three-fold Hecate*" of Hottentot pronunciation; the *lingua-palatal* *cluck*; the *lingua-dental* *click*; and the *palatal-aspirate* that defies imitation, and leaves behind, at immeasurable distance, the Teutonic gutturals, and pectoral of Arabian humanity.

We have thus classified languages, not so much according to

their dates, as to their mode of formation: 1st, of necessity; 2d, of scientific arrangement; 3d, of selected or accidental adoption: and now turn to our original theory to prove that it is not inconsistent with the Biblical account. The cases of Cain and Lamech* show that, not death, but separation from the community, was the punishment of the most serious crimes, *murder* and *manslaughter*, in the antediluvian ages; and therefore in all probability continued so for some time after the Flood, and in all small communities. The quarrels of their servants induced the *segregation* of Abram and Lot.

Though the tongues or dialects of the different Noachide differed, yet "the whole Earth was of one language and of one speech" even afterwards; unless we are to imagine that the building of Babel was prior to the separation into "countries and nations:" and that consequently here, as elsewhere in Scripture, circumstances are related slightly out of their chronological order: and the one in point does assuredly seem a *parenthesis* in the History of the Generations. Nor would any difficulty offer in the phrase "as they journeyed from the East," since the Hebrew *מִזְרָח* rendered *East*, signifies equally and more properly the *ancient* or *original* land; which in the present case would be North, if referring to Ararat, where the Ark rested. The inhabitants of Earth, gathered in the plain of Shinar, build a tower that its top "may reach unto heaven." The original phrase—*וַיִּבְנוּ מִגְדָּל וַיִּשְׁרָצוּ*—may as well mean *towards heaven, or into the skies, as reach unto*; and even this last need not be understood literally. We may so understand it, if we believe mankind at that time to have been unacquainted with astronomy; for in their ignorance men are really "but children of a larger growth." But if we are to credit the astronomical knowledge of the Antediluvians and of Noah himself, the height of the tower might have the double purpose assigned to it by Europeans and Asiatics, viz. of acquiring fame, by astronomy; and serving as a landmark to the nations. The

* The speech of Lamech, which has been deemed obscure, is decisive on this point. Cain, though a fratricide, was not to be punished with death, for *seven-fold* vengeance was to follow his destroyer. Lamech, who killed the stranger that wounded him, was to have his life guarded by a *seventy times seven-fold* vengeance. The first distinction between *murder* and *homicide*.

Observe that the cause of strife, though revolting, is, or seems to be, darkly hinted in the Hebrew: and this reading is supported by the Chaldaic. Lamech would scarcely do more than allude to it, before his wives; but was justified for resisting unto the death; and seems to anticipate, as did Cain from his possible slayers, rather violence than law.

One reading of the text appears to intimate the exact converse of what has often and erroneously been the cause assigned. We cannot conceive on what ground Lamech has been suspected of taking the wife of another, but the *paraphrase* of the Targum Onkelos leaves it doubtful if the slaughtered man did not interfere with one, or both, of the wives of Lamech.

phrase of "reaching unto heaven" is, however, but an orientalism for astronomical studies, and thus it is used by Ferdousi in the case of Kai-Kaous, &c.

The inhabitants of Earth, if gathered together at Shinar, could not have been very numerous; as this would have distracted their interests probably from the one common purpose of that place; and they must have had *nearly resembling dialects* at least, if not *one common language*, to understand and agree to that purpose; both which confirm the ideas of this passage in Genesis occurring out of its place, and of their journey being from the neighbourhood of Ararat, and preceding the division into families. The solution offered by Shuckford of the confusion of tongues now becomes a part of the truth, and, as far as it goes, even incidentally strengthens our opinion. The herdsmen had wanted comparatively few terms in the intercourse of pastoral life: when congregated, and to build *city and tower*, a larger vocabulary was indispensable, for the names of art, and also for abstract ideas. Each endeavouring to supply this want for himself, all became confusion; and consequently dispersion, by tribes and families. So far then from the Scriptural account being repugnant, as has been idly urged, to common sense, common experience, or the common course of events, it is perfectly consonant with all three in our view of the whole question. Incident to the general dispersion and dating from thence, our theory of desultory wanderings takes its rise: for the now separated families, preserving the one language, could only have degenerated it at most to dialects, as already observed; and would scarcely have attempted a new creation while possessed of the ancient tongue. Hence the Syriac, Hebrew (?), Phœnician, Chaldean, and Asia-Celtic, were but varieties of one original, itself *the primitive*, or *granite*, of speech; while Egypt and China boast but secondary, though, for aught we can tell, original, formations: the tertiary being probably derivatives themselves, and the sources of derivation to their successors, and so on to our own times.

We have placed in the second class as to *mode*, and in the third as to *time*, the Arabic and the Sanscrit, both formed, or at least regulated, by science; one after the varieties of nature, the other by the severity of art: the latter demands from us a few words more. The Sanscrit, as we now see it, can neither be considered the language of the earliest Hindoo-Tatar race north-east of the Caspian, nor of that great southern kingdom of the Peninsula which preceded the northern empires, and of which the traces are lost, or exist only in the mute marvels of Salsette and Elephanta. Its riches and consequent refinement, therefore, probably spread northward: and the Deevs of the time of Tahmuraz were

in all likelihood a middle race; neither entire *demons*, nor altogether Brahmins, such as we find the latter; but an enlightened tribe of men, early settling near the Caspian, and whose leaders or sages, the real, and first Brahmins, cultivated and brought the language to a high degree of perfection in course of progress to their final seats, amongst the mountains of Tatar and Tibet: the Sanscrit of these classical abodes being but a refinement of the Southern or Hindoo tongues, and the Western Zend. We shall recur to this.

It can thus scarcely admit of a doubt that the Hindoo-Tatar race of the Caspian, who instructed Tahmuraz and his Persians, introduced their language with their cultivation into the north-west provinces of Persia, where the oldest specimens of the Zend exist; and that thus this language, as long subsequently the Parsi, a second and improved migration from the East—like the Erse following the Gallic of the Celts into Europe*—gradually in the course of civilization banished or substituted the rude native tongue, the Tataro-Celtic. Where it could not wholly supersede this latter, the Zend or Scythic inflected its terminations; forming the Pehlivi, as it stands in the specimens now remaining in the Zend-Avosta, which is attributable to the age of the Sassanides at latest, and possesses the relics of a language a large portion of which is generally admitted to be, if not Sanscrit, at least a cognate tongue. The confessed superior antiquity of the Zend over the Pehlivi in those specimens favours our hypothesis. This superiority, however, does not refer to the supposed Chaldaic roots; and be it recollected that the Chaldaic was the sacred, not the vulgar tongue, of Assyria. The fact that this *supposed* portion considerably preponderates over the Zend† can be accounted for only by the argument, that it formed the groundwork of the Pehlivi, “from which it received its terminations:” and thus the acknowledged obscurity of the Chaldaic might be more rationally explained by the obsolescence of antiquity than by the imaginary derivation from the traders of the Tigris. Some terms, it is true, might have been thus obtained, but the supposition is extravagant for half a language we submit; while its subjection, already pointed out, to the rules of the remainder, disproves the possibility of the presumed accidental adoption. The existence of *many* Pehlivi roots in the Zend, Parsi, and Sanscrit, can only prove it subsequent to them so far: WHENCE THE REST?—It is to be

* We give this theory as we find it, merely for illustration; and though the general opinion is against it, we believe.

† As in the preceding instance, we use, without adopting, this opinion of Sir William Jones farther than suits our argument.

noticed that the Pehlivi of the Glossary is written in Zend characters, *avowedly to render it more intelligible* to the native Persians. The Pehlivi alphabet, as Hammer observes, is Western.

We may further remark that our view is strengthened by the fact mentioned by Erskine; namely, that the Persian terms found in the Greek and Roman writers, from the time of Herodotus, are Parsi rather than Pehlivi. We ourselves adduce one familiar instance, viz. that the Sakas of Xenophon is the Persian Saki, or cup-bearer. Since one portion of the Pehlivi is clearly modern Persian, and another not Persian at all; this last, if only foreign and incorporated, but, as is pretended, of the same date, (not obsolete,) might as freely have been used.

In viewing the question we cannot attach much importance to the remark of Strabo, by some writers considered decisive of the point, but which to us seems overrated. The portion of the Persians and Medes he speaks of in the passage alluded to were evidently the nearest to the Bactrians and Sogdians; "and they," he observes, "spoke nearly the same language," *ὁμογλωττοὶ παρὰ μικρόν*. (Was it Asia-Celtic, or Zend, or Sanscrit?) Thus then amongst these neighbours some difference existed, and greater, undoubtedly, amongst those farther apart. Let us add too that the great geographer, himself a foreigner, speaks too loosely in this passage for us to believe he understood the language sufficiently well to determine the question philologically for us.

We may conclude this slight attempt to ascertain and sketch the History of the Persian tongue by observing, that while spreading Eastward towards the high lands of Tatar and Tibet along the shores of the Oxus, from Mazanderan and the Caspian, the earliest seats of Eastern learning, it descended to Bamian and Balkh, whence the cultivated Parsi tongue followed, with slower steps, the Fire-Worship into Persia, in the reign of Bahman, grandson of Darius-Hystaspes, or Gushtasp. From this time it went on refining, uninjured, perhaps assisted, by the transitory invasion of Alexander the Great, and in spite of the troubled period of the Arsacidæ; till, in the restoration of the second Persian Empire by the Sassanian Ardeshir, it became highly polished, and was established as the court dialect of Bahram Gour under the name of Dari, or the Royal: a name bestowed simply in reference to the place where it was spoken, and not to any peculiarity in itself. This is the epoch of the modern Persian; while the Pehlivi continued to be the language of the nation at large and of writers; and the Zend remained, it would appear, in the north and west, and was preserved everywhere, as we have seen, in the Sacred Books that still profess to contain the religious

tenets of the Magians, though the ignorance or denial of some of their most striking absurdities and monstrous imaginations by a portion of their modern descendants throws some doubt on the remainder, and induces a suspicion that tradition has in this instance been more faithful than record.

We must digress a moment from the subject to confess to a strong leaning towards tradition in general, and will venture to affirm, that, in the East especially, it is found almost invariably to contain a large proportion of truth, though ignorance and misapprehension may have filled the chasms with error. The sacred records of the Hebrews, traditional in their earliest portion, are hourly receiving a triumphant confirmation. The traditionary dynasties of Manetho, and the similar narratives of Herodotus and Diodorus, are supported by recent investigation. The progressive research of Europe is throwing a strong light upon many Eastern details, which ignorance in the former, and love of the marvellous in the latter countries, had long rendered more than questionable. The dynasty *civilized before civilization* in the Persian legends, and the *Chu-foo-tsee*, find their prototype in the antediluvian world: a short time and the discovery of Philo-Byblius's Phœnician history may determine the value of Sancho-niatha; while geology evidences the monstrous cosmogony of Berosus and Polyhistor, long deemed unworthy of notice. Those fossil *preadamite* formations were, it is true, passed over by Moses, whose object was purely theological or theocratical. But is there now any difficulty in believing that some of these relics were left upon, or near, the surface of the earth, though long since destroyed by accident and the action of the air,—thus affording to our first ancestors a means of actual *observation*, independent of any connection with the inspired writings?

It is only necessary to add, that the superior charms of the Persian historical or fabulous legends to the unadorned severity of the Koran, and to the strained and clumsy, and what is still more, the recent marvels of its author; as well as the fierce resistance opposed by the Ghebers to the Arabian arms and creed, and their contemptuous abhorrence of these "lizard-eaters of the desert," all operated strongly to render the Moslem conquerors more than usually intolerant towards the language and literature of the vanquished during their sovereignty in Persia, of which we shall hereafter adduce fresh proofs to those already current. On the expulsion of the Mahommedan Arabs, however, the native princes of the Samanæan and Dilemite dynasties were careful with the historical monuments to restore also the speech and the intellectual labours of their ancestors. In this pious task they were followed, and exceeded even, by the celebrated Sultan of

Ghizni, Mahmood, who, descended of a Turkish family, showed himself, like his nation in every age of their existence, peculiarly susceptible of the graces of Persian composition.

We have thus traced the progress of language eastward from the land of Assyria, in conformity with Hebrew record; and a portion of its progress in returning, blended with a certain degree of civilization, towards the West. It will not be difficult, we imagine, to show, that this civilization itself followed the course of language, both in its original march towards the East and its return.

It appears from the best and most authentic information we possess, that the most ancient and sacred depository of the Holy Fire was in the land of Ur, in Chaldæa, consequently the Assyrian empire—the birth-place and fatherland of mankind, according to the Scriptures, and to common sense also. Traces of this sacred fire appear in the ritual of the Jews amongst the most ancient ceremonials; and this reverence for fire, universal in Assyria, and naturally growing out of the value of the original discovery, must have accompanied the communication of its use. Western and Eastern writers agree that a person, named variously Prometheus, Magog, and Housheng, introduced fire into the East from the West; whether as Housheng, and, according to some, Prometheus also, inventing it originally by the collision of flints,—or as Magog, and, according to others, Prometheus likewise, by simply transporting it there, such is on all hands its reputed introduction into Persia, Scythia, and Tataria. It is clear, therefore, that this introduction of fire must have preceded the discovery of the *sacred flames* of Baku, for, had these been known, that introduction had been useless. It is also equally clear that civilization could not have been far advanced before the introduction in question into those regions, and it is but reasonable to conclude from the foregoing the correctness of the assertions in the *Dabistan* as to the succession of religions, whatever we think of the authenticity of the book itself; namely, that the Sabæan system preceded the worship of fire; nor can we understand the difficulty of this belief, nor of the varieties of planetary forms amongst different nations, which, as far as it goes, strengthens the above proposition, and seems, and with reason, unaccountable to its impugnors.

It is but fair to consider that the true worship of the One God was carried by the descendants of Noah wheresoever they went, in the East or West; and since the vulgar mind can more easily comprehend the *visible* than the *invisible*, the Starry Host, at first regarded as the mere type of Deity, set outwardly in his own heaven, would, in no very long period of increasing religious ignorance, usurp his worship in that very heaven. Hence Sabæism is

the natural successor of Theism in an unenlightened age, and the transition to it in the first instance would not be so violent as to the worship of any earthly production whatever. This process, then, is so consonant to the very nature of things, that we can easily conceive it occurring separately in every separate nation or community of the human race; and hence the adoration of stars necessarily differs in form amongst them all—a fact from which several striking inferences may be deduced:

1st. The absence of intercourse between those communities.

2d. That the varieties of Sabæan forms mark the number of those original communities.

3d. That the dispersion of the human race was, as affirmed in the Bible, nearly simultaneous, and while they still possessed the worship of the One God, after the building of Babel.

4th. And consequent on the foregoing, that this dispersion probably occurred, as stated, shortly after the Flood, before they had time to corrupt.

5th. That the dissimilarity observed between the Persian, Hindoo, Chinese, Arabian, and Phœnician planetary representations establishes as many *distinct* corruptions.

We pause a moment from the regular course of discussion to notice, in reference to supposed planetary systems, that, since the theory of the *Dabistan* supports that of the *Desatir*, we are inclined to regard with jealousy the decision of Erskine on the latter, the language of which he considers factitious, as it resembles no other in existence; and grounds this suspicion of its genuineness on the fact, that in the text and translation no names agree. The same objection would apply to some existing specimens of the *Zend-Avosta*, &c.; and the use of epithets in the East would go far to account for this: but that a whole system of words, governed by grammatical forms, evincing both syntax and inflections, should not be a language, seems a proposition bold enough for Père Hardouin himself. Even if we could imagine an author writing a long work, without the possibility of its being understood, and from no conjectural motive that could not be attained by half the labour, or a tenth part only,—even then it would require no ordinary effort to believe a translator entering into the same spirit as his original, and equally without a motive of influence or gain. “Incredulity is the mother of wisdom,”—and of folly.

After adopting the light of the Heavenly Host as a type for the Deity, the succession was easy to fire, as a type of the planets. We have already noticed the natural veneration for fire, growing out of the necessity for its preservation, since all who knew its uses could not possess the skill to create it, which the recent in-

vention of match-boxes alone has rendered easy, when *Lucifer* performs his functions, by the aid of brimstone, in mystic type of the fall of that "Son of the Morning." This *veneration*, however, was not necessarily *worship* in the first instance; the Patagonians, we learn, believed it to be a *beast* at first. The sacred fire of Horeb, and the terrestrial exhalations of Karamania and western Asia, might reasonably be deemed by the uninstructed to assimilate with each other, as they (the latter) did certainly with those of the East. It is not a little remarkable too, that, excluding Horeb, these exhalations generally preserve the range of five degrees—34 to 39—latitude north. Since, then, the veneration for fire, traceable in the Scriptures, did not affect the belief of the Jews in the Most High, we cannot concede that it must at once have affected the Sabæan adoration in general, though it gradually displaced it in Persia afterwards.

We see no reason, therefore, for hesitating to admit the fact that the Sabæan idolatry of the *Dabistan* existed before, and down to the time of Housheng at least, and probably later; for admitting Ferdousi's statement to the very letter as a fact, and not a poetical exaggeration, still Housheng, in establishing the *worship* of fire on its *discovery*, did not destroy immediately the Sabæan system. Probably he could not, even had he been so desirous, have done away with it at once throughout his dominions; religions are not so easily yielded to the will: but there is nothing to show that he aimed at this, and therefore the adorations of the stars, and of fire, might well have co-existed considerably beyond his reign. If, however, we regard, as we have a right, the statement of Ferdousi as a mere exaggeration of poetry or ignorance,—it matters not which, and he has abundance of both; since, as it is remarked by his learned editor, Macan, he makes Khosru receive the *Zend-Avosta*, and Zerdusht himself obtain it originally from heaven 120 years *after*; whether, therefore, we regard the poet's statement as the error of ignorance, or of intention, it is probable that he has confounded the *preservation* of fire with its *worship*. The mere quotation from Macan shows that there were two epochs of veneration, (to use a middle term between preservation and worship); and there are in Ferdousi's poem a vast variety of occasions where he contradicts himself, apparently from the conflicting assertions of his authorities. One such we shall point out presently, as it relates to this subject.

In the mean time we proceed to observe that the extinction of Sabaism was gradual in Persia, particularly towards Chaldæa and the West, when the early enlightened Hindoo-Tatar race repaid, as we have noticed, the first introduction of fire amongst them, by introducing its *worship* into Persia with their own civilization, at

and after the time of Tahmuraz. The interval, filled by their own progress in improvement, between the reigns of Housheng and Tahmuraz, was probably long; for we cannot consent with the Persian historians to receive the latter as the son or immediate successor of the former, any more than Housheng as the grandson of Kaiomurs, but consider him simply as the next personage whose name had descended to those writers. The idea of any regular dynasty in those ages, and in an unsettled country, is, to our thinking, extravagant; that of the *Pishdadians*, or *Just Ones*, particularly so. The best of the Easterns consider it but as a succession, and their imperfect traditions go far to indicate a suspicion of intervals between the four first sovereigns just alluded to, and whose memory and names were probably preserved as *the Just*.

The idol forms of the reign of Tahmuraz might well have illustrated, for aught we can see, the planetary system of Sabaism, even until both were swept away by the followers of Zerdusht, that is to say, the Magi, about nearly 500 years B. C. To their intolerance is probably due the non-existence of temples, as affirmed by Herodotus, writing considerably within the century, and in all likelihood not sixty years after the event. His testimony too refers to South-western Persia principally, we imagine; at least it cannot be taken of the North-west, where the Magi, like the rest of mankind, slandered by enemies, and far less intolerant than pretended, spared other places besides El Shiz, and this too in Aderbigian, the seat of their own Azar-kosh. There, if we believe the Arabian historian, Masoudi, buildings and statues remained, even in his time, bearing representations of heaven and earth; of stars, animals, &c., just as the sacred ceremonials of their own Fire-worship were engraved on the walls of Persepolis, Ispahan, and the Royal Tombs.

It is scarce likely, in truth, that Zerdusht himself would view the Sabæans as more than corrupters, or rather exaggerators, of a delicate tenet, since he also regarded the planets, in common with fire, as symbols of the Deity; and whether we consider his opinion, as given by Herodotus, to mean that Deity did not wear the body of man,—or that the former had not, like the latter, any definite form,—neither interpretation would affect Sabaism more than Pyrolatry.

We have done our best to reconcile Herodotus, the Dabistan, and Ferdousi, without any material violence to the two first. We freely take also the evidence of the last, especially where, as in the Fire-worship of the Deevs of Tahmuraz, it is supported by all probability; but not in the case of Housheng, where the poet contradicts it and himself; for neither Housheng nor Tahmuraz

would have abhorred the hostile Brahmin race as Magi, had they themselves held that creed; and this hatred of the Persians for the Fire-worshippers descends to the time of Gushtasp, when they themselves excite odium amongst their neighbours by embracing it. We have endeavoured to point out the source of his error, but it was natural; for, in our ignorance, we attribute the qualities that we know to persons and things whose properties are unknown.

The persecuting spirit of the Magian priests has been a fertile theme of reproach with their far less tolerant enemies the Arabs; and this prejudice comes down to the existing age, in disregard of Esop's fable of "The Man and the Lion," and of Montesquieu's remark, "*Les places qui donne la posterité sont sujettes, comme les autres, aux caprices de la fortune. Malheur à la reputation de tout prince opprimé par un parti qui devient le dominant!*" The Mage has not been more fortunate, and the outcry against him is carried to an extreme by one not usually suspected of aversion to any religion except his own—the historian Gibbon; who, thinking, but erroneously, to have found the Pishdadian monarchy in his favourite Medes, blames Newton for considering them Assyrians, and proceeds to charge the learned and enlightened followers of Zoroaster, strangely enough, with suppressing a whole dynasty. "That great man," he observes of Newton, "had not duly weighed the spirit of Persian history; for the Magi, the sole depositaries of the records, acknowledged none as monarchs but the professors of their own religion; while Sabaism, the creed of the ancient Assyrians, was most inimical to theirs."(!) The generally profound historian appears to have been ignorant that the Persian history was compiled by Ferdousi, directly or indirectly, from the labours of the very sect he has thus vilified,—in great measure at least. His own appreciation of "the spirit of Persian history" was of necessity imperfect, as obtained only through the reflected light of the Arabs; and we must doubt whether the Sabæan, or any other system, could have been more inimical than the Mahomedan to the Magi; for it not merely covered them with obloquy, as the blood-thirsty adepts of a detestable science, but acted as the *True Believers* loved to act, up to the letter of their abomination, by extirpating them wherever they were to be found, and at length spared a remnant only by purchased immunity: thus debasing their creed, despoiling their property, devastating their country, defaming their memory, destroying their bodies, and dooming their souls through eternity!

The fact quoted by Malcolm—(whose Dissertation on the Fire-worship, by evidencing his ignorance of Zend and Pehlivi lays him even more strongly open to the objection urged by the eru-

dite Wahl against his History)—the fact, however, quoted by him, namely, that throughout “The Arabian Nights’ Entertainments,” the Ghebers, or worshippers of fire, are, as magicians, the perpetrators of all atrocity, will at once occur to every reader. It is also an internal and irrefragable evidence that that celebrated collection is, like its assumed continuation, “The Arabian Tales,” unquestionably of *Arabian manufacture*, (as agreed of late years by those learned orientalists, Von Hammer and De Sacy,) in opposition to their formerly supposed *Persian fabrication*, whether their *original sources* be *Indian* or not. The case is different with stories of undoubted native invention, such as the Persian tales of *Petit de la Croix*, which do not, to the best of our recollection at least, contain these offensive allusions to the faith of their ancestors. The abhorrence of the Arabs for the Ghebers, already alluded to as the cause of their intolerance and oppression towards the vanquished, took its rise indubitably in the feelings of Mohammed himself. We are not aware that what seems a very probable cause, has ever been assigned amongst the motives of the prophet’s and his chief followers’ hatred, and this is—the dread lest, in the Persian religion and literature, his votaries might one day detect much of the groundwork of his new revelation; for there is no vindictiveness like that of fear, and hence the distinction drawn between the Magians and the professors of the Jewish and Christian faith. For, while on the two latter his own was declaredly founded, their codes of belief being obviously at hand, and their numerous denominations worth conciliating, distance and difference of language alike operated to lessen the chances of detection and proselytism from the openly repudiated creed and disciples of Zerdusht.

Other and worse instances of Arabian intolerance, for they refer, not to religion, but literature, may be adduced; and one is found in the fate of the work before us. The Fables of Bidpai, brought into Persia by Noushirvan’s order, and the History of Persia, compiled under Yezdegird, were laid before the fanatical Omar, and exposed by him to destruction, so soon as, by a partial translation from their *Pehlivi*, he discovered that they were literary, not religious. “The Loves of Wamik and Asra” was in like manner laid before Abdallah ben Tahir, the Governor of Khorassan under the Caliphs of the House of Abbas. This bigoted functionary followed the example set by the ignorant zeal of the Alexandrine Destroyer. “We read,” said he, “only the Koran and the prophetic traditions. This book, as the work of the Magi, can be but abomination.” He directed it therefore to be thrown into the water, as an additional mockery of their re-

ligious tenets; and issued an order, condemning all the books of the Magi to the flames they so highly revered.

From the foregoing considerations, therefore, we are disposed to infer—

1st. That fire, though revered in Assyria and Western Asia, was there always held subordinate and instrumental to a higher worship.

2d. That, in its communication eastward, its estimation advanced as its distance increased from the original seat of mankind and religion.

3d. That the discovery of the exhalations (of Baku, &c.) raised estimation into worship in Eastern Asia, but not in the West, from the causes assigned.

4th. That this worship originated and spread with the Hindoo-Tatar race through ages, as evinced in the excavations of Elephantia, and elsewhere; and the pilgrimage of Hindoos, even down to this time, to Baku, which they consider its original source; and Meru, the seat of heaven.

5th. That the Hindoo-Tatars, or Brahmin Deevs, brought it into Persia in the reign of Tahmuraz from Balkh and Meru.

6th. That the Persians were Sabæans till the time of Tahmuraz; and Fire-worship did not displace Sabaism entirely till very long afterwards.

7th. That Zerdusht first established the pure Fire-worship from Bactria, and retained the symbols of Sabaism, though rejecting its corruption.

8th. That the Magi, therefore, were not so intolerant as represented to Sabaism, since they admitted its symbols with their own.

9th. That the Arabs, who decried the Magi, were far more intolerant, since they extirpated literature as well as religion, and are consequently not to be relied upon implicitly in their character of the Magi.

10th and finally. That the statement of the Dabistan, as to the progressive order of the Persian religions being probable in itself, and consonant to evidence, that work, whatever its age, is derived from authentic sources.

We must turn once more from the more immediate object at the head of our review to offer to the reader some considerations to which we have already referred, and must therefore be pardoned for introducing them here.

The Persian and Western accounts, that represent Housheng or Prometheus, i. e. Magog, communicating the use of fire to Eastern Asia, are important as confirming each other by their

agreement, and consequently enabling us to look with confidence on the narrative which proceeds to relate the connection of Housheng and Tahmuraz with the Brahmin Deevs. When we find the latter imparting their letters and language to the conquerors, and find that the terms of that Magian system are Zend, we are at little loss for the original vanished tongues of the East, since it could have been but one; and, of the ascending chain, that one wanting link must undoubtedly have connected the Trans-Caspians with the earliest inhabitants of Assyria. That this Magian language was Zend* is surely no forced hypothesis, since from those Brahmins, seated in Bactria, we long after find Zoroaster bringing the same religious system, and employing their Zend† terms for it: a fact which no scholar can doubt. And since the Zend is thus clearly proved to have been of Brahmin usage, and since so large a proportion of it is traceable in the Sanscrit, are we to believe henceforth that the *perfect birth* of Minerva is the myth that enshrines for posterity the first spring of that art-embodied tongue from the brain of the Brahmin Jove? The Greeks might so have expressed it, and we may even receive it as such: but neither the goddess, nor the language, could have sprung from an empty scull: and what, as concerns the latter, could have been the source of its formation, but a tongue confessedly as old, so nearly cognate, and so much more irregular? to say nothing of its superior vocality, which half connects it with the Celtic, and remains to this hour in its genuine offspring, the Greek. The elision of superfluous vowels, and regulation of grammatical forms, are produced by the necessities of a quickened communication, and by the progress of art. They are both improvements; and improvements require the *postulatum* of a previous and inferior state. Such is supplied by the category of the Zend; and shall we reject this, to embrace a cloud?

The passage of the Zend (in whose proper name, *Azieante*, the curious may discover the etymon of Asia, and of Ind also) could not have been more difficult into Greece than that of the Sanscrit, and probably greatly affected the Celtic portion of the former; which portion seems derived from the wandering pirates, or Pelasgians of the general West, if we may include in that term the western coast of Syria to Egypt; or else from the conquests

* See Grotefend on cuneiform inscriptions, one of which is Zend, as he affirms. The discovery, however, as De Sacy remarks, is not yet completed.

† It is remarkable that Zerdusht did not change the *ancient* terms; so that those he brought from Bactria were identical with the existing language of that part of Persia (*Aderbigian*) peopled by the Deevs of Tahmuraz. This is demonstration. If Zoroaster had first introduced the Zend (*a foreign tongue*) he could not have converted the Persians, for they would not have understood him, or it.

of the Thracian or Assyrian Mars. This Assyrian conqueror, *Tharas*, may be connected with Thrace, not only by the fish-headed (trans-marine) race, conquered by the Persian king, who, with the Chaldean or Assyrian interfix of *m*, becomes *Thamuras*: but also by the Pelasgic and Etrurian confusion and omission of the *k* and *th*: (for which, with the *f* and *v*, they both, at first, used a single character :) since the substitution or elision of the aspirate would thus give the etymon of the Greek *Ares*, and the Latin *Mars*, from the Assyrian and Persian names respectively. All the attributes of the conqueror and king correspond with those of the god. We find *Tahmuraz*, too, in *Ferdousi*, assembling the sages, or Chaldeans, of his empire. His clay idols are Tuscan, and Indian also; and his Thracian conquests explain the fame of the Ethiopians brought to Greece; as before, by *Nimrod*, to *Assyria*. The Celtic portion of the Latin, we opine, might result from the visits of early and bolder Phœnicians; but the general speech is proved by *Jäkel* to have belonged to the great Teutonic and Gothic families. It is singular how many of his derivations find their root in the *Zend*, though the learned Professor has not traced them beyond the above-mentioned languages. To say nothing of *goume* or *homo*, the Eastern Earth-born, his *ekre*, of honour, is the *Zend egre*; powerful, excelling, *egregius*: his *Den*, the *Zend Din*, or law. While we express our deliberate conviction that the *Zend* and the Greek languages are nearly identical in their origin, we must cordially agree in the general proposition of the learned Berlin Professor, that the Latin is from the root of the Gothic and Teutonic, but early separated. But we must add our belief, that the *Zend* is the parent of the Gothic; and, mixed with Celtic, of the Teutonic also. The Western *X* appears to have superseded the aspirated *S* of the ancient East, every where indeed; for the unknown Eleusinian words, *canx* and *pax*, are but contractions of this kind: the latter, of the attribute *bacsha* of the *Om*, or Deity; the Brahmin *Aum*; never pronounced but with reverence, like "the dreaded name of *Demi-gotgon*," and itself, to all appearance, but the Indian mode of pronouncing, *Anhouma*: the *anima*, or soul of the world; the *Bahumid* of the Templars and Syrians; and ever the stumbling-block of the Sooffees and their ancient Indian prototypes. We may here observe, that this "secret of the real nature of creation," the probable *Hermesian* basis of the Western mysteries, is not to be confounded with, though it doubtless arose from, the Biblical "Spirit of God." Ingenuity has been taxed to pervert or personify the term. It is the "Mighty Wind" of some Hebrew translators; and, borrowed with the cosmogony in the East, has made sad confusion there: personified, produced, and creating,

but in every case a doctrine of no accidental resemblance. Thus the *Brink* of Hindoostani mythos is the *Bahman*, or intelligence, created by God and creating all else, of the *Desatir* imitation; and the *Ohnover*, or word, produced by Ormuzd, creating heaven, earth, and all else, in the *Zend-Avosta*: and now the *λογος*, now the assumed name of Deity, the *𐬨𐬀𐬎*, itself, of the Zoroastrian creed.

We shall take but one more instance of this final from the Etrurian terms of the learned Professor, all which he shows to be Gothic; and it is the word *Aruspex*, from *Aarspäher*, or the *Eagle-spyer*. It is clearly, however, the Zend name for an eagle, as preserved in Mazanderan to this day, and sufficiently familiar to Europe in the Lake Aral, or of Eagles. The last syllable is remarkable as the mode of forming a substantive from a verb; and this answering to the *spectare* of the Latins. Another proof of the Etruscan link, is the infinitive *iduarē*—whence the *viduus* of the Latins; and while the *F* was represented by four different characters* in the Etrurian and some Pelasgian alphabets, which same letters supplied the *B*, *H*, *Th*, and *Ph*, it is idle, we submit, to talk of the *utter uninterchangeability* of certain consonants in *unrefined* languages.

It is indeed difficult to our comprehension, to ascertain the precise state of refinement or unrefinement necessary for obviating the interchange of letters. Loose and indefinite as we ever find the etymology of mere sounds, we are required by some Orientalists to give them a certain weight by believing that the rudest barbarians in the earliest ages, though themselves ignorant of letters, yet preserved the distinctions of settled speech, and the niceties of radical characters, amidst the completest ignorance of their existence: and that this, too, occurred in the East, while it has been found impracticable in the enlightened West. Give any acquaintance the correct sound of Lord Byron's poetical hero, and see if his utmost effort does not approach nearer the Northumberland *burr* than the Arabian pectoral, which last is written by Dr. Clarke, *Djour*; by some, *Yoor*; by others, *Yaor*; while others again do not hesitate to bring that unamiable personage into relationship with a noble English family; affirming, and with truth, that the poet himself invariably rhymes his designation with *hour* and *bower*. Where, we should like to know, are the impassable bounds between—not merely letters of the same organ, for

* Dr. Wall might well have been surprised at the *four sounds* for *H* in Hebrew, and *none* in Egyptian (!) or Greek. The Greek substituted the *O* for the Hebrew *ghain*, as did the Phœnicians, who pronounced it *oa* and Zend *ou*, from the Syriac *O*; the guttural was referred to *γ*, which doubled, gave the sound *gg* in Greek, the Turkish *gu*.

they are confessedly interchangeable—but the fair grammatical array of labials, dentals, palatines, and aspirates, amongst nations of the East or West, in ancient and modern times? We need but glance over the alphabet and give a few specimens at random. The Russian and Spaniard confound *B* with *V*; the Chinese often with *M*; the Pelasgian occasionally, like the Mohawk, omitted it altogether. The *C* soft was the Coptic, Etrurian, and Russian *S*; sometimes *Z*. The German confounds the *D* with *T*. The Persian gives the long *E* the sound of *Y*. The Pelasgian and Etrurian confounded *F* with *V*, *H* and *Th*; and the Roman, till Claudius, was ignorant of its use. The Persian, &c. knows the soft *G* but as *J*; the Russian aspirates the hard as *H*, the Spaniard as *Hh*; it is often the Arab *K*, and Turkish guttural. The Englishman sounds or omits the *H*, which is an aspirate* breathing in Greek; *Ch* and *E* in Hebrew; and an *I* in Portuguese. *I* is only English and Cingalese. The *J* is the Spanish *Hhota*; the French *Zha*. The *K* or *C* hard is the Telinga *T*, the Etrurian, as well as French, *G*; and Gallic and Arabic also. *L* is the Portuguese, Sanscrit, and Telinga *R*. The English and Italian *Ll* differ widely from each other and the Spanish, which holds a middle place between the French liquid and the Welsh; which last sounds *Cl*, or *Fl*, and *Thl*. *M* is unknown to the Iroquois; and it and *N* are passed over by the Hindoo. The short *O* is the Greek, Phœnician, Coptic, and Zend substitute for the guttural *ghain*, so happily defined for human pronunciation as the "*vox vituli matrem clamantis*." The *P* is *B* in Arabia and Germany. The gurgling of the Hebrew and Sanscrit *Q* is faintly preserved in our *Qu*, and lost altogether in the Grecian *Chi*. The *R*, so prominent in Italian speech, is unpronounceable by many organs, and supplied by *W*: it is the Zend and Chinese *L*: a liquid in English; a vowel in Sanscrit and Cingalese. The hissing *S* in English is frequently *Sh*, or even *Zh*; and is the *Z* of the Germans and Portuguese. The *T* varies in Sanscrit and Eastern dialects, through every sound from *D* to *S*. The English *V* is the Etruscan and Teutonic *F*, the Greek and Saxon *U*. The Arabian *W* is *V* and *O* long, as it happens; a doubtful sound in German, and omitted by the Latins, who substituted *A*, and the French, *U*. The *X* is the Phœnician and Erse *Sh*. *Y* is the Persian long *E*, the English short *E* and long *I*; and *Z* is varied by Persians and Arabs even to *Dg*, while it formed the Phœnician and Hebrew *Tz*, which is also German. The sound of *Th* in English is peculiar, unapproached by the two Sanscrit varieties, or the Greek *θ*; and the

* This aspiration becomes sibilant sometimes: as the Swedish *hjeru* is *serdse*, Russian.

nearest approximation is the Romaic *D*; while the Chaldee *T*h was the Hebrew *H*, the Greek *S*s, and the Etrurian *F*. The *Sch* of Germany is the English *Sh*, the French *Ch* and Dutch *St*. The Russian *Sch* and *Schtz*, though the same letter, differ in sound from the Coptic and Zend representatives. The European vowels are either omitted and confounded, or changed to consonants, in many Oriental tongues. Yet, with all this, and ten times this confusion, for we have carefully abstained from Chinese illustration, we are seriously asked to reject *assonants*, and believe in the fixed incorruptibility of *radicals*, in former times, as well as the present. Vowels are the distinguishing mark of European speech, as consonants of the Asiatic; yet, while the test of our application, as above, fully bears out the jest of Voltaire, "that in etymology vowels are nothing, and consonants next to nothing," are we to prefer the *dicta* of the philologist to the facts of our experience? or shall we not rather be contented to restrict and receive *etymologies* only in the cases where they can be supported by historical or other evidence? With these in corroboration, we will venture to affirm it little less ridiculous to deny all *assonantal* derivations, than it is to receive the purest derivations without any thing to authenticate them, as regards *history*, not *words*.

In reviewing what we have written on the theory of language, it behoves us to guard carefully against the possibility of any misunderstanding on a subject where unfortunately we have little beyond theory or conjecture. We are far from confounding the formation of characters with that of languages in any case, for the former must necessarily have been far more frequent than the latter, as well as subsequent in point of time. Even where alphabets existed, the majority were ignorant of them: and stragglers, carrying away the language, would leave their descendants to recover, or invent, fresh characters. With regard to these last we have but three, or at utmost four,* that can be deemed unquestionably original. The Chinese is evidently ideographic, or arbitrary-hieroglyphic: the most ancient inscription found bearing no resemblance to any known forms, consequently not pictorial, with the exception of two that resemble serpents; and these, or their properties, are, in all likelihood, referred to. This process of invention therefore is *essentially* different from the oldest pictorial Egyptian, and no connection can exist between the two. Even the Chinese lines, perfect and imperfect, are distinct from the Egyptian representation of the genders; and arise from a totally distinct combination of ideas: , the upper being masculine, and perfect; the lower, or imperfect, feminine.

* Chinese, Egyptian, Ogham, and Syriac.

The difference is essential where the two systems seem nearest to approximation; since the Chinese ideographic, even when employed phonetically, as for proper names, and then encircled with a *cartouch*, always represents the whole syllable and never a mere portion, or letter, like the Egyptian: while the Japanese, who borrowed the Chinese characters, use them with their own syllabic signs intermixed, phonetically and symbolically, like the Egyptians. It is remarkable also that wherever hieroglyphics have been known to be invented the attempt to supersede them altogether has proved ineffectual, so long as the system (of government) itself existed. The rude attempt which, like the Ogham, seeks by a kind of numerical process to distinguish the successive characters, or sounds, is also essentially distinct from either of the foregoing; and seems, by its barbarity, to claim the praise of original invention also. This numerical process argues its invention at a period when the very principle of alphabetic characters was rude and unknown; and consequently, when the vulgar were ignorant of letters. It may however have been subsequently *borrowed* for the purpose of secrecy, which was clearly superfluous at whatever time it was *invented*. For the subsequent alphabets it can scarcely admit a doubt that they are all, more or less directly, derived from one common source, however modified afterwards. The Abyssinian can form no exception, since it proceeds upon a clear and definite system, in its conjunction of vowels with the several consonants, which is more regular even than the Sanscrit, and seems an improvement upon it. There appears no reason for imagining that this syllabic combination is the same as the reputed Syriac original invention previous to the first Alphabet; namely, of characters for *syllables*; and which was reduced by the Phœnicians to *characters* for *letters* afterwards. The object of science is to simplify, arrange, and combine: but this *combination* is widely distinct from the *complication* of undigested design: and this last is assuredly not the attribute of the Abyssinian. On the other hand its rejection of the vowel *a* for its first letter is a rejection of the first sound according to nature, in preference for an artificial system. If the Chaldaic be indeed derived from the Syriac, as the oldest character (which last we must doubt) it is itself the parent of a numerous family. If Taut was the inventor of the Alphabet, it is impossible to consider it any one of those handed down to us as Phœnician; and which, resembling the Greek, Pelasgian, and Etrurian, was undoubtedly derived from the Chaldaic or Hebrew. This last seems in truth the prototype of the Egyptian, though the latter was considerably enlarged afterwards: and here occurs a question upon a point of time. For if the Jews quitted Egypt *before* the

Egyptian characters exceeded their own wants, we may conclude that they probably learned the characters of the Egyptians; but if the Egyptian letters were *all* formed *before* the Exodus, the Jews could not have borrowed a portion only. If the former supposition turns out correct,* we can understand the silence of Moses on the invention of writing: for though himself, in this case, the probable channel of the acquisition, he would scarcely seek to remind the Jews that they owed it to their oppressors. Hence too we can conceive the Providence that brings good out of evil, making use of natural means for the improvement of its chosen people, instead of "*an unrecorded miracle*," in the tables of Sinai: and it is to be noticed that Moses was, the second time, directed to write them himself, as Dr. Wall has justly pointed out. We regret that this is almost the only point on which we can agree with that learned writer. It is most probable on the whole that the Jews acquired their written characters through the Egyptians from Phœnicia; and, if we may use the term, insensibly; or else we may presume it would have been recorded. Not impossibly, the letters of Cadmus were Egyptian improvements of the Old Syro-Phœnician forms of Taut. Let us here observe that the invention of letters 850 years before Cadmus would give ample time for any reasonable degree of antiquity to Job. If the tablet of Bellerophon were hieroglyphics, and the tale no fable, could Greeks understand them? Plato confounds the Egyptian Thoor with Taut, the Phœnician. The sixteen original, or oldest, Greek characters, are evidently, as before observed, corruptions of the Chaldee, and common to the Phœnician, Pelasgian,† and Etrurian, races. The second of these names probably, however, in our opinion, includes the whole class of piratical wanderers known to the Greeks, and does not refer to any one nation in particular.

We must call the reader's attention to two striking facts connected with written characters. One is, that the Egyptian alphabet, as given by Tattam, includes, besides those referred to, forms that are to be found in the Slavonic, Russian, and Gothic, as well as the Zend also. The other, that the Western alphabets are generally contradistinguished from those of the East, by the circumstance of the former appearing calculated for inscription; the latter, on the contrary, for communication: a fact that seems

* The flight of Israel from Egypt, and the arrival of Cadmus in Greece, are, by some, held synchronous, i. e. 1491 a. c.

† A Mohawk or Iroquois alphabet, lying before us, is deficient, like some of the Pelasgian, in the B, F, P, V, X, and Z. It has but sixteen characters: compare this with the fifty Cherokee; and recall the sixteen Pelasgian and forty-eight Zend, or the Sanacrit.

to indicate a greater degree of civilization in the East, and of enterprize in the West.

Having, in the course of our observations on the Alphabet, been led incidentally to touch on the Etrurian, we must confess our entire dissent from the opinion ascribed to Professor Müller, since the arguments adduced for it appear to us to lead to the diametrically opposite conclusion. If the Greek alphabet never, to the best of our knowledge, contained at one time all the Etruscan forms, is it not clearly more probable that this was derived rather from one common source *with* the Greek, than *from* it? These *Wanderers* and *Architects* of the Mediterranean seem to have had something in common with the *Wandering Masons* of Mexico, whose *Tultecos* seem as allowably derivable from *Tur* or *Tyre* as the *Thorseni* (*THORAMENI*), and *Tuacer* or *Tuisco* of Europe. Although the Etruscan gods were Gothic, and that safe criterion, their early religion, Oriental, as much of their manners likewise, it was largely mingled with Syrian, Italian, Phœnician, and Egyptian forms. Their *Tartarus* was Homer's: their meteorological superstitions, those of a sea-faring race; their faint wrecks of Phallic worship, Hermesian; some of which sect, we are told, fled to the frontiers of India. Their want of science, however, is not Egyptian; their sculpture not more cold, nor more finished, than much that we see in the East; their want of the sublime was "the natural consequence of a debased and brutal creed, before poetry had rescued the soul from its thralldom," and such are the Oriental. Like these too, their gods were produced and destroyed, the transient ministers of a mightier Principle, undefined and indefinable; while their might was gloomy, as the Gothic or Teutonic deities; and some of their rites wanton, as those of Syria and Asia Minor. Their language is, as far as we can judge of it, a link between the Gothic and the Latin—in great measure at least: and the remainder was probably formed from that mixture and trituration of words which we find everywhere in the collisions of speech, and more especially on the sea-coasts. If we are discouraged by its unvocalic words and Mexican semblance, yet this is the Oriental form, and even the Egyptian; as too their teacher, *Tages*. And if the characters are European, their value is probably Asiatic; as was first suspected of their language. We are inclined to believe that Mexico may yet, in its western relics, assist us to some portion of this; but not to the degree imagined by those who look barely at the combinations of Etruscan letters. Of these last we feel convinced the powers are misunderstood to this hour, and that many of the characters bear a value widely differing from the Greek, from which, as we have already stated, we cannot therefore think

them derived : the more, as it appears they possessed some characters never adopted by the Greeks, whose language rejected many Eastern sounds, familiar to the Sanscrit, and the Coptic, the Zend, and Slavonic, whose characters so strangely and so perfectly assimilated. Of the influence of the most ancient form of the latter upon the Celtic and Gothic, no notice, that we are aware of, has been ever taken : and it has even been often overlooked that the Celtic of modern times must have widely differed from the primal, as it has undergone material changes in the interval, obvious by a reference to its verbal terminations. Of its original shape we can form no judgment, unless by the aid of the Hebrew and its varieties : but this is of the less consequence as regards grammatical structure, where the terms of primary and original necessity, the *natural radicals* of domestic inter-communication (that mother of speech, itself the mother of languages,) are one and the same. Words must have existed, and languages been spoken, before the grammarian could think of regulating the last by defining the former : whether, as in the Sanscrit, by stamping an existing basis with an impress so uniformly perfect that its character could not, and need not, change ; or, like the Arabic in its contrary process, that admits and sanctions by regulating, instead of rejecting, the thousand irregularities of dialects, to produce one copious and universal tongue ; at least in their own land.

The improved grammatical arrangement of the Arabic over the Hebrew, no less than its copiousness, argues a far later cultivation ; and but little consideration is requisite to show that if any one language be divided into dialects, these last, intermixed with the respective bordering tongues in a greater or less degree, and adopting at different periods their several grammatical forms, influenced partially too by their respective neighbours, would soon come to differ widely from their common parent and from each other. No greater change than is thus explainable would suffice to reduce the Celtic as we see it, in its marked difference from other cognate tongues. Time and intercourse have done the rest. Nor can we in the least divine a necessity for supposing more than the three great divisions of language, as of the human family : the Semitic, preserving the original speech ; the Arabic, descending with Ham ; and the Zend, or Ionic, spreading with the wanderings of Japhet. Whether these last, or the Arabs, as their own statement avers, were the first possessors of peninsular India, may seem to wake a doubt. We ourselves incline to the former, but must notice that the tendency of Hindostan to vocals between the consonants reminds us forcibly, in contrast with other Oriental languages, of the distinction of the Italian from the Spanish, &c.

The language of the two Hieroglyphic races we have endeavoured to account for from accident. We need not dwell on these ; but must notice that India possessed one of the three oldest alphabets, if we may believe Ibn Washih, a fair Eastern authority, who assigns the two others to Arabia and Maghrabi, (the lands of Fire, and of the Moor,) and who, in his enumeration of these two as civilized countries, is supported by their mention in Ferdousi.

The Indians, we know, claim the Egyptians as scholars ; an early intercourse doubtless existed ; and Indian cattle, &c. are unquestionably depicted in the Egyptian remains. If the camel is absent from their triumphs, this may easily arise from that animal not having at that time descended from Bactria to Hindostan. The omission of the camel from Egyptian pictures has been repeatedly noticed : its name, in both Hebrew and Arabic, seems to refer to its value, or estimation. But it was probably not a native of Egypt in early times, and is omitted in the representation of her domestic animals mentioned by Burkhardt. We doubt the correctness of the general opinion that it was amongst the gifts of Pharaoh to Abraham. The verse in Genesis speaks only of his *showing him kindness* ; under which the live stock prospered probably : but Abraham was more likely to possess camels than Pharaoh : he came from their native land ; he wanted them for his journey ; he was rich ; and required, less the gifts, than the favourable conduct, of the king. The camel, however, has been found, painted, at Luxor, though rare. Thus we may safely conclude it unknown to the triumphs of Sesostris, and that these extended only partially into Scythia. This invasion is unnoticed by Jews and Persians : it probably therefore occurred during the time unknown to Ferdousi, i. e. the 700 years of his Giamshid dynasty. Could Giamshid's overthrow, and his death 100 years after, refer to *two* invasions, Egyptian and Assyrian ?—and, if so, the flight of Giamshid to Chin may show that the first invader overran even Scythia. If not—Ferdousi's East-*Persian* annals are silent on this Bactrian exploit—and yet his agreement with the Mahabharata supports his general accuracy ; an hypothesis that would go far to reconcile the tale of those achievements with the reference of the Priests of Darius, and account for the terms of pure Egyptian origin observable in the East ; such, we would point out, as *Re*, with the aspirate, and the article, the *Horus*, or Sun, indicative of splendour or royalty ; and, according as that aspirate is suppressed or sounded, the *Raj* of the Sanscrit, the *Ahoeroe* of the Zend, the Armenian *Var*, the Persian *Far*, the Etruscan *Var*, the *Rex* or *Resche* of the Gothic, and the Italian *Ré* : itself, in all probability, only the

application of the Chaldaic *ʾN*, or *Ur*, to the most obvious and glorious source of light—*Ph-ouro*, the King.

To return to the article we are reviewing: the tale of Wamik and Asra appears to have been one consequence of the patronage bestowed upon literature by Noushirvan, and his sage minister, the Vizier Buzurgi-Mihr; it was translated from the old Pehlivi into the more modern Parai tongue, by order of Sultan Mahmood of Ghizni; as were various historical works subsequently, to the detriment of the originals, which are totally lost. The translation of this, the oldest existing romance, was performed by Ansari, whom the sultan had created king of poets, and who held a mimic court, composed of the *genus irritabile*. It was executed while Ferdousi was engaged on the Shah Nameh; and seems to have attracted much attention, as a second translation was made by their contemporary Jorjani, and a third, by Samiri, afterwards appeared. So far as we can judge, these labours were not mere translations, but restorations also, if we may apply this term to the introduction of fresh passages, supplying the place of those which had been lost even then, and doubtless, enlarging the work by the exuberant genius of the translator, as we find is the case with most Eastern poets to this day.

We have already seen the fate of the work; and so complete was the destruction that the Persian biographer, Doulet Shah, saw but one single verse of either of the translations, which was that of Jorjani, in a quotation. We shall be the less surprised, however, at this religious horror of the Arab conquerors, when we recollect that neither the genius nor fame of Ferdousi himself could, in long after-years, save him from the odium of a false charge of favouring Fire-worship, as brought against him by native Persians, to ruin him with Sultan Mahmood. That system, which recognized Fire as the Living Word, and, veiling ignorant and speculative presumption in the garb of pious mystery, found in the bloom and increase of nature its objective and correspondent principle, thus personifying the Celestial and the Terrestrial, opens a wide field for the indulgence of that vein of strained emblematic meaning, and idly refined trifling, to which it unquestionably gave rise, and which marks the general character of Persian poetical composition everywhere, in a greater or less degree, but always pre-eminently over those of their neighbours; and even over their own prose, since poetry ever partakes of the essential character of its native religion, and the Zoroastrian scarcely extended beyond the limits of Persia. There its principles combined with the poetical and fanciful genius of the people too deeply to be rooted out, even by the

ascendancy of Mohammedism, of which, it is remarkable, they have chosen the most mystical form, that of Ali; and have grounded thereon the most mystical aberrations. The pride of Chaldean science, and the swords of the Arabs repelled, however, the westward progress of pyrolatry; while, towards the north-east and east, it was gradually lost in the wider expansion of that Indian creed from which it was originally but an offshoot; or was trampled out of existence by the later Tatar tribes of the desert.

It is no wonder, therefore that, in spite of their great and unquestionable beauties, the labours of the Persian poets should be so little known in Europe, where they are equally difficult to translate or tolerate. Those errors of taste and metaphysical conceits, with the eternal confusion of the Real and Ideal, have justly fixed a repulsive character on their works in our estimation; since what is difficult to understand is seldom worth understanding; and truths in morals, as in mathematics, are at once recognized by properly constituted minds. Unfortunately, in the case of the writers we are considering, the beauties for the most part are few, and confined to their best works; with the large remainder, dull platitudes are relieved generally by turgid bombast and logical mistakes, that render the confusion of the author's brain contagious to his readers, and must ever deservedly impede an intimacy with delinquencies that perplex and straiten the already narrow confines of simplicity and reason. We must, however, exempt from this sweeping censure, the great work of Ferdousi alone. In his minor efforts, or Ghuzuls, he appears to have fallen into the besetting sin of his countrymen; in the same manner, and probably from the same causes as induced what, with due allowance for differences of country, genius, and cultivation, we may call the *similar* derelictions of Milton, &c.

The exemption too, arises in all probability less from the amplitude of material and historical nature of his subject, than, like the great bard just mentioned, from native vigour of mind and severity of judgment, which place that Persian historical poet so far above all others of his nation. The defects of taste inherent in the latter, extended also unquestionably to him, in his details occasionally; but the very conception of a lofty subject, requires in the mind that originates it a something comparatively akin to Doric simplicity and strength. With him too, we must recollect that, though his subject was historical, his materials were fantastic traditions, which he was to embody poetically, rather than to correct—and we may take his character from the appreciation of his profound and judicious editor, Macan, that for the common embellishment of poetry amongst

his countrymen "mystical interpretation, enigmatical allusion, and far-fetched conceits, Ferdousi had no attractions. His subject was historical, and could not be mystified. His sentiments (for a Persian poet) were natural and unaffected; and his style, though not modern, simple, energetic, and perspicuous."

To return to Wamik and Asra. Mr. Von Hammer had, it seems, formerly announced the little probability that existed of recovering this lost romance; but he was doomed to falsify his own prediction. In preparing, as he tells us, the History of the Ottoman Empire, he discovered, in the course of his perusal of Turkish biography, that the work of Ansari had been translated into that language by the romantic poet Lamai. After three years labour, and by the aid of his friend the Chevalier von Raab, he at length found it with six others, originally Persian, in the Library of Vienna. For this preservation, therefore, we have to be thankful to the Othman, whom conscious inferiority, and ardent admiration of the Persian poets, have induced to translate their master-pieces into his native tongue, with monkish reverence, though not with monkish fidelity; the translation, as we have already stated, being often paraphrastic and supplementary. In fact, the best original poetry of the Turk, is, like that of Rome towards Greece, but imitation of his Persian and Arabian models, though blended with a due exaggeration of all their faults of platitude, mysticism, extravagance, and diffuseness. Such, at least, is the conclusion we ourselves have come to, from the specimens that have fallen in our way; and to which we may one day introduce our readers, *partially*, for the multitude of their writers and the insignificance of their works require no lengthened display.

It has been established by nice calculators, that a statement loses one-eighth of its credibility in every mouth that transmits it. If a poem is to be judged by the same standard, the one before us will fare but indifferently. The original work destined, possibly from its heresies, to no ordinary metempsychosis, translated and renovated by Ansari, Jorjani, and Samiri; transferred into his own language by Lamai; thence rendered by Von Hammer, it finally falls to our lot to offer to our readers: Pehlivi, Parsi, Turkish, German, and English, conspire to embalm the defunct personifications of *Love* and *Flora*; with what success we may well hesitate to determine, as this *fünftelsaft* process appears like the Egyptian, extracting the brains and bowels, and leaving the lovers of antiquity to explore the tale of a tegument as dark as his, who

"Dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat
And hob-or-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass."

The tale, like the priest Horseisi himself, when relieved from the inward defects of his "anatomical construction," comes before us in a sadly mutilated state—the Magian inspiration inflated by Persian extravagance; the Turk, "with a mind clouded by ignorance," as he has been courteously described, doing his best, or his worst, to fashion it to his taste; his labours grievously curtailed by the learned German, who retrenched it to the present form; and (ὅν δὲ μὲν ῥήτορ ἐξαναρίθμει*) "the last, mean part, our own." But such as we can make of it, the reader shall see: a relic of antiquity rather than a poem; and, like many other relics, so much affected by the hands through which it has passed, that we were at first tempted to consider the learned Editor as playfully striving to rival the Friar, who for twenty years had shown the Virgin's hair to all pious inquirers without having been able to see it himself. We are fully satisfied of our error.

M. von Hammer, however, can need no praise of ours. All Europe must feel grateful to the man who has unceasingly devoted the boundless powers of his mind to render us familiar with the most prominent and popular writers of the East; and has applied his vast erudition to illustrate the coincidences of manners and institutions from every possible quarter, with an amplitude of research that disdains the charge of prolixity, so fatal to feebler minds. He tells us in his preface, that, had he met forty years ago with this work, so valuable as the oldest of Persian Romances, he should have translated it entire, and promises some literal portions in his notice of Lamai for the History of Ottoman Poetry—which is to be appended to that of the Ottoman Empire. Let us hope that he may yet see reason to give it us in the entire; either by his own pen, or that of some competent translator. A work like the original, that develops all we can hope to learn of the intellectual state of a long vanished race, is not merely an object of inquiry for the curious, but of interest for existing nations.

In the specimen before us, it is not always easy to distinguish the sentiments of the original from those of the learned Editor, himself so deeply imbued with the genuine spirit of Orientalism; and thus the ability developed is in one sense the great objection. How faithfully, therefore, he has executed his task we have at present no means of ascertaining; for, unlike the *Gul wa Bulbul* of that admirable institution, The Oriental Translation Fund, the original is not given. But a little examination will show that the turn of the thought is often decidedly Eastern, as well

* Iliad, xvi. 850.

as the constant intermixture of the sentimental with the familiar. The introductory stanzas, written with graceful levity, to which we fear our attempt at a version can do little justice, show the Orientalist not only deeply imbued with the feeling and spirit of his original, but also himself a poet of no ordinary pretensions. If one class of writers in Germany must be accused of confusing the knowledge we already possess, the fault is more than compensated by those of her sons, who have so widely extended the limits of that knowledge, and at the head of these stands the name of von Hammer.

We render the opening verses as follows.

Hail to your influence, ye resplendent Seven,
 Who in the East assist the Poet's vein,
 When inspiration lifts his heart to Heaven,
 With themes of Love, or War's exciting strain.
 And thou, Oh Nightingale of Persian bowers!
 Thou Lapwing! chosen to speed the lover's suit
 By Sheba's queen, in love-devoted hours;
 Ye, gentle Genii of the Lute and Flute!
 Thou, Lyre! without whose aid the lover's voice is mute.—

Thou, Turtle-dove! whose note in softest cooing
 Continuous thro' the strain of passion breathes;
 And, than Cicada's cry more sweetly wooing,
 The wearied soul in Eden's slumbers wreathes;
 Thou too, Oh Parrot! that, with speech endowed,
 Tell'st honeyed tales of truth and Love's desiring;
 Propitious hear me all!—Your aid allowed
 To this my song, so much your aid requiring;
 Thou, Parrot! of my Muse, th' interpreter untiring.

I wander now thro' all untrodden ways;
 I string not now the Eastern Barbyton
 To loves of fond Ferhad and Shireen's praise,
 Mejnoun and Leila;—Balkis, Solomon.
 Of Zuleikha and Yussuf long before
 Hath even through Europe overspread the fame:
 And how the Bulbul wooed the Rose of yore:
 How truest fires the Butterfly o'ercame,
 Dying midst constant whirls round his devoted *Flame*.

Immortal lives in Oriental tale
 The *Spring's* dominion o'er the Gulistan:
 In Persian records, too, the themes prevail
 Of Khosru-Parviz, and Great Nushirvan.
 Themes such as these not now my Parrot heeds,
 On ancient story here his song bestowing;
 Old, as the old antediluvian deeds;
 Old, as the Rose first into Beauty blowing;
 Old as the Sun himself, first into Passion glowing.

The anxiety of our learned Orientalist is well described.

How many long, and anxious star-lit hours
Toiling from earliest dawn to latest night,
To Eastern tomes devoting all my powers,
Have I, myself, outwatched the night-lamp's light!
Vain were those efforts for the vanished treasure
Three years beheld me struggling to obtain;
Circling the East in searches without measure:
Yet not a jot advanced, with all my pain,
Towards finding this fair Tree, this Fountain-Source again.

How oft, at lonely night, my sleep it haunted
As Youth's first dream of, Ah! ideal Love:
How oft I prayed, if Heaven to prayer had granted,
One beam of hope, one favouring ray to prove,
Amidst long-darkened halls the treasure showing:
My tears for Asra's love-inflicted wound,
For Wamik's love-inflicted woes, were flowing;
Until auspicious hours my labours crowned,
And I at length the lost Asra and Wamik found.
In the bright blooming Spring of the young year,
When Love and Blossoms still are loveliest,
This object of my thoughts first deigned appear;
This glorious vision first my senses blest.
The Starry Virgin* stood, arrayed in light,
And in her hand an ear of corn she swayed:
From those bright glances aether shone more bright:
While stern beside a Guardian Spirit stayed,
With spear,† whose radiant beams in dazzling menace played.

To this long-wished for vision, the poetical translator addresses his prayer.

"Oh, Virgin of the Skies!" I cried, "but deign
To grant that by degrees my aching sight
Behold Thee, thus, absolved of earthly stain,
In all thy glorious glow of roseate light.
Love is to me as life, and Truth a duty:
To deck thee with Teutona's mantle fair
Refuse not to thy slave, celestial Beauty!"
She smiled consent; and straight I turned with care
This robe of German speech to fashion and prepare.

The narrative of the original poem now commences, and is thus gracefully given.

In times before the Flood, the days of Eld,
When Angels sought communion with mankind,
When Anahid the earthly lyre still held,
Ere, as the Morning-Star, in Heaven enshrined,

* The Virgin and Spica of Arabian and European astronomy.

† Remmah, the Arabian Arcturus.

She shone the harbinger of Day afar,
 And music moved the Stars, the radiance throwing;
 Where blazed the fiery altars of Senaar,
 Lived Queen Asra, as beauty's blossom blowing;
 And Wamik, fond and true, with love eternal glowing.

We take the following as a specimen of pure oriental description, the second verse especially, which is, in our opinion, the most elegant and beautiful combination of Eastern imagery existing. The Narcissus, our readers may be aware, is the favourite simile amongst Persian poets for the eye; and the lotus, with its exquisite purity brightened by the first clear ray of the opal dawn, stands certainly unrivalled as an illustration.

"The Blooming-One," Asra was justly named,
 For she, in mind and form, a blossom stood;
 Of beauty, youth, and grace divinely framed;
 Of holiest spirit, filled with heavenly good.
 The Spring, when warm in fullest splendour showing,
 Breathing gay wishes to the inmost core
 Of youthful hearts, and fondest influence throwing,
 Yet veiled its bloom, her beauty's bloom before;
 For her the devotee his very creed forswore.

Her hair was bright as hyacinthine dyes;
 Her cheek was blushing, sheen as Eden's rose;
 The soft Narcissus tinged her sleeping eyes,
 And white her forehead, as the lotus shows
 'Gainst *Summer's earliest sun-beams shimmering fair*;
 Her bosom's bloom two young pomegranates fling,
 Heaving and falling with each passing air;
 Her gentle growth a lovelier-breathing spring,
 Midst beds of flowering pink and roses blossoming.

The more material principle animating Wamik is far inferior to the foregoing, and, though possessing merit in itself, presents the usual oriental confusion of the material and immaterial, necessarily devolved, as we have seen, from their very creed. The incessant combination of elegant and vulgar images is a serious objection to Eastern poetry, and that of Persia in particular, as continually outraging the severer logic of European taste.

And eke "The Glowing-One" was Wamik's name,
 For he in form and soul was love's confest,
 Which, * Vulcan-like, with aye unceasing flame,
 Creating or destroying, knows no rest.
 Of fervid essence, Life's supremest good,
 Faithful and true, exalted, noble, fair;
 Of dauntless spirit and ethereal mood,
 For baser aim or scorn he felt no care—
 A Genii, framed of fire, through all the realms of air.

* This word is the German translator's.

The lambent flame that lit his radiant brow,
 Told inspiration's might and power of song;
 The sparkling lustres of his eye avow
 The conscious soul, in youthful ardours strong.
 Burns in his breast a sense of might profound,
 Urging the noblest, noblest deeds to prove;
 His spear sways proudly as his courser's bound,
 His lofty heart no meaner pulses move;
 Born of etherial Fire, the purest, holiest Love!

The *elective attraction* is thus described.

How could, perfection shrined in either form,
 Natures reciprocal keep long asunder?
 To meet, Senaar, upon thy soil so warm,
 And not that moment love, had been a wonder.
 In love, at first sight souls conceive each other;
 Full oft in life heart thus unites with heart,
 Finding at once a path to one another;
 For evermore conjoined, in bliss or smart,
 Even as two tapers burn, consuming part for part.

The Glowing-One, approximating Beauty,
 Is doomed for her the lover's flame to prove.
 She knows it,—knows, tho' all untold his suit, he
 Cannot, in loving, ever cease to love.
 She, too, imbibes the ardent sympathy;
 Each breast, imbued with panting aspiration,
 Glows, kindling swiftly as the Dittany,
 When flames contagious offer an occasion,
 Full blazing forth at once in eager conflagration.

The lover thus commences his mystic conference.

And Wamik thus:—"Fire takes the hues of Rose,
 And blooms not forth the Rose in fiery glow?
 As well the poet feels, till vulgar prose
 Cools down at once his inspiration's flow.
 So youthful blood at once will burn and flush;
 In the blue æther starry Roses burn,
 And flowery Stars are glowing on each bush:
 Why then to two wouldst thou th' United turn?
 The Bloom and Glow are one, and separation spurn."

This, we presume, is the style of antediluvian courtship; but science is coming again into vogue; and, as there is nothing new under the sun, the tender intercourse of the two lovers may serve hereafter as an exemplar—in our Parks and Zoological Gardens. The philosophy, however, appears not wholly unmixed with a theory of sensations.

So Wamik and Asra beguiled their hours
 In their fond spring of life—Youth's blooming prime.
 Ah! moments, thrice and four times crowned with flowers—
 The purest, dearest, holiest, heartfelt time!
 For them each morning fresh enchantment brings;
 Each unto each is all, nor ask they more
 Nor other joys to swell the spirit's springs—
 Content with bliss; nor mines of gold explore,
 As those who vainly gild Love's honeycomb with ore.
 Entrancing thus, the nectar-cup they drain—
 Love's fondest, sweetest charms, and visions fair;
 And friendship were to them a kind of bane—
 The mystic chain but binds th' enamoured pair:
 Touched by a third, the rapture-spell is sped;
 Friends are but stumbling-blocks 'twixt men and misses—
 Their very presence makes a sense of lead—
 Third persons form a party-wall to kisses,
 Nor, till th' intruder goes, can they renew their biases.

A specimen of mysticism follows, but we would point attention to the last line of the first verse, as illustrating what we have already stated respecting the adoption of some Guebre tenets by Mahommed, who has transferred this idea to the Koran.

The world of Fire seven wondrous forms displays;
 Seven are its Sources, which seven Rays engender;
 Seven are its Shrines, seven Worship-rites, seven Ways;
 Seven Fuels feed, seven Tongues proclaim its splendour.

First of the number is yon effluence bright
 Irradiate in the Sun, in every Star;
 And who so dull as not to own its might?
 That bears from farthest worlds to worlds afar
 The Sacred Verse of Light, still learned where Angels are.

One Tongue of Fire in storm and tempest comes,
 Pealing the angers of avenging skies;
 And in their lofty, golden-vaulted domes,
 Affrighted tyrants answer with their cries,
 While anchorites, in cells, more earnest pray;
 Branded in characters of lightning, riven
 On walls of rock, the fearful tale survey!
 Echoes the Thunder's voice, unceasing driven,
 Alike the fiery wrath or favouring will of Heaven.

We have the two extremes in the next extract.

At home the point of junction is the hearth,
 For there you find the family collected;
 Oh, heavenly happiness! still upon earth
 Best in domestic happiness reflected!

* See the Asiatic Researches.

Fire to no guest its friendly warmth denies,
But forwards every act of hospitality :
Heats ovens, dresses meat, melts ores and ice ;
And man, until he learned its useful quality,
Ate acorns raw, and flesh, in all undressed reality.

As without fire mankind is sunk to beast,
So is he slime and senseless clay alone,
If the etherial spark of Heaven at least
Fire not his mind to glories of its own.
Reason and speech an earthly sign remain
Of Thee, Creation's Lord, in light revealed !
Thy *Living-Word* * thro' *Vesta's* † fire-domain
Burns fiercely glowing now, now half concealed,
As Genii, blazing bright, with adamantine shield.

Another specimen exhibits the mystical, blended with no inconsiderable portion of beauty and a yet higher tone of feeling.

" And even as Nature thro' her kingdoms blooms,
So bloom the starry-train, the day, the year ;
The day, when morning's blushing dawn relumes ;
The year, when spring's first-deepening tints appear ;
The stars, thro' evening haze, which ether drinks,
The floating glow around their orbits thrown,
That on the gazer soft and softer sinks,—
All blossoms of a world thus glorious shown,
But, chill'd at length thro' years, is gradual colder grown.
" The stars are but the bloom-dust of the flower
That blossom brightest in collected glow ;
So in the holiest heart, in holiest hour,
Feelings, like stars, combine in sacred flow,
Friendship, and gratitude, and praise, and prayer,
And love,—the fairest of all blossoms fair,
The past, the present, or the future know !
Yet let me pause, and further speech forbear,
Since long to urge my tale thy patient ear outwear."

As it well might, if youthful hearts could ever weary of the one loved voice, whatever its theme. But this state of things is of course too happy to endure, and a grievous change ensues. The lovers are separated, and Asra is transported to the North Pole.

Asra, now doomed to rove, a wondrous change
In that far-distant region soon effected :
She found a state of things so new and strange
In nature, that her breathing was affected.
But glaciers melt in streams, and seek the plain ;
The frozen fountains all begin to flow ;
Ice-flowers bloom thickly o'er each window-pane ;
The meadows, green in verdant velvet show,
And into flowery flakes converts the drifting snow.

* Zend-Avasta.

† This word is von Hammer's.

Now hurricanes a soothing air assume;
 The night is warm, the day is glad to view ;
 The fog condenses into blushing bloom,
 Or falls, dissolving upon earth, in dew,
 Whose tears of joy her loveliness renew :
 The brook, unchained, flows o'er its pebbly bed ;
 The Heavens are freshly clad in purest blue,
 And flowers of Paradise the land o'erspread,—
 Such marvels Beauty wrought, such spell her magic shed !

A different trial awaits her lover, who is carried to Abyssinia, and, refusing to forego his faith, is duly placed upon the sacrificial pile for cremation. There

Naptha and asphalt flowed with hellish freedom,
 High rose the flames, in preparation grim ;
 But he, the Glowing-One, can never heed 'em,
 The heat of elements was cool to him.
 Love is itself the fieriest talisman ;
 Therewith he rules them, all their wrath assuaging,
 And walks about, as in a *gulistan*,
 Amidst the flames, their idle warfare waging,—
 Shorn of their might, and weak, to passion's inward raging.

The sufferings of the unfortunate pair are thus carried to the highest, and, as their re-union on earth is become hopeless, they are at length translated, and, like their recording poem itself, no where to be found unless in the skies, where she appears as the Virgin and he as Aroturus. The learned translator thus sums up at concluding his version, which, as the reader may perceive, is a condensation, with much of the whimsicality of Lord Byron's *Beppo*—a happy thought, since it prevents the irregularity of his original from proving offensive to the taste.

Beauty and Love, thus holding fond communion,
 Are gems in Gemshid's goblet highest rated ;
 Their passion, separation, and re-union,
 You find in the foregoing fully stated.
 True to my text, I shun circumlocution ;
 What there of Love and Beauty is related,
 I give ; how both shed light in great profusion ;
 How all the stars rejoiced to see them mated :
 And how bold Remmah waved the spear of song elated.

ART. VIII.—*Mittheilungen über Alt und Neu Athen.* Von A. F. von Quast. (Communications on Ancient and Modern Athens. By A. F. von Quast.) Berlin, 1834.

THE judgment of Paris was, as every schoolboy knows, the origin of a war, which, though brief compared with the duration of a chancery suit, lasted ten whole years, till that memorable catastrophe, the conflagration of Troy, sent the performers in it home again. Here, at home, we have had something of the same kind enacted, only the order of things has been reversed: in our case, contrary to all critical rule and precedent, the "catastrophe," the conflagration, came first; after which the fatal apple of discord, with its motto, *Detur pulchriori*, was to be disputed for, not by three goddesses, but by a hundred eager architectural competitors; and lastly there was the judgment of London—at least of the Commissioners—whose decision seems to have given about the same kind of satisfaction to the disappointed competitors as did the decision of Paris to the ox-eyed queen and the blue-eyed maid. We have fallen into serious error in saying "lastly," and were on the point of omitting that which makes our parallel complete, namely, the war which is now raging so fiercely through the architectural world, quite a civil war, in which the members of the profession are assailing amateurs and each other in the most uncivil manner imaginable. How long this state of things may continue we cannot guess, nor can we do more than conjecture that the sudden appearance of one formidable antagonist in the field, who belabours every one else without mercy, may now possibly induce the combatants to forget their own squabbles, to stand up for "their order," and make joint cause against him as their common foe.*

* The writer here alluded to, is Mr. Welby Pugin, who has just put forth a tolerably—perhaps intolerably—fearless and most extraordinary work entitled, "Contrasts, or a Parallel between the Noble Edifices of the 14th and 15th Centuries and the Miserable Buildings of the Present Day: accompanied with *Appropriate Text*." Whatever else may be said of him, this gentleman can hardly be accused of partiality, since he attacks every member of the profession to which he himself belongs. James Wyatt, West, Chantrey, Nash, Soane, Smirke, Wilkins, Wyattville, every individual and every modern building that is mentioned by him, is spoken of only in terms of unqualified reprobation. None escape his lash except those whom he does not directly name, so that Barry has some reason to congratulate himself in not having obtained his attention. Not only Buckingham Palace, but the National Gallery, the new buildings at the British Museum, and the Board of Trade, are a "national disgrace." Even Windsor Castle itself fares not much better. Besides the other plates which contain the *contrasts* themselves, and in one of which we have "The Professor's Own House," there are two satirical frontispieces, the second particularly bitter to the TRADE, as Mr. Pugin styles it, and doubtless not likely to be less offensive, because irresistibly ludicrous and fraught with no small portion of Hogarthian whim. With all this, the author scruples not in his preface to lay claim to the "greatest candour"! Well will it be for him if he does not obtain the sobriquet of "Mrs. Candour" Pugin.

These domestic matters, however, lie so entirely without the pale and jurisdiction of our journal, and would, moreover, detain us so very long, were we to attempt to bestow that notice upon them we could wish, that we must pass by the host of pamphlets, letters, replies, newspaper articles and magazine articles, which have issued from the press within the space of a very few months—to say nothing of certain objurgatory and recriminatory protestations in the form of advertisements. We can do no more than advert to them very perfunctorily and in general terms; that too, chiefly as they afford proof how imperfectly every style of architecture appears to be understood, what exclusive and limited views are taken of it, and how very far our architects are from possessing sound and well-based theoretical principles, independent of conventional and accidental forms, and applicable to their art in the abstract; which kind of theoretical philosophy, be it observed, is altogether different from—nay the very reverse of—those individual systems of criticism which adapt themselves to one express mode, and which, when examined, almost invariably turn out to be only partial and empirical.

Much benefit has been anticipated—we do not say by ourselves—from the establishment of the Institute of British Architects; yet just now architects seem to understand each other less than ever. At no former period has the profession been in a more unsettled state, one little short of anarchy and entire confusion. Assertions and opinions of the most contradictory nature are put forth and maintained with a pertinacity almost amounting to virulence; neither is our surprise abated when we perceive many of the leaders among the professional men engaged in fiercely attacking and repelling each other. Questions of taste are debated with all the heat, the obstinacy, and the blind intemperance, of political partisanship. Courtesy is utterly disregarded; argument is supplied by sneer and personality; and the *odium theologicum* is almost eclipsed by the *odium architectonicum* which is now so rife.

Not content with asserting the superiority of his own favourite style, each writer in his turn seems to consider it incumbent upon him to vilify every other style; as if the excellence claimed for it upon such grounds had something in it particularly flattering. One is so dazzled by the beauties of Grecian architecture* as to be thereby rendered quite blink-eyed and unable to discern in Gothic windows any thing more than “triangular holes in a

* We had penned the above when Mr. Hamilton's “Letter to the Earl of Elgin on the New Houses of Parliament,” was put into our hands; which shows the writer to be as bigotedly opposed to Gothic architecture as Mr. Pugin is bigotedly, because exclusively, devoted to it.

wall"!* and further contends that the former style is far better adapted to our English climate and a London atmosphere than the other; which certainly militates very strongly against what has hitherto been admitted almost as an incontrovertible fact, namely, that the delicately carved mouldings of Grecian capitals and entablatures become very soon tarnished, and in time almost concealed, by black and soot. Another speaks most scornfully of ancient art, compared with that of the middle ages, and especially of its modern copies and copyists; setting at defiance the recent dicta of the founder of Fonthill Abbey, who, strange to say, after lavishing immense sums on a pile that was to have been a *chef-d'œuvre* of Gothic magnificence, has since declared, that we ought to adhere to Athens and Pæstum; or else to take our models directly from Palladio. Yet Palladio himself has not been spared of late; nor are there wanting those who denounce him as a most fallacious guide in point of taste,—as one whose authority has been of most pernicious influence. Even the admirers of classical architecture are divided into sects and parties, some of whom set up Vitruvius as their oracle, while their adversaries will hardly tolerate Roman architecture at all, much less acknowledge Vitruvius, whom they treat no better than as a pedant and an ignoramus. On some one or two, again, for they are too few to deserve, as yet, the name of a separate sect, a new light has suddenly broken in, and they now, for the first time, discover that we ought to abjure all preceding styles, whatever name they may bear, to cast off our shackles and leading-strings, and work out, as best we may, some style decidedly our own:† which doctrine is diametrically opposite to that of the *Periodists*, as they have been termed, who refuse to admire anything for which no exact precedent can be pointed out, and who seem to consider plagiarism and imitation as the proof of genius. Whatever it may do

* See an article on "Mr. Barry's Designs for the New Houses of Parliament" in the London and Westminster Review. The initials W. E. H. attached to that paper, lead us to suspect that it proceeds from the pen of Mr. W. R. Hamilton, author of a "Letter to Lord Elgin on the New Houses of Parliament," there being sufficiently strong internal evidence to identify the writer of both productions. Neither does the discrepancy between the initials of the christian names invalidate such conjecture, it being fairly enough attributable to a typographical error on the part of the Review.

† "The imitation of the Greek has perverted the whole taste of modern Europe on the subject of architectural composition. It gives a style independent of ideas, and is setting (sets) manner above matter. It is the nonsense verses of the school-boys."—*Savage's Observations on Styles in Architecture*.

"The imitation of styles is a valuable discipline for a pupil, but a confession of incapacity in a professor."—*Ibid*.

Such seems also to have been the opinion of the late Thomas Hope, who, at the conclusion of his posthumous work, intitled an "Essay on the History of Architecture," expresses himself very forcibly in regard to this point.

among the next generation, such doctrine is not likely to find many supporters among those who have been taught to consider their art so limited as not only to be incapable of producing any new style, but even to admit of any modifications of those with which we are acquainted. Indeed one of the very latest of the various essays we have alluded to most earnestly deprecates innovation, for which, in the writer's opinion, there is a most unfortunate mania prevalent in the present day. With persons of his stamp the invariable cry is: "What absurdity to attempt to improve upon the Grecian orders!"

As for ourselves, we see no great cause for alarm on that head, because we have still to learn where any innovations of consequence have yet been introduced. Certainly those who advocate the adoption of other forms, and originality of style in architecture, have hitherto confined themselves to theory, without setting any pernicious example themselves to encourage others to follow them. However unsound and heterodox they may be in what they preach up, in their own practice they very laudably conform with established custom; which shows a mistrust and timidity not quite so laudable in themselves. It is easy to say, that, guided by correct principles of taste, we might invent other modes of architectural beauty: we are ready to believe so; yet, though we do not question the possibility, we should be better satisfied were those professional men who recommend such attempts, instead of confining themselves to bare assertions, to take some pains to illustrate their own theory by explaining rather more definitely and intelligibly the course that might be pursued, what change might be introduced, and what novel effects obtained. They might try, for instance, whether it would not be possible to produce some new and happy varieties in the modes of fluting columns, and we ourselves upon a former occasion called attention to one or two felicitous innovations by the great Berlin architect,* which we consider a sufficient confutation of the foolish dislike to innovation merely as such: and, though we should be the very last to encourage any that was bad, we should be among the foremost to hail any that was good. Allowing that it would be quite idle to think of *improving upon* the Grecian orders, it does not exactly follow that it is therefore either undesirable or impossible to produce many varieties, which, although different from, and perhaps not quite so good as, the very choicest examples, should yet be decidedly beautiful. No one has, as far as we have ever heard, thought of improving upon Homer, or Phidias, or Raffael, and yet art has lost nothing be-

* See Vol. 14, p. 105—"The Present School of Architecture in Germany."

cause poets, sculptors and painters have not confined themselves to repeating the particular excellences of those unrivalled masters.

Nevertheless, although we do not at all question the possibility of successful originality in architecture, and that in regard to style and detail, as well as composition and subject, we certainly do think it incumbent upon those who advocate the same views, especially if they are also professional men, to furnish us with something like definite ideas. Unless they do this, and thereby show that they themselves perceive, with tolerable distinctness, how what they so earnestly recommend is to be accomplished, at any rate how it might be attempted with some chance of success, they leave the difficulty precisely where they found it, nor can they complain if we refuse to believe that they are in any degree capable of removing it.* What we have just been saying will, perhaps, be thought to apply quite as forcibly to ourselves as to any one else; yet, that we should here set about attempting what would detain us for at least several pages, is out of the question; and at all events we have pointed to one or two instances that furnish some data, in support of the opinion to which we incline. Indeed, we are not quite sure that we shall not be accused of having already dwelt too long upon topics altogether foreign from our professed subject and the title of our paper.

Our apology must be, that we conceive the generality of our readers will readily extend their indulgence towards us, for our having thus made an opportunity to touch upon what is now agitating the architectural world, and is not without considerable public interest. Besides which, although not so closely linked with our main subject as actually to call for notice, it bears upon it collaterally, since it will be our task to show that, as far as Grecian architecture is implicated in the various disputes which have been going on, and which seem to betray that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark," neither its advocates nor its adversaries, be they professional men or amateurs, appear to understand what it really was; or, if they do, they entirely overlook one essential and most extraordinary distinction

* Mr. Inwood has furnished, although by no means so satisfactorily as he appears to be capable of doing, some very clever hints in his pamphlet, entitled "Resources of Design in the Architecture of Greece, Egypt, and other Countries." Some valuable suggestions may also be found in a paper by Mr. Trotman, on "A Sixth Order of Architecture," (*Loudon's Archit. Mag.* vol. 3.) But no one has more successfully demonstrated by actual exemplification what beautiful originality may yet be elicited from Grecian sources, and how the feeling and spirit of the best antique examples may be transferred into other forms, than Mr. G. Maddox, many of whose drawings exhibit the most felicitous invention in detail. It gives us great satisfaction therefore, to learn that he is now engaged upon a series of Etchings, consisting entirely of fragments and pieces of detail composed by himself.

attending it. Before we come to treat of this, however, we must take the liberty of trespassing a little further, and remarking that a strong and not the least curious feature in one or two of the pamphlets which have been put forth is the jealous feeling, ill disguised by a tone of contempt, entertained against amateurs;—that is, against the very class of the public—by no means an alarmingly large one—who take any direct interest in architectural studies. Unlike the professors of the other fine arts, architects, it would seem, are far more ready to repel than to encourage non-professional followers of it; as if their art was more likely to be endangered by being generally understood, and had more to apprehend from intelligent cultivation of it than from a totally ignorant public. This betrays them into very awkward and even ridiculous inconsistencies: no doubt it may occasionally be highly inconvenient to have to do with persons who are not very easily imposed upon, and who are apt to exact more originality and talent, than it is in the power of every one who writes himself architect to manifest in his designs; but it is assuredly not very rational to expect that those who neither understand nor care for the art will be its most efficient patrons, and promote it after the most intelligent manner. No; the apathy of the public is complained of almost in the very same breath that pretensions of cognoscenti are ridiculed, and treated as if some degrees worse than positive ignorance. While it is mortifying that there should be so few capable of appreciating an architect's ability, it is equally or more disagreeable that there should be any one at all who can discern any want of talent. In short, although "heaven-inspired" amateurs, as Mr. Wilkins calls them, are a very troublesome set of people; it would be an excellent thing to have a "heaven-enlightened" public, one capable of fully appreciating and relishing architecture; gifted with a keen perception of beauties, yet stone-blind to the most glaring defects. Their antipathy towards amateurs extends, however, only to living ones, since praise is ungrudgingly bestowed on those who have quitted the stage,—on a Wotton and an Evelyn, an Aldrich, a Burrowes, a Clarke, a Burlington, a Walpole, and a Hope. The cause of such dislike, no less short-sighted than narrow-minded, may easily be detected; it is not veiled like the Isis of the Egyptians, neither is it an enigma requiring an *Œdipus* to unravel it. Yet that the art, if not the professors of it, is under no small obligations to the so much sneered at class of amateurs, is undeniable. For almost all the impulse it has received, and the advancement it has made during the last hundred years—and that it has advanced few architects will dispute—it has been indebted mainly, if not solely, to extra-professional

exertions. Who was it who first re-opened our eyes to the beauties of Gothic architecture? professional men? Assuredly not: the resumption and study of that style was forced upon them by amateurs. It was these latter who pioneered the way, and diligently laboured to remove the prejudices and the obstacles which encumbered it. Who again first roused us from our lethargy, and instructed us to look for models amongst the classical structures of Hellas and Iouia? Dilettanti and amateurs, who, by their example and their patronage, induced architects to extend their studies to those regions. Had it not been for such persons, we should in all probability be at this moment precisely where we were a full century ago; as perversely blind to the excellences of the Gothic architecture as were Evelyn and Wren, or no better admirers of it than was Batty Langley;—still talking of the *five orders*—still swearing by the infallibility of Vitruvius and Palladio.

It is not asserting too much when we say, that to the patronage afforded by amateurs we are principally indebted for any thing beyond elementary practical books on the art. Were it not for them, there would not be sufficient demand to induce even the most enterprising publisher to bring out any of those splendid historical and graphic works, to which architects themselves are so much indebted for what taste they may possess. Other considerations might fairly be pressed, but we forbear; something might be urged in favour of reciprocity of feeling and sympathy of taste, which ought to render professional men indulgent if not grateful. Yet it is sufficient to have pointed out the impolicy of the conduct they adopt. It appears to us, that they strongly overshoot the mark when they maintain, as they do, by implication at least, that no one who is not also a perfect master of the *science* can be a competent judge of the *art*; since were such really the case, none but practitioners themselves could appreciate or enjoy the beauties of architecture, consequently it must be of little matter to any one else what becomes of an art so completely sealed up from them. Of course architects do not intend to make so unfortunate an admission, yet to such conclusion do their own arguments lead.

By no means do we intend to say, that the mere setting up for being an amateur constitutes one,—that the affectation of taste ensures the possession of it. A mere dabbler and smatterer, who knows perhaps little more than a few technical phrases, which he has got by rote, is but a shallow ignoramus and pretender—would that there were none such within the pale of the profession!—but that no one who has not gone through the routine of an architect's office, and become conversant with the practical and mechanical part of building, be his application and study

what they may, can be said to understand the art, is a most monstrous argument.* It has been alleged against amateurs, that they are apt to arrogate too much to themselves, and seek to direct the public taste; yet they would not be able to assume such importance, were it not that the public in general are utterly ignorant of architecture as a fine art, and of course must consent to be guided in their opinions by those of persons to whom they look up, as at all events more competent judges than themselves. Do away with the mystery with which the study of architecture has been hitherto involved, as if for the express purpose of deterring any one save the formally initiated from approaching it; teach them to use their eyes and their reasoning faculties at the same time; in short, let some acquaintance with it become a branch of elementary education, and the few could no longer direct and control the many, who would then have raised themselves to the same level. By such a change amateurs themselves would be benefited, because, if they desired to maintain their present superiority, they would be under the necessity of going more thoroughly into the study of the art, in order to keep in advance of the rest of the public.

To depreciate the amateur or lay-architect, merely as such, betrays very confined and unworthy notions of art itself: it is making the means with which art works more important than its results, and in fact lowering the æsthetical value of architecture, by treating it as something decidedly inferior to the mechanical and technical part, which is too indispensably requisite to require to be formally insisted upon. And as regards the intellectual department—that, namely, which essentially constitutes architecture one of the fine arts, the professional man and the amateur are pretty much on the same level: the superiority, on whichever side it may lie, will depend upon the greater sensitiveness of the faculty of taste, and the degree in which that faculty is cultivated. That practical skill and long experience are insufficient to impart taste admits of little doubt, since the conviction that such is the case is, unfortunately, forced upon us almost daily. We may be forgiven, therefore, for suspecting that many who rank high in the profession, however able they

* Not long ago, we met with some sneering remarks in the *Times* newspaper on amateur architects, the writer of which put the following query as an unanswerable clench: "Who ever heard of amateur generals?" Yet, before we can adopt the conclusion he intended, he ought to have shown that there exists no difference whatever between the art of war and the fine arts. Besides which, he would have done well to call to mind that there is a good deal of amateurship in far more serious affairs, than those of art; to wit, in politics and legislation, neither of which is formally taught.

may be in one branch of their art, are lamentably deficient in the other; perhaps too—for we will hazard the unpalatable paradox—such deficiency may in some degree be ascribed to the very circumstance of their being practical men and able men of business. The qualities most likely to ensure success in that character are not exactly those best calculated to refine the taste, or to expand the mind. It is as likely as not, that by such reputation will be valued and aimed at principally as ensuring lucrative employment. If the amateur be without the stimulus which operates on the professional man, so is he likewise not exposed to the benumbing influence which, for the most part, accompanies it; and it may fairly be presumed—at least when we find him sedulously applying himself to a study, the reward of which, to him, consists in the application itself and the mental enjoyment springing from it—that he is sincerely attached to it. The volunteers in any cause are surely quite as much entitled to respect as its hired troops and mercenaries; nor would it be paying the highest compliment to architecture, to maintain that it is incapable of attaching to itself any of the first-mentioned class of followers.

We find that we have been led to dwell upon this particular head longer than we intended to do, yet have we not expressed ourselves at all more at length or more forcibly than was required, in order to repel the illiberal taunts and strange prejudices which have been not less industriously than indiscriminately disseminated against a class of persons, who get the ugly name of intermeddlers bestowed upon them, for taking up that which certainly is not literally their "*business*." We have said that, as far as taste is concerned, there is nothing to prevent the amateur from becoming a match for the architect. Those belonging to the profession have certainly not established their pretensions to infallibility; since that they themselves are quite as much at fault as the rest of the world, is apparent from the irreconcilable dogmas and opinions they maintain. Of these, some few instances have been adduced above, and to them may be added the dictum of no less an authority than Sir Christopher Wren, who, in contradiction to all evidence and to his own example, affirmed that architecture admits of no fashions: yet, unless we except columns and their entablatures, and of them only Corinthian ones, modern architecture was till long after the time of Wren utterly dissimilar in its principles and taste from that of the ancients. Stuart and others have since familiarized us with the remains of classic art; and we have now copies of them almost *ad nauseam*,—that is, if the application, oftener the misapplication, of columns alone—feeble, frigid, and defective imitations—can with any justice be so

termed. How many recent structures might be pointed out, which are most scrupulously and faithfully unfaithful to their professed originals!—faithful, indeed, as regards one division of the order employed, but very incorrect as to the rest, consequently more incorrect upon the whole than if greater liberties had been taken throughout, because all harmony and “keeping” are destroyed, and the expression of one portion contradicts that of the other. There is no need to go further than the features we professedly borrow from the antique, to show how little we conceive its real spirit, when we fancy that the suppression of all ornament in the entablature and pediment is consistent with that exactness of imitation which is manifested in the columns themselves. Hence that exceedingly offensive discrepancy and obvious falling off which shock the eye, that passes from highly finished capitals to bare friezes and scanty cornices.* This is not only an anticlimax in architecture, both contrary to the models we profess to adhere to, and to the principles of composition, but also a species of wholesale innovation, although allowed to pass without reprehension by those who would consider it little short of sacrilege should any one venture to make the slightest alteration in the capital of a column.

It seems to be laid down as a principle at the present day, that want of ornament and simplicity are the same thing—which is, by the by, a vulgar notion; and that consequently by omitting embellishment, we at once secure that simplicity which is extolled as the pervading charm of Grecian architecture. It is rather too much the fashion to speak of the simplicity observed by the Greeks, as if it were not only the predominating, but the exclusive, quality of their buildings. After all, too, recent inquiries

* Mr. Wilkins, we regret to say, has furnished us with a most egregious example of this in his National Gallery. The portico of that edifice—which is, by the by, the only octastyle one in the metropolis, exhibits Corinthian columns after one of the most florid Roman examples, supporting an entablature and pediment, that look quite bare and unfinished in comparison with them; nor is the defect at all diminished by what is in itself certainly a beauty—namely, the close intercolumnation—since this contributes to a richness of effect and relief in the colonnade, which render the poverty of the entablature all the more incongruous. Yet does Mr. Wilkins pique himself upon being ultra-classical in matters of taste. In the portico of Carlton House, where the very same columns, some of them at least, were employed, the entablature was of a piece with them; and so far the order has not been at all improved by Mr. Wilkins' new version of it, which is an exceedingly bald and disjointed affair. Far more correctness has been shown by the architect of the Kemble Tavern, at the corner of Bow-street, where the Tivoli Corinthian has been applied with its enriched frieze: the antæ-caps are, perhaps, too plain and unimportant compared with the capitals of the columns, yet even that is of the two a less offensive error than the one observable in those of the National Gallery, which are disproportionately large and heavy, and quite different in style from the columns.

and discoveries show that with them simplicity was very far from being of a severe character; since, even where the forms and proportions inclined to the latter, a species of embellishment was indulged in which, according to our modern notions, must have been the very reverse of architectural chasteness, especially when applied to the exterior of an edifice; and what we should even consider to be gaudy and meretricious.

That, not content with the richness produced by sculpture,—of which they were by no means sparing,—the Greeks were in the habit of heightening the effect of their temples by painted ornament as well as by bronze and gilding, is now put beyond all doubt. Had such decoration been confined to chiaroscuro or monochrome painting, or merely to a few sober tints, or were the painting confined to compartments, panels, or borders, there would seem to have been nothing particularly incongruous in such practice, especially when we consider that the climate itself allowed it, as the colours would retain their freshness unimpaired for ages, although exposed to the weather. Yet it is nothing short of startling when we learn—as some probably may now do for the first time—that the entire architecture of their buildings was *polychrome*, its various surfaces being covered with positive and very decided colours, strongly opposed to each other; a taste very much akin to that shown in the illumination of the manuscripts of the middle ages. In fact the term “illumination” might, without any impropriety, be applied to this kind of coloured architecture.

Even in the interior of a theatre or ball-room, where considerable latitude as to decoration is allowed, a modern architect would consider himself to be infringing all the principles of taste, and running into unpardonable extravagance, were he to paint the architectural members not in imitation of some richer material than that employed, but to variegate them with colours arbitrarily selected and altogether contrary to such imitation; nevertheless, we find this singular practice to have been adopted by the Greeks, and that, too, not in buildings where it could be attributed to the fanciful caprices of individuals; but in such important national edifices as the Temple of Theseus and the Parthenon at Athens, which, in their original state, must have made an appearance altogether different from that hitherto imagined. Compared with their polychrome architecture, the species of ornamental painting in vogue at Pompeii, which, although exceedingly fantastical in itself, is to be considered no more than accessory embellishment, like the arabesques in the loggie of the Vatican, may be styled sober, and allowed to accord well enough with the character suitable for the apartments in private houses. Yet while Pompeii

has generally been regarded as a proof of the decline of good taste among the ancients, and the style of decoration there prevalent has been ascribed to the flimsiness of the architecture, it merely followed, whether intentionally or not, the precedent that had been established by Athenian art in its most palmy days, and when it had attained its greatest refinement. What adds to our astonishment is, that polychrome was employed not only for the stateliest public edifices, but for those erected in the severest and most dignified style of architecture; so that, judging according to modern principles of taste, there could have been very little harmony of expression; or rather, there must have been a harsh and conflicting mixture of very antithetical qualities—chasteness of form carried almost to sternness, and gaiety of colouring bordering upon gaudiness. A Doric edifice so embellished must have resembled not so much a Hercules wreathed with flowers, as a Hercules tattooed from head to foot, or covered, like a barbarian Pict, with grotesque figures painted on his skin.

In their polychrome buildings, the Greeks appear to have manifested a more licentious taste than that of the Arabian and Moorish architects, whose predilection for coloured ornament has been censured by many as puerile in itself, and diametrically opposed to the “chaste simplicity” of classical architecture. Yet, in their structures, brilliancy of colours was naturally enough suggested by the materials made use of; it was not employed to conceal what was intrinsically valuable, but to give value to what would otherwise have appeared mean and ordinary. The use of porcelain tiles and inlaid pavements could hardly fail to suggest great variety of colouring and patterns, which might very well be allowed to extend itself to the whole of the architectural decoration, in order to produce consistency. But to coat over surfaces composed of large blocks of the finest marble with colours that must entirely conceal the beauty of the actual material, if not suggest the employment of one greatly inferior, is too much like “painting the lily” to be reconcileable with the exquisite taste and *Kunst-sinn* attributed to the Greeks. It is rather strange that Vitruvius, who is so pedantically exact and wearisomely minute in regard to many quite unimportant particulars, should not have given any account of such a practice as that we are speaking of; yet as, notwithstanding the pompous pretensions he puts forth in behalf of his profession, he treats his subject very ploddingly and from an exceedingly limited point of view, his silence in respect to the use of polychrome would cast no doubt on it, even were the fact itself now disputable. Neither can similar omission on the part of Pausanias be allowed to invalidate our belief in a practice, which recent discoveries so clearly prove to have existed. An-

cient writers, and Pausanias among the rest, give us very little indeed that can properly be called description, when speaking either of buildings or works of art. All that they say amounts to no more than notices of a few particulars; for, as we have already remarked in another paper,* exactitude of description and graphic delineation were by no means their forte; a circumstance much to be regretted, as it has tended to render very dry and unsatisfactory a branch of archæological study, which demands fulness and accuracy of verbal explanation.

We will not, however, detain the reader any longer by general observations, but proceed at once to some extracts, showing what recent architectural examinations have brought to light, in regard to polychrome embellishment.

"What a striking difference there is," says M. Schaubert, architect to the Greek government, at Athens, "between Roman and Grecian taste, is well known to those who have travelled through Italy, and are also acquainted with the works of our own admirable Schinkel; I shall, therefore, confine myself to the remarks we have ourselves made since our arrival at Athens. The execution of the temples, more particularly that of the Parthenon, far surpasses any idea it is possible to form of it. The immense blocks of marble are so closely united and fitted to each other, that the different pieces are distinguishable only by difference of tint, as it is of a deeper or lighter golden brown. The beautiful construction of the cornices and walls is not always so well expressed in Stuart's Plates as it ought to have been. The profiles, remarkable for their beautiful sharpness, seem in many instances to have been not perfectly understood by him. He appears, too, to have mistaken the badly constructed doorway, a work of Christian times, for the original one; likewise the circle, which was probably intended to raise an altar or some other monument upon, for the diameter of the inner columns. These, however, are mere matters of detail that will require closer investigation; but what will you say, when I inform you that *the whole of the temple (der ganze Tempel)* was coated with colours? That the coffers of the roof were painted, and the frieze decorated with a *mœander* or Greek fret, executed in colours, is what you are already aware of; but the entire building (both this and other temples) was similarly ornamented with colours, the pigments used for which were thickly laid on in the metopes and pediments, even on the folds of the drapery of the figures, and on the capitals,—in short on all the architectural profiles. So that, what with its ovolos, leaf mouldings, and all other lines and ornaments executed in various colours, the apparently simple and plain Doric temple of Theseus must have been far richer in effect than the richest example of the Corinthian order; and, in fact, it would be exceedingly well worth while to make an exact restoration of such a polychrome temple."

The expression *der ganze Tempel* deserves to be particularly

* See article on "Landscape and Ornamental Gardening," vol. xvi, p. 149, &c.

noted, since it clearly points out that the painting was not confined to certain members, for the purpose of enriching them, instead of its being done by sculpture, but was applied throughout. That such was the case is put beyond all doubt, by the more particular account furnished by M. Semper, of Altona, an architect who has directed much of his attention to the subject of polychrome architecture and sculpture, and who ascertained that Trajan's column at Rome was originally decorated with colours. Speaking of the building last referred to in the above quotation, namely, the Theseion, or Temple of Theseus, Semper says:—

"This monument still shows upon the whole of its external surface well-preserved remains of a coating of colour, the material substance of which is least of all decayed on the south side of the building, although the actual colour has vanished through the effect of time, or has changed its hue. It is only here and there—chiefly in crevices or in hollow surfaces—that, by carefully scraping off the external crusts, we can meet with the actual pigment employed. It was thus that the writer detected two different species of red, (namely, a warm brick red on the columns, the architrave, and the general surface, and a very light cinnabar red on some of the ornaments); two blues, (azure, or sky-blue, used for the masses, and a deeper blue employed for the ornaments), green, and some rather doubtful traces of gilding. The high-reliefs were also completely encrusted with colours, the remains of which are still plainly discernible in the folds of the draperies. The drapery of a sitting figure on the frieze above the portico of the temple shows itself to have been of a beautiful rose tint; in other parts green appears to have been the prevailing colour. The ground itself of the frieze was blue, and a large portion of the surface is still covered with it. Beneath the neck of the anta of the opisthodomos of this temple, on that side of it which is turned towards the columns in antis, there is still remaining a fragment of blue colour, about the size of a man's hand; and the whole of the *cella* appears to have been covered with it. In the niches which were afterwards constructed, in Christian times, between the antæ of the portico, out of fragments of the ceiling of the temple, we meet with some that are still either entirely or partly covered with the original glass-like enamel. The wall in the interior of the *cella*, from the deep socle to the height of six courses of stone, has been entirely coated with a thicker stucco, as the chiselled surface of the stones and the pieces of stucco still adhering to it plainly enough prove. Nor can we imagine that this careful tooling of the surface with the chisel was the work of after-times; because, had they found the face of the wall smooth, the Christians would have painted upon that without further preparation, as we find them to have done in the Parthenon."

Sufficient evidence is here collected to prove beyond dispute the existence of polychrome architecture among the Athenians—further, what were the prevailing colours, and how applied. And M. Semper inclines to the opinion, ingenious and plausible even should it be erroneous, that the system of ornamental colouring

in vogue among the artists of the middle ages was derived from the polychrome works of the ancients. In both, he observes, we find the same predilection for blue and red, which were brought into harmony by an intermixture of gold, green, and violet. In both, too, do we discover the same principle of colouring the leading architectural forms and members red, and the intermediate spaces blue. At any rate, it cannot be denied that there seems to have been a striking analogy of taste between ancient polychrome and the glass-painting and illumination of the middle—for it would sound oddly here to call them the dark—ages.

In order to afford some clearer idea of the combination of colours, we will now quote Quast's own remarks.

"The pigments were not merely a thin glazing of colour to stain the marble, but were applied as a thick opaque coating upon it, so as entirely to conceal the material beneath; and of such coating the temple of Theseus retains more traces than any other. For the most part the colours, especially that produced by blue smalt, have quite disappeared, leaving only a grey crust on their surface, yet the original hue may even now be detected. In this edifice, the prevailing colours were blue and red, both of a full deep tone, yet so applied that one or other of them formed a darker ground relieving that placed upon it. The corona was a full blue, and the guttæ beneath it of a brownish red tint. The leaves of the foliage on the cymatium were alternately red with blue streaks, and blue with red ones; while the intervals between the leaves were filled up with green; which last mentioned colour is that of the small leaves on some of the lesser mouldings. Some of the coffers are painted of a brownish red inclining to violet, against which green ornament relieves itself; others, on the contrary, show red stars on a blue ground. The plain architrave of the portico was a bright red; while the frieze was blue with figures in relief upon it, painted in their natural colours, or, in the language of heraldry, *proper*. The walls themselves were yellow, as is proved by the traces of that colour still remaining on them. How the columns were coloured it is not so easy now to ascertain. Apparently only the echinus of the capital and the edges of the flutings were painted, while the flutings themselves displayed the pure and highly polished white marble."

Göthe has said that "a white door is a very unmeaning thing," *ein albernes Ding*, and we suspect—as our readers most probably will do—that he would have applied the same remark to a piece of architecture coloured as above described, for meaning and architectural expression must have been altogether out of the question; neither does there seem to have been any thing so captivating to the eye as to reconcile it to inconsistency. Supposing the description to be accurate, we should have white columns striped with colour placed before a wall; upon these columns would be an architrave painted of a full blue tone, consequently amounting to a mass of shadow, where brilliancy is desirable in order to relieve the entablature from the actual shadows pro-

jected by it. The articulation of the whole structure would be made to appear disjointed, and the entablature itself to consist of three distinct horizontal stripes, the only repetition of colour being that on the architrave and corona, both of which are blue; that is, both dark surfaces projecting shadows. The result of such a combination could, in our opinion, be nothing else than spottiness, confusion, and indistinctness. Let an artist make the experiment by introducing such a polychrome building into a picture, and we may safely predict that it would defy his utmost skill to make any thing of it; unless, indeed, he were to place it on bare rock and sand, with only sky behind it. In interior architecture the view is limited to the architecture itself, but in respect to the exterior of a building the case is altogether different, and, unless it forms a mass of tolerably uniform hue, it will not relieve itself as it ought to do from other objects. The predominating hue ought certainly to be, if not invariably lighter, distinct from that of trees or whatever else may become the back-ground to the architecture; whereas, as far as the temple of Theseus can be taken as any criterion of their general taste in the selection of colours, the Greeks appear to have utterly disregarded this principle, by introducing dark surfaces where they must have cut up the outline of the building. Surely the Greeks must have been as enamoured of blue as the inhabitants of some of the Russian provinces, (who are said to apply that colour indiscriminately to every part of their houses, and to the utensils they have occasion to paint), when they bestowed it upon such architectural members as the architrave and corona, parts expressive of the framing of a building, and thus making them besides altogether at variance with columns. In interior architecture, it is both common and allowable enough to put darker columns against a lighter ground; but in external architecture, to make any of the principal members darker than the surface they enclose or terminate certainly does seem quite a solecism. In those buildings which are termed "half-timbered," where a frame-work of wood was filled up either with brick or plaster, all the salient parts, mouldings, and outlines, were darker than the rest; yet this was perfectly natural, and consistent with, not contradictory to, the material itself.

However, until some experiment be made, as Schaubert recommends, and as we also could wish to see done, by making a restoration—not merely upon paper, but in more satisfactory form—of a Greek polychrome edifice, it is hardly possible to judge what the effect would really be. It would, indeed, be hazardous to make any trial so perfectly novel and of such doubtful result, with a building of importance, yet the effect might be judged tolerably well by an essay of polychrome decoration on some moderate-sized ornamental structure, for which purpose nothing more than

a shell of wood and plaster would be required, because the painting would conceal the material. Still we do not imagine that either the same colours or the same arrangement of them as in the Theseion would prove satisfactory. It would be better to employ light neutral tints, whether inclining to warm or cool tones, for the larger masses; and to confine the positive colours and vivid hues to spaces and situations where ornament would not appear forced, nor cut up the design. After such style is the polychrome specimen of a façade of a house, in a work on ornaments, now publishing by Gropius of Berlin;—the colours are well sorted, so as to relieve each other distinctly and to produce an expression of gaiety without either harshness or glare. Still we apprehend that, however pleasing it might be found in itself, polychrome would never answer practically in this country, since no process of painting would enable colours so applied to resist our climate; and not only would they lose their clearness, but partial stains and discoloration would soon take place. For the outside of our buildings we must be content with such variety as can be obtained by making use of different coloured materials; and a good deal might, perhaps, be so far accomplished by having recourse to terra-cotta ornament with the colours burnt in, also slabs of the same material, or of artificial stone, for facing walls. Yet, if we must abandon the hope of being able ever to adopt polychrome decoration to any extent, it would, if any where at all, be both practicable and suitable in such places as the Lowther Arcade, where it would be sufficiently protected from the weather. A covered passage of that kind lined with shops, partakes, in fact, more of interior than of street architecture; and in our opinion it would be more advisable to make the first experiment somewhere within doors. We say make the first experiment, because whatever variety of colours there may be in other respects, unless it be that coloured marble or scagliola is employed for the shafts and their capitals, occasionally gilded or bronzed, all the strictly architectural forms are left colourless or nearly so; consequently the effect is altogether different from what it would be were the columns, entablatures, and other mouldings polychrome. For *pæcile* columns, the shafts, *exempti gratia*, might be painted with a full and delicate pattern on a dark ground, or *vice versâ*, in the same style as the ornaments usual on Greek fictile vases; and the bases and capitals might be picked out in more brilliant colours. The same decoration would of course be extended to the whole of the entablature, and to the soffits and lacunaria of the ceiling.

It is more probable than not that what we have just suggested will be thought to betray very questionable taste; yet those who would object to such style and application of polychrome would

hardly be better satisfied with the taste manifested in it by the Athenians. There is, after all, some danger then that those who have hitherto been warmest in their eulogiums on Grecian architecture, asserting that the more it is understood the more it must be admired, will now, if not entirely retract, at least qualify, their praise. However unimportant the question of polychrome architecture may be in a practical point of view, it is certainly one highly momentous as far as taste is concerned; it being undeniable that we have hitherto quite mistaken that displayed by the Greeks in their architecture, giving them credit for a simplicity which they studiously avoided, even to such a degree that they will probably incur the charge of having been absolutely meretricious. Are we then henceforth to cast off our allegiance to them?—or to set about correcting our preconceived notions and erroneous theories? Should nothing further, therefore, as is most probable, be brought to light on the subject of Polychrome than what has been already elicited, the circumstance of the practice itself having been proved to have existed, and attention called to it, can hardly fail to produce some great change in our speculations on the art. Either the Greeks indulged in much bad taste, and we have improved their architecture by purifying it from what debased it, or else their modern imitators are very far indeed behind them, and have yet much to learn ere they really enter into the spirit of what they profess to copy. The dilemma is somewhat awkward, to be under the necessity of either reproaching the taste of the Greeks, or admitting that we have all along been admiring, as the perfection of art, structures whose original character has quite disappeared. There is indeed one mode of getting rid of the dilemma, namely, by running away from it altogether, taking no further notice of the matter, and proceeding as we have hitherto been accustomed to do;—which mode, as saving a great deal of trouble, and uncomfortable disturbance of most comfortably settled notions, is perhaps, the one most likely to be adopted.

No other observations or discoveries of moment have been made by any of the architects now at Athens. Great progress has been made in clearing away the accumulated earth, rubbish, and modern buildings from the hill of the Acropolis, without any thing being brought to light except mere fragments of architecture and various inscriptions—that is, at the time Quast published; for during the present year there have been dug up a number of antefixæ, tiles, and mouldings of cornices, all of terracotta, which are conjectured to have belonged to some edifice more ancient than the Parthenon. One of these antefixæ is decorated with a Gorgon mask, resembling the Medusa head on a triglyph at Selinus; and affords another instance of polychrome,

—the colours, although greatly impaired, being distinctly recognizable. 'That of the face is of a sallow corpse-like hue; the tongue, which projects from the widely extended mouth, is red; and the hair a bluish black.' It is to these that Mr. Bracebridge refers in his letter to the Rev. C. Wordsworth (who has given it as an appendix to his "Athens and Attica") when he says: "But the most interesting perhaps of these remains are the painted figures and heads, and especially the fragments of columns, triglyphs, and capitals, which *still retain their original colours*, blue, red, and the brightest ultramarine. The capitals in the Thesæum, and many vestiges about the Erechthæum, show that the temples were in part coloured, but no proof has been given, before the discovery of these primitive remains, that bright and highly contrasted colours were used generally on marble edifices."

The above will be allowed to be very conclusive evidence; and the discovery which has taken place, although extending only to detached pieces of detail, is more than usually important, because it clears up at once no less a point than one which decides what was really the taste of the Greeks in architectural embellishment. Several relics of metal ornaments have also been found in some sepulchres that were met with in excavating the ground for the foundations of the new palace; which edifice, as we learn from the above-quoted document, is now to be erected "just without the old Bobonistra gate, where the inscription to Hadrian remains, in a line between Lycabettus and the Parthenon, and on an eminence overlooking the town, the Hymettian chain, and the gulf." This building, the first stone of which was laid by the King of Bavaria, early in the present year, is to be erected after the designs of Professor Gärtner, architect of the *Universitäts-Gebäude*, the new Royal Library, the Ludwigskirche, and many other noble structures at Munich. The choice of a site for the palace continued for a long while matter of discussion, and at one time it was proposed to build it on the eastern portion of the Acropolis, for which purpose designs were prepared by Schinkel. Whether Gärtner's edifice will be such as to leave no room for regret that the other design was not adopted, or whether considerations of economy rather than of taste caused his to obtain the preference, we have no means at present of determining; but, judging from the description and accompanying plan of Schinkel's project, as given by Quast, we do not think it likely that so noble and varied a display of architecture as that would have been, will now be made. Schinkel's idea was to convert the whole of the Acropolis into an enclosure, one extremity of which would have been occupied by the palace, at no very great distance from the eastern front of the Parthenon.

A spacious avenue, laid out after the manner of an ancient hippodrome, would have led in a direct line from the ancient propylea to the new propylea or portal of the royal residence, passing between the Erechtheum and Parthenon, both of which would have been restored. Beyond this portal would have been an open colonnaded court, while, from the vestibule formed by the propylea, a long gallery, formed into several divisions, with ascents at intervals, and exhibiting, through screens of columns, views into inner courts and gardens, and, in one point, a view of the eastern front of the Parthenon, would have conducted into a magnificent lofty hall, decorated in a unique style, with columns of black Laconian marble, supporting a roof entirely composed of open timber-work richly carved and painted, the prevailing colours being red and pale green relieved by gold. Of the originality and invention displayed in this hall, Quast, who speaks from the perspective views of it made by the architect, expresses himself in terms of the greatest admiration, affirming that it would have been to the Athenian palace what the Sala de los Embajadores is to Alhambra. We dare not indulge our own inclination by pursuing the description any further, and shall therefore only add that Schinkel appears to have mastered very happily the difficulties presented by the irregularity of the site, taking advantage of it to give great play and variety to every part of his design; and that the whole of the Acropolis, as laid out by him, would have been rendered a most fascinating spot, where elegance and refinement would have been so happily blended with the sublime, as shown in the monuments of elder days, that, instead of disagreeably jarring with the dignified structures of classical antiquity, they would rather have heightened their effect by just that degree of contrast which would have given reciprocal relief and value to the ancient features and to the new.

We trust that Schinkel's designs for this Athenian palace, though their execution has been frustrated, will not be entirely lost to his admirers, and that, if not introduced into his "*Entwürfe*," they will form the subject of a separate publication. If ever any one has conceived his subjects in the true spirit of Grecian architecture, designing, as its best masters would have done, had they lived in our times and been called upon to apply their art to other purposes and exigencies than those they had to provide for, it is Schinkel. Nor can more satisfactory testimony be borne to his taste and ability than that of Schaubert, who, after returning to Berlin from Athens, where he had been contemplating the majesty of the Parthenon, and the finished grace of the Erechtheum, pronounced the façade of the Museum at Berlin to be superior to any other architectural production in all Europe.

In this country, unhappily, we content ourselves with erecting

portico after portico, all confined to one idea, all nearly upon the same scale, and consisting of a mere range of columns beneath a pediment, with little other difference than what is occasioned by the order employed, or the actual number of the columns. It is time for us to attempt, if ever we are to do so, something more than this,—to produce some one specimen at least that should be a complete type of Grecian architecture and decoration, concentrating into a focus, as it were, all its most attractive and imposing qualities;—one that, besides being far superior to any thing we have yet achieved, in regard to positive grandeur of dimensions and nobleness of material, should also exhibit the full effect of columns in combination, by showing at least one inner range of them behind those in front, which disposition conduces so greatly both to perspective variety and motion, and to the play and contrast of *chiaroscuro*. The whole should be elaborately enriched: besides reliefs on the inner walls, there should be ornamental accessories enriched with statuary and sculpture;—there should be not only bronze and gilding, but colouring, polychrome embellishment, if not subjects in painting. Beauty of design and material ought to be extended not only to the ceiling, but to the pavement. Not only the portal, but the doors themselves should exhibit the most refined taste,—the most finished workmanship. After requiring so much for the interior, a part of a portico on which our architects scarcely bestow any thought whatever, it is almost needless to say that we should demand sculpture, if not colour also, to be liberally employed in the external frieze and pediment. Yet where can we point to a single instance where any thing at all like this has been done? Mr. Wilkins's portico to the National Gallery stops very far short indeed of Athenian taste and imagination, although it may perhaps satisfy those who conceive that a well-spaced range of columns is of itself sufficient to constitute a work of Grecian architecture, and to make us perfectly acquainted with all the essentials and characteristics of that style.

Both the profession and the public seem to stick quite fast at this point; yet a wide space remains to be cleared ere we get fairly within the pale of the real *τέλειος* of Athenian art; for until we produce at least one finished and perfect exemplar, showing not the mere forms alone, but the varied enrichments, the living hues which the ancients delighted to spread over their edifices, with what would now be considered lavish if not tasteless luxuriance,—we may go on prating for ever of Grecian architecture, but it will be of a common-place ideal of our own; nor shall we be able to attain to any adequate conception of it as it actually existed in Greece itself.

ART. IX.—*Von Bruoder Rauschen, und was Wunders er getriehen hat in einem Closter, u. s. w.* (Of Brother Rush, and the Wonders he performed in a Monastery, &c.) Edited by Ferdinand Wolf and Stephen Endlicher. 8vo. Vienna. 1835. Only 50 copies printed.

THE character and form of the unpremeditated creations of man's imagination depend as much upon external circumstances, and upon impressions from without, as upon the variation of character in man himself. The ferocity of Scandinavian or Gothic heroes could admit into its mystic creed no beings but those which inspired awe and terror, because it was unaccustomed to the quiet enjoyments of peace, to pleasant meadows or laughing glens; it contemplated only steel, and wounds, and blood. The wild hunter, who tracked his prey over the barren mountains which were as much his home as that of the beasts he pursued, to whom nature presented herself in her most gigantic and awful forms, himself acquainted only with danger, must have a creed which partook of the character of everything around him—the supernatural world was to him peopled with fierce and malignant demons. Just so the solitary hermit, who in the earlier ages of western Christianity fixed his abode in the deserts and the fens, rude and inhospitable tracts, could conceive them to be peopled by nothing but devils. But to the peaceful peasant, on whom nature ever smiled in her most joyous mood, she was peopled by gay and harmless spirits, who like himself loved to play and laugh—the beings he feared were restricted to the mountains whose heads rose in the dim distance, or their visits were confined within the darkness of night.

Thus, the only beings with whom a Beowulf would claim acquaintance were those against whom he might signalize his valour, the nickers who set upon him in the sea amidst the fury of the tempest, the grendel, the nightly devourer of royal thanes, and the fire-drake whose vengeance carried destruction amongst his subjects. The literature which the darker ages have left us is not of that kind which would indicate to us the lighter superstitions of our forefathers. The impressions of fear are deeper and more permanent than those of mirth, and are more speedily communicated. The monks, whose greatest error was not that of scepticism, partook in all the superstitions of the vulgar—they disbelieved none of the fables of paganism, but they looked upon them in a new light. To them all spirits were either angels or devils, and as their canons assured them that the beings of the vulgar creed, which were in fact the remains of paganism, were not to be admitted into the former class, they threw them all indiscriminately

into the latter. The creed of the monks could naturally admit of no harmless devils, of none who played for the sake of play alone, and the pranks and gambols and mischievous tricks of a puck or a hobgoblin were only so many modes by which the evil one sought to allure the simple countryman into his power, to lead him to temptation and sin. But the playful freaks of Satan were not so often performed before the monks themselves, and therefore seldom found a place in their legends. The fears of the peasantry, on the other hand, were soon imparted to their spiritual teachers, and the latter were, or believed themselves to be, constantly persecuted by the malignity of the demons. It is our impression, indeed, that the monkish superstitions were entirely founded upon the older popular superstitions: instead of fighting against the errors of paganism, they soon fell themselves into that of supposing that they were engaged in a more substantial war against the spirits who belonged to the older creed, and whose interest it would be to support it. Thus, in their eagerness for the battle, they created their opponents. As the monks were generally successful in these encounters, they became bolder, and resolved to attack the enemy in his stronghold, seeking solitary residences among the fens and wilds. Hence, perhaps, arose in some degree the passion for becoming hermits. From all these circumstances it arises that, in the legends of the monks, although it is the creed of the peasantry which is presented to us, yet that creed is there so distorted and so partially represented as to be with difficulty recognised.

We have thus but little knowledge of the mirthful beings, the pucks and robin-goodfellows, of the peasantry, during the earlier ages of our history. That the popular mythology included such beings we have abundant proofs in the numerous allusions to them at a somewhat later period, namely, the twelfth century, after which the traces of them again nearly disappear, until the period when the invention of printing, and the consequent facility of making books, created a literature for the vulgar, and when the stories of their popular belief which had hitherto been preserved orally were collected for their diversion. Then we find that, as in earlier ages separate ballads had been woven together into epic cycles, so these popular stories were strung together, and a certain character of reality given to them in the person of a single hero, a Robin Goodfellow, a Hudekin, or, as in the curious tract whose title heads our paper, a Friar Rush. The sudden appearance of these stories and collections of stories gives rise to problems relating to their formation, which the want of a sufficient acquaintance with the stories in their earlier form renders it sometimes difficult to resolve; and it is only by an historical comparison of

of our scanty data that we can arrive at any satisfactory knowledge of the nature and sources of the materials of which they are composed.

In this research, we must not reject even the legends of the monks, for they sometimes illustrate the lighter superstitions of our peasantry, as we may easily enough suppose, because, so long as the monks believed the imaginary pranks of the hobgoblins to be so many temptations of the evil one, there was no reason why, though they were generally subjected to severer trials, he should not at times practise upon them the same jokes, by way of diversifying his attacks. When the great Luther could believe a girl to be possessed by "a jovial spirit,"* we may easily pardon the monks if we sometimes find them in their legends subjected to temptations of the evil one which are very equivocal in their nature, and in which he shows himself in a no less equivocal form. Indeed in some of these temptations it is difficult to say what was the harm intended, and we can only explain the monkish story by translating it into the language and creed of the peasantry, and by introducing Robin Goodfellow upon the stage. As an example we will take a saint of a somewhat later period, of the twelfth century, because we have abundant authorities to prove that the frolicsome elves then held their place in the popular mythology. Every one must have heard of St. Godric and his solitary hermitage at Finchale, near Durham, on the banks of the Wear, a spot too wild not be haunted by hosts of hobgoblins. Generally speaking, though it is certain that they led him a very uneasy life, Godric seems to have been too strong or too cunning for his spiritual tormentors. Once, however, he was deceived. A goblin appeared to him in the night, and told him that by digging in a certain place he would find a treasure. Godric was not covetous, but he thought that it would be a more Christianlike act to take the money and distribute it among the poor, than to let it lie buried in

* See Michelet's interesting work, the *Mémoires de Luther*, 1856, tom. 3, p. 170. The alchemists and the rosiacrucians even in the seventeenth century reproduced all the superstitions of the monks and peasantry of an earlier period. In the MS. Harl. 6482 (17th century), a most extensive collection of the doctrines of these people, we have the following account of the hobgoblins. "Of spirits called Hobgoblins or Robin-good-fellows. These kinde of spirits are more familiar and domestical than the others, and, for some causes to us unknown, abide in one place more than in another, so that some never almost depart from some particular houses, as though they were their proper mansions, making in them sundry noises, rumours, mockeries, gawds, and gests, without doing any harme at all, and some have heard them play on gitterns and jews harps, and ring bells, and make answer to those that call them, and speak with certain signes, laughers, and merry geasures, so that those of the house come at last to be so familiar and well acquainted with them that they fear them not at all." The writer goes on to say that, though they seem harmless, they would do harm if they could, and that every body ought to be on their guard against them.

the earth—he believed the evil one, in spite of the admonitions of his faith which characterised him as a liar from the beginning,—but out of the hole which he dug, instead of treasure, there came a troop of elves, who laughed at the hermit and fled away. Godric's chief employment was digging in his garden. One day, while he was at work, came a man whose stature and appearance were sufficient to create suspicion—he reproached Godric with idleness, and the saint, who was again deceived, gave him his spade, and allowed him to proceed in his work whilst he himself went to his devotions. On his return, he found to his astonishment that the stranger in the course of an hour had done the work of eight days. With the sacred images which were in his book he put to flight the evil one, and he made the earth which had been dug do penance by lying fallow for seven years.*

If we look upon the two foregoing stories as mere saints' legends, they are out of their place, and appear to us to have no object—the whole amount of the evil done or intended by the devil was but a merry frolic; but when we look upon them in another light, when we consider that Godric himself was but a peasant, and that naturally enough he partook in the superstitions of his fellows, we recognise in the first a treasure legend, one which may be compared with any of those in our excellent friend Crofton Croker's *Irish Tales*, and in the tall gentleman who dug so efficiently there can be no doubt that we have the laborious elf, the Scottish Brownie, the Portunus of Gervase of Tilbury; who, in the same century, tells us that these spirits, when they found any thing undone in the house they entered at night, fell to work and finished it in an inconceivably short space of time (*si quid gestandum in domo fuerit, aut onerosi operis agendum, ad operandum se jungunt, citius humana facilitate expediunt*). Godric was frequently a witness of the playful rogueries of the demon, as well when performed upon others as upon himself (MS. Harl. fol. 47, v°.), and on one occasion the evil one amused himself, and no doubt the saint also, by dancing before him most ludicrously in the form of a distended sack (f. 69, v°.).

Another story which is told of Godric is equally pertinent to our subject. One day in autumn, the saint was gathering his apples. Suddenly there appeared on the other side of his hedge a great

* The life of Godric is given in Capgrave, *Legenda Nova Angl.*—but there exists in MS. a life much longer and very interesting, written by a person who conversed with the hermit, MS. Harl. No. 2277. The digging story is found in the MS. at fol. 48, v°, in Capgrave, fol. clx. v°, Ed. Wynk. de Worde. The treasure legend occurs at fol. 60, v°, of the MS. (Capg. fol. clxiiij, v°.) The elves mentioned in the latter were very small and black, which was their general colour in the monkish stories. Godric often saw such elves, see the MS. fol. 62.

rough-looking fellow, whose outer garment, open from his neck to his thighs, resembled green bark, beneath which he seemed to be clad in a rough bullock's hide. "Give me some apples, hermit!" shouted the stranger, and he shouted more than once, for at first Godric paid little attention to him. At last the hermit, turning towards him, said that if he would have any he must ask for them in the name of charity. "I ask for them in the name of charity, then," was the answer, in a gruff and rather embarrassed tone. "Take them," said Godric, "in the name of charity, and give God thanks." But the stranger threw them down, and, turning about, after saluting Godric by certain gestures which were none of the most becoming, marched slowly away, leaving however a testimony of his fiendlike nature in the odour which followed him, at which the poor saint was so horrified that "every hair of his body stood stiff like the bristles of a boar." In our note below, we give this curious story as it stands in the original.* It may, we think, be true, as it is told by one who conversed with the hermit, but it must be true just as long afterwards that another person took the keeper of a forest for Robin Goodfellow: such boons as Godric's devil were not confined to the twelfth century. Godric judged of the nature of his visiter by the smell which he left behind him, but to us the colour of his coat tells what class of beings the saint was thinking of.

Contemporary with Godric there lived at Farnham in Yorkshire, another pious rustic, whose name was Ketel, and whom we may term the elf-seer. The historian William of Newbury relates many wonderful anecdotes of him. While but a lad, Ketel was one day returning from the field, riding on the waggon-horse, when suddenly, in a place perfectly level and smooth, the horse stumbled as though he had met with an obstacle, and his rider was thrown to the ground. As he raised himself up, Ketel beheld two very small black elves, who were laughing most lustily at the trick they had played upon him. From that hour was given to him the power of seeing the elves, wherever they might be and whatever they might be doing, and he often saved people from

* "Cum poma colligeret in autumno quidam procerus et circa humeros plusquam homo distentus, lustrabat sepe, habens exterius operimentum quai de cortice viridi, ab humeris usque ad rones dissatum, interius autem velud corium bovis hirsutum. Qui vociferans, 'Heremita,' dicebat, 'da michi de pomis.' Ille prius tacuit, sed cum importunius instaret, conversus ad eum, 'Frustra,' inquit, 'laboras, nisi pro caritate rogaveris.' Tunc imperfecta verbi prolatione, 'Pro caritate,' dixit, 'postulo.' Ad hec Sanctus, poma proferens, ait, 'Accipe, et Deo gratias age.' Ille oblata respuit, et cepit recedere lento gressu cum fetore, posteriora sua ostendens, et verenda nimis longa et horrida pro se trahens. Ex hoc turpi aspectu ita vir sanctus inhorruit, ut omnes sui corporis pilos tanquam setas porcorum exsurgere et rigere sentiret. Quanto autem ille temptator longius discedebat, tanto magis et fetor et turpitudine crecebat." MS. Harl. fol. 59, v^o.

their malice. He assured those who were fortunate enough to gain his confidence, for he did not tell these things to every body, that there were some hobgoblins (demonies) who were large and strong, and who were capable of doing much hurt to those who might fall into their power ; but that others were small and contemptible, incapable of doing much harm, and very stupid and foolish, but which delighted in tormenting and teasing mankind. He said that he often saw them sitting by the road-side on the look-out for travellers upon whom to play their tricks, and laughing in high glee when they could cause either them or their horses to stumble, particularly when the rider, irritated against his steed, spurred and beat him well after the accident. Ketel, as might be supposed, drew upon himself by his officiousness, and by his power of seeing them, the hatred of the whole fraternity. A story equally curious, as showing how the popular legends were adopted by the monks of other countries as well as of our own, is that of the elf who in the earlier half of the twelfth century haunted the cellar of a monastery in the bishopric of Treves, told by our English chronicler John of Brompton. One morning, when the butler entered the cellar, he was not a little mortified at finding that during the night a whole cask of wine had been emptied, and that at least the greater part of its contents had been spilt on the floor. Supposing this accident to have arisen out of the carelessness of his man, the butler was angry, chid him severely, and, locking the door of the cellar, took the key into his own charge. But all his precautions were vain, for the next morning another cask of wine was in the same condition. The butler, now utterly astonished, repaired in all speed to the father abbot, and, after due consultation, they went together to the cellar, where, having sprinkled all the barrels with holy water, the latter closed firmly the door, sealed it with the seal of the abbey, and took the key into his own keeping. Next morning he repaired again to the cellar, and found the door exactly as he had left it. The door was speedily opened, and the first object which met his view was a small black elf (*puerulum nigrum mirandæ parvitatæ*) sticking fast by his hands to one of the vessels on which the holy water had been thrown. The abbot took the elf, clothed him in the habit of a monk, and kept him long in the school of the monastery, where he never grew any bigger. But one day an abbot from a neighbouring monastery came to examine the scholars, and, on hearing the story, counselled his brother abbot to keep no longer the devil in his house. The moment his monkish robe was taken from him, the elf vanished. Similar stories run through the mythology of all the western people ;—we will only point out the story of the Haunted Cellar in Crofton Croker's *Irish Fairy*

Legends, with the premisal that we consider the greater part of those legends as being of Saxon and not of Irish origin.

We could easily multiply our examples of fairy stories inserted among the monkish legends, particularly those of a less ludicrous nature. Godric and Ketel having been both rustics, their lives abound more with legends founded upon those of the peasantry than the life of any other saint, and they thus show us more distinctly the connection between the superstitions of the two classes. We have at the same time a few independent allusions (or nearly independent, inasmuch as though related by monks they are given as popular legends) to these stories in their original form. We will give two examples of such allusions, which are quoted by the Grimms in the introduction to the *Irische Elfenmärchen*. The first is of the ninth century, and is told by the monk of San Gallen, whose work is printed in the fifth volume of *Dom Bouquet*. It is a story of the laborious playful goblin (demon qui dicitur larva, cui curæ est ludicris hominum illusionibus vacare), and the latter part of it may be compared with the foregoing story of the elf who haunted the abbot's cellar. Our goblin frequented the forge of a smith, where he played all night with the anvil and hammers, to the no small annoyance of their proprietor, who resolved to drive him away by the signing of the cross. But the elf had formed an attachment to the place, and was not willing to go: "Gossip," said he to the smith, "let me play in thy forge, and if thou wilt place here thy pitcher thou shalt find it every day full of wine." The terms were readily accepted, and every night the elf repaired to the cellar of the bishop, filled his pitcher with wine, and, clumsily enough, left the cask open so that all the rest of the wine ran out upon the floor. The bishop soon perceived what was going on in his cellar, and supposing that the mischief must be the work of some spiritual adversary, he sprinkled the cellar with holy water, and fortified it by the sign of the cross. The night following the elf entered as usual with his pitcher, but he could neither touch the wine nor escape from the place, and in the morning they took him and bound him to a stake, where he was condemned to undergo the punishment due to a thief. Amidst his stripes he never ceased to cry, "Alas! alas! I have lost my gossip's pitcher!" Our other extract is from a very old *Pœnitentiale* which is preserved in a manuscript at Vienna; it alludes evidently to the same class of stories, and to a practice which had arisen out of them, and points out the necessary penitence for those who "had thrown little bows and small shoes into their cellars and barns, in order that the hobgoblins might come thither to play with them, and might in return bring them other people's goods."

From some cause or other, with which we are not well acquainted, our chronicles of the twelfth century are full of fairy legends. The Cambrian Giraldus, Gervase of Tilbury, William of Newbury, and a host of others, give us so much curious information on the popular mythology of their time, that we can, without much difficulty, sketch the outlines of the vulgar creed. We are there made acquainted with the mischievous elf in all his different shapes, and Gervase even is doubtful whether, on account of the harmlessness of his jokes, he ought to call him a *demon* or not—"Ecce enim Anglia demones quosdam habet, demones, inquam, nescio dixerim an secretas et ignotæ generationis effigies."

The familiar goblin of Gervase of Tilbury, like the fir-darrig of the Irish, and Milton's 'lobber fiend,' loved to seat himself before the remains of the fire after the family had retired to their slumbers; he then appeared as a very little man, with an aged countenance, his face all covered with wrinkles. He was very harmless, and his great characteristic was simplicity, in which he resembled the rustics, whose houses he commonly frequented. One of his names, indeed, (*folletus*, Gerv. T., the modern French *follet*, which is a diminutive of the old French *fol*, *fou*,) signifies the little madcap, and may refer both to his simplicity and to his pranks. The *follets* of Gervase haunted generally the houses of country-people, whence neither holy water nor exorcism could expel them. They were invisible, and made known their arrival by throwing about stones, and wood, and even the pots and kettles. They also talked with great freedom. Giraldus tells us many stories of the domestic and playful elves of his native county of Pembroke, where they were very common, and plagued people by throwing dirt at them, and by cutting and tearing their garments. They took great delight also in telling people's secrets, and they paid no heed to the priests or their conjurations. Sometimes they entered into people, who thus became possessed, and they there continued their tricks and their conversation. An elf of this kind, in human form, entered the house of one Elidore Stakepole, in that county, where he hired himself as a servant, and proved himself extremely faithful and diligent. As in every instance where an elf, whether puck, or brownie, or troll, has formed an attachment to a place, he has brought good luck along with him, so the family of Elidore Stakepole prospered exceedingly—every thing went well with them. But Elidore, like many another in his situation, ruined himself by his curiosity. The elf was accustomed, during the night, to resort to the river, which shows his connection with the whole family of the Teutonic alfen. One night he was watched, and the next day he quitted for ever the house of Elidore Stakepole, after telling the

family who he was, and how he had been begotten by an incubus on a woman of the parish.

Before leaving the familiar elf of the twelfth century, we will present to our readers an inedited legend from a work of that century, the manuscript chronicle of Ralf of Coggeshale, which is particularly curious, from its singular resemblance to the more modern story of the German Hinzelmänn. During the reign of the first Richard, there appeared frequently, and for a long space of time, in the house of Sir Osbern de Bradwell, at Dagworth in Suffolk, "a certain fantastical spirit," who conversed with the family of the aforesaid knight, always imitating the voice of an infant. He called himself Malkin; and he said that his mother and brother dwelt in a neighbouring house, and that they often chided him because he had left them and had presumed to hold converse with mankind. The things which he did and said were both wonderful and very laughable, and he often told people's secrets. At first the family of the knight were extremely terrified, but by degrees they became used to him, and conversed familiarly with him. With the family he spoke English; and that, too, in the dialect of the place; but he was by no means deficient in learning; for, when the chaplain made his appearance, he talked Latin with perfect ease, and discoursed with him upon the Scriptures. He made himself heard and felt too, readily enough, but he was never seen but once. It seems that he was most attached to one of the female part of the family, a fair maiden, who had long prayed him to show himself to her; at last, after she had promised faithfully not to touch him, he granted her request, and there appeared to her a small infant, clad in a white frock. He also said that he was born at Lavenham; that his mother left him for a short time in a field where she was gleaning; that he had been thence suddenly carried away, and had been in his present condition seven years; and that after another seven years he should be restored to his former state. He said that he and his companions had each a cap, by means of which they were rendered invisible. This was the German *tarn-kappe*. He often asked for food and drink, which, when placed on a certain chest, immediately disappeared. The writer, from whom this story is quoted, asserts that he had it from the chaplain who figures in it.*

* "*De quodam fantastico spiritu.*—Tempore regis Ricardi, apud Daghewarthe in Suffolke, in domum domini Osborni de Bradewelle, quidam fantasticus spiritus molociens et multo tempore apparuit, loquens cum familia predicti militis, vocem infantis actus anni in speo imitatus, ac se Malkin vocitabat. Matrem vero suam cum fratre in domo vicina manere asserebat, et se frequenter ab eisdem objugari dicebat, eo quod ab eis discedens cum hominibus loqui presumeret. Mira et risui digna et agebat et loquebatur, et aliquoties aliorum occultos actus retegens. Ex colloquiis ejus primo uxor mifida et tota familia valde territa est, sed postmodum ejus verbis et ridiculosis actibus

Another story has been pointed out to us in a manuscript of the thirteenth century, preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford, which at once introduces Robin Goodfellow both in name and action. It occurs amongst a collection of short stories, moralized after the manner of the time, and, as a specimen of the whole, we give both the tale and its moral. "Once Robinet was in a certain house in which certain soldiers were resting for the night, and, after having made a great clamour during the better part of the night, to their no small annoyance, he was suddenly quiet. Then said the soldiers to each other, 'Let us now sleep, for Robinet himself is asleep.' To which Robinet made reply, 'I am not asleep, but am resting me, in order to shout the louder after.' And the soldiers said, 'It seems, then, that we shall have no sleep to-night.' So sinners sometimes abstain for a while from their wicked ways, in order that they may sin the more vigorously afterwards . . . The soldiers are the angels about Christ's body, Robin is the devil or the sinner," &c.*

This last story, if it be of the thirteenth century, is an almost solitary allusion to the pranks of the familiar elf in England for a long period after the century preceding. During the latter part of the twelfth century, and the whole of the thirteenth, a vast struggle and a vast revolution of feelings and notions were going forward in our island. With the change came in gradually a new and more refined literature; the saints' legends were thrown aside to make way for the romances; and the gross and mischievous elves lost their reputation before that of the more airy and genteel race who were denominated by the newly introduced name of fairies. It is worthy indeed of remark, that the manu-

manufacti, confidenter ac familiariter cum eo loquebantur, plurima ab eo inquirentes. Loquebatur autem Anglice secundum idiomam regionis illius, interdum etiam Latine et de Scripturis sermocinabatur cum capellano ejusdem militis, sicut ipse nobis veraciter protestatus est. Audiri et sentiri potuit, sed minime videri, nisi semel a quadam puella de thalamo visa est in specie parvissimi infantis, qui induebatur quadam alba tunica, nimis prius a puella rogata et adjurata ut se visibilem ei exhiberet, quo nullo modo ejus petitioni consentire veluit, donec puella per Deum juraret, quod eam nec tangeret nec teneret. Confessa est quoque quod nata erat apud Latrahiam, et dum mater ejus secum eam deferret in campum ubi cum aliis messuit, et eam eam relinqueret in parte agri, a quadam ala rapta est et transposita, et jam .vij. annis cum eadem manserat, et dicebat quod prent alios .vij. annos reverteretur ad pristinam hominum cohabitationem. Cap[p]ello quodam se et alios uti dicebat, qui se invisibiles reddebat. Cibaria et potus ab assistentibus multociens exigebat, que super quandam archam reposita, surptus non inveniebantur."—*MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. X. fol. 89, vº.* The confusion of genders makes the latter part rather obscure.

* "Nota de Robineto qui fuit in quadam demo in qua milites quidam quadam nocte hospitati sunt, et cum media nocte multum clamasset, et milites valde inquietasset et a somno impedisset, tandem clamare fassus quievit. Et dixerunt milites ad invicem, 'Dormiamus modo, quia modo dormit Robinetus.' Quibus Robinetus respondit, 'Non dormio, sed quiesco, ut melius postea clamem.' Et dixerunt milites, 'Ergo non dormiamus hac nocte' . . . Milites sunt angeli. . . . Robinus diabolus vel peccator."—*MS. Digby, No. 173.*

scripts of the lives and miracles of the English saints are by far the best and the most numerous during the twelfth and the earlier half of the thirteenth centuries. We must therefore pass over the centuries which follow, and come immediately to the period of the formation of those histories, of which we shall at present consider the adventures of Friar Rush to be the representative, the more so as his was a story popular throughout the whole of Teutonic Europe.

It had long been supposed that the original of the history of Friar Rush must have existed in Germany; and at last our excellent friend, Mr. Thoms, (who had previously reprinted in his *Early Prose Romances* the English story) accidentally discovered an early poem on the same hero in the German tongue. He communicated the discovery to his friend Dr. Wolf, who afterwards found several copies of different editions in the German libraries, all of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and from his researches has been produced the curious and elegant volume which we have now before us. This German poem is the earliest version of the story of which we have any knowledge; and, as might perhaps be expected, is the simplest in its details. Its hero is introduced to us as a *bonâ fide* devil; but there are too many traits in his actions and character to allow us to be mistaken in identifying him with the elves of whom we have been speaking. There was once, as the legend tells us, a fair abbey—

“ In distant land beside a wood,
Well known to fame an abbey stood ;
A numerous brotherhood within ;
But ill did abbey discipline
Sore with the joyous warmth of youth,
And oftener dwelt their thoughts, in sooth,
On gentle damsel's charms and beauty,
Than on their gospels or their duty.” *

The German legend places the abbey in Denmark—

“ In Denmark bey Helsingbore genant,
Do ym das kloster was wol bekannt :”

The Danish poem, on the contrary, fixes it in Germany, in

* We give the passage thus loosely paraphrased as a specimen of the style of the old German poem—

“ Ain kloster vor ain walde lag,
dar in man vil der wunder pfag.
Do waren münch ein michel theil,
sie waren iung vnd dar zuo geil,
Vnd schwartz kuttun truogen sie dar ;
sie dienten gott gar wenig zwar.
Ein yetlicher wolt haben ein eigen weib ;
des ward vnder ynen mancher streyt.”

'Saxon-land;' and the English, leaving the question entirely unresolved, tells us simply that it was 'beyond the sea.' Be this as it may, our worthy friend, Friar Rush, saw that there was a noble occasion of doing mischief, and he repaired to the abbey in the garb of a youth who sought employment. He was well received by the abbot, and appointed to serve in the kitchen. But he soon made it manifest that he was fitted for higher and more confidential service. Before night he performed the part of a skilful envoy, and procured for the father abbot the company of the dame whom he had long desired. The fame of Rush was soon spread amongst the community, and every brother of the abbey was fitted with a bedfellow after his liking. Time passed on, and Rush made continual advances in favour, when a sudden quarrel arose between him and the 'Master Cook,' who seconded his orders by rude strokes of a staff which lay ready at hand. Rush was enraged, seized the cook, and threw him into a pot which was boiling on the fire, where he was scalded to death. The abbot and the friars, hearing that an accident had happened to their cook, unanimously chose Rush into his place, who in his new office gained daily an increase of their good graces by the excellent dishes which he prepared for them, particularly on fast-days. For seven years did Rush serve in the abbey kitchen, and in the eighth, he was called before the abbot, and was made a friar in reward for his services.

One day the friars found brother Rush sitting in the gateway cutting wooden staves, and they asked him what he was doing, and he told them that he was making for them weapons, with which, in case of danger, they might defend their abbey. And about the same time there arose great dissension between the abbot and the prior, and between the monks, and all for the sake of a woman; and each party went secretly to Friar Rush and provided themselves with stout staves. The same night, at matins, there was a great fray; the abbot struck the prior, and the prior struck the abbot again, and every monk drew forth his staff, and there were given plenty of hard blows. Rush, to increase the confusion, blew out the lights, so that none knew his friend from his foe; and then, seizing the great bench, he threw it amidst the combatants, whereby not a few had broken bones, so that they all lay together in the chapel in a most dismal state. When the fray was ended, Rush came with a light, pretended to feel great concern for what had happened, aided them to rise, and counselled them to seek repose in their beds.

The devils of the legends, like the elves whose place they had usurped, were very simple, and were often cheated or disconcerted by a trifle. So it happened in the end with Friar Rush. One

day, when he was returning late to his cloister, reflecting that there was nothing in the kitchen for dinner, he tore in two pieces a cow which was grazing in the fields where he passed, and carried the one half home with him to the abbey. Next day the owner was dismayed at finding but the half of his cow. As night drew on suddenly while he was still in the fields, he took shelter in a hollow tree. Now it so happened that this identical night had been appointed by Lucifer, the prince of the devils, to meet his emissaries on earth, and to hear from them an account of their proceedings; and they came flocking like so many birds to the very tree in which the countryman had concealed himself. Without perceiving that they were overlooked and overheard, they began each to give an account of himself, until it came at last to the turn of Rush, who told how he had been admitted as cook in the abbey, how he had set the monks by the ears, and had given them staves wherewith to break each other's heads—all of which they had done to his entire satisfaction—and how he hoped in the end to make them kill one another, and so to bring them all to hell. Next morning the countryman left his hiding-place, repaired straight to the abbot, and gave him a faithful account of all that he had seen and heard. The abbot called Rush before him, conjured him into the form of a horse, drove him from the place, and forbade him ever to return thither.

Rush, driven away in spite of himself by the ban of the abbot, hied over the sea to England, where he entered the body of the king's daughter, and caused her many a day of torment. The king, her father, sent to Paris for the most skilful "masters," who at last forced Rush to tell his name, and to confess that none had power to dispossess him except the abbot of "Kloster Esron," for such was the name of the abbey where he had dwelt. The abbot came, called Rush out of the maiden, forced him into his former shape of a horse, which he condemned him henceforth to retain, and made him carry over the sea to Denmark himself and the reward which the king of England had given him.

Such is the outline of the German legend of Friar Rush. Its learned editors, in their interesting preface, coincide entirely in our views of the character of its hero, and their notion of the process by which the present legend was formed is in the main the same as our own, namely, that the fundamental legend of Friar Rush was perhaps originally a Latin monkish legend, now unknown, which took its birth in Denmark, and which was soon spread orally among the people, thus taking a more popular form—that at a later period the original legend, the popular form which it had thus taken, and the well-known legend of St. Zeno, had all been combined together in forming a larger poem, still

confined to Denmark, and that either orally or in writing it was thence carried into Germany, (see Pref. p. xxvii.) The proposition, however, as thus put, gives rise to one or two questions, that may at least be stated, if not discussed. First, are we authorized to infer, from the circumstances of the locality of Friar Rush's abbey being placed by the German poem in Denmark, and of the existence of the legend itself in that country, that that legend was originally Danish? After a fair consideration of the question, it appears to us that the probability at least is for the opinion of Drs. Wolf and Endlicher. But we are inclined also to think that, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and perhaps later, it was very common, when people would tell a legend supposed to have happened in another land, to place its locality in Denmark; we have thus in Giraldus the story of a household spirit who served a bishop in Denmark (perhaps the oldest form of the story of Hudekin); we have several stories among our saints' legends whose scene is Denmark; and the oldest form in which we have yet met with the story of Shakspeare's Shylock is in an Anglo-Latin manuscript, where it is said to have occurred in Denmark. Had the name of Denmark been thus accidentally introduced, the story might have been adventitious to that country, and yet might at a later period have localised itself there.

Laying aside, however, the question of locality, there arises another of much greater importance to the history of the legend—did the character of Friar Rush exist among the people independently of the legend which is now inseparable from his name? or, in other words, was Friar Rush a general or a particular name in the popular mythology? The preface of our friends, Drs. Wolf and Endlicher, furnishes us with a passage which we think sets aside all doubt on this question, because it alludes to a tale that with little variation occurs constantly in the popular mythology;—we mean the "*mira historia*" which Pontoppidan relates on the faith of Resenius,—how a nobleman in Denmark one day threatened jokingly his children that Friar Rush should come and take them, and, how the friar was instantly present, and by force invisible held the nobleman's carriage fast to the spot. We are inclined to think that at an early period there came into the popular mythology of our western lands a personage in the character of a monk or friar. In Germany the monk was sometimes Rûbezahl, and the story which we quote for our authority affords us another instance how the writers on witchcraft and spirits in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, like the monks who preceded them, confounded elves with devils, which naturally arose from their belief in the existence of the former, and their own peculiar sentiments with

regard to the latter.* In the popular superstitions of England there certainly existed such a friar, who was not less mischievous than Brother Rush. Every body knows the "*friar's lantern*" in Milton which led people astray from their path. Harnet alludes to the practice of laying a bowl of cream to propitiate "*Robin Goodfellow, the Friar, and Sisse* (i. e. Cicely), the dairy-maid," in which three personages we suspect that we see three others, the *Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and maid Marian* of the old popular morrice-dance. Denmark, therefore, and Germany also, may have had their Friar Rush, and we suspect that such a personage under the same name was well known to our English peasantry, for, the first time we meet with him in England, which is early in the latter half of the sixteenth century, he is by no means introduced as a foreigner. We are inclined therefore to think that the sojourn of Rush in the abbey was originally a legend of Friar Rush, and not the legend of Friar Rush, but that this particular legend became so popular that it either absorbed or eclipsed all the others, so as by degrees to leave its hero identified only with itself. The groundwork was a simple story of the visit of the mischievous elf to a monastery, a legend common enough if we may judge by the German stories in Wierus.

A legend, like a ball of snow, is enlarged by rolling, and so soon as Friar Rush became the acknowledged hero of a history, that history increased rapidly in its passage from one hand to another. In the old version, which was published in England, we have many circumstances that are not found in the German, and these additions show us very distinctly in what light those from whom they came must have looked upon the personage of the friar. The English story of Friar Rush is in prose, is extremely amusing, and is easy of access in the curious collection of Mr. Thoms. During his stay in the abbey, after the battle of the staves, Rush continues here his tricks upon the abbot and monks, at one time covering the abbot's waggon with tar when he was told to grease it, at another drinking wine at the abbot's expense, and saying that he had given it to the horses, and lastly breaking down the stairs of the dormitory, so that when the monks at night would descend to their matins, they all fall down and break their bones. Such stories also have been told of Robin Goodfellow.

* "*Forant in montanis Bohemice non raro apparere monachum, quem nominant Rubezal, et persæpe in thermis conspicuum, iter per montanas sylvas factoris asæe adiungere, eosque bono animo esse jubere, se enim ignaros itineris recto tramite per sylvas deducturum, quos simul ac in nemore in avia deduxerit, ut quo se vertant prorsus nesciant, eum protinus in arborem subsilire, tantumque cæchinum tollere, ut vastum inde nemus resonet. Monachus iste vel Rubezal est Satanas ipse, qui assumpta monachi specie istas nugæ agit.*"—*Magica de Spectris*, Lugd.-Bat. 1656, p. 79. (Collected by Grösius.)

After having been driven from the monastery, Friar Rush enters into service, and becomes on the whole a very honest and harmless fellow, still retaining one characteristic of the old industrious elf, that of doing much work in a short space of time. He hires himself to a countryman, whose wife is a terrible scold, and will not permit her husband to keep a servant, in order that he may be obliged to go to the fields, and thus give her an opportunity of receiving the visits of her paramour, the priest. Rush becomes very jealous of the interests of his master. At supper, the first day,

“As they sate at meate, Rush demanded of his master what he should doe the next day? his master answered, thou must rise early and goe to the field, and make an end of that which I was about this day, (which was a great dayes worke); so when they had supt they went to bed. Early in the morning Rush arose and went to the field, and wrought so fastly, that he had done his work betimes; for when his master came to bring him his breakfast, all his worke was finished, whereat his master had great marvaile; then they sate downe to breakfast, which being ended they went home, and did such thinges as were there to bee done; when his dame sawe that he had so soone ended his busines, she thought that he was a profitable servant, and said little, but let him alone. In the evening Rush demanded of his master what hee should doe the next morrow? his master appointed him twice so much as hee did the day before, which Rush refused not, but got up early in the morning, and went to the field, and about his worke; so soone as his master was ready, he tooke his man's breakfast and came to the field, thinking to helpe Rush; (but he was no sooner come from his house but the priest came to see his wife, and presently she made ready some good meate for them to be merry withall, and while it was a dressing, they sate sporting together,—who had bene there should have seene many loving touches.) And when the goodman came to the field, he found that Rush had done all that which he appointed, whereof he had great marvaile; then they sate downe to breakfast, and as they sate together, Rush beheld his master's shoone, and perceived that for fault of greasing they were very hard: then said Rush to his master, why are not your shoes better greased, I marvaile that you can goe in them, they be so hard? have you no more at home? Yes, said his master, I have another payre lying under a great chest at home in my chamber. Then said Rush, I will goe home and grease them that you may put them on to-morrow; and so he walked homeward merrily and sung by the way. And when he approached neare the house he sang out very loude; with that his dame looked out at the window, and perceived that it was her servant, shee said unto the priest, alas, what shall we doe? our servant hee come home, and my husband will not be long after, and with that she thrust the meate into the oven, and all that was upon the table. Where shall I hyde me, said the priest? Goe into the chamber, and creepe under the great chest, among the olde shoone, and I shall cover you, and so he did. And when Rush was come into the house, his dame asked him why he came home so soone. Rush answered and said, I have done all my

busines, and master commanded me to come home and grease his shoone. Then he went into the chamber and looked under the chest, and there hee found the priest, and tooke him by the heeles and drew him out, and said, thou whoreson priest, what doost thou here? With that the priest held up his hands and cryed him mercy, and desired him to save his honesty, and hee would never more come there; and so Rush let him goe for that once."

We give the foregoing extract as a specimen of the style of the English Friar Rush. The priest broke his word, returned, and was again surprised by Rush, who found him hidden under the straw in the stable. A second time he was permitted to escape, though not till after he had received "three or foure good dry stripes," and had promised solemnly never to return. Yet the priest ventured to break his word again, and in a visit to the farmer's wife their merriment was a third time interrupted by the well-known song of Rush, who was returning from his labours.

"Then wringing her hands she said unto the priest, goe hyde you, or else you be but dead. Where shall I hyde me, said the priest? Goe up into the chamber and leape into the basket that hangeth out of the window, and I shall call you when he is gone againe. Then anon in came Rush, and she asked him why he came home so soone. Then said Rush, I have done all my busines in the field, and my master hath sent me home to wash your cheese-basket, for it is full of haire, and so he went into the chamber, and with his knife he cut the rope that the basket hung by, and downe fell priest and all into a great poole of water that was under the window: then went he into the stable for a horse and rode into the poole, and tooke the rope that hung at the basket, and tying it to the horses tayle, rode through the poole three or four tymes. Then he rode through the towne to cause the people to wonder at him, and so came home againe. And all this while he made as though he had knowne nothing, but looking behinde him, espyed the priest. Then he alighted downe, and said unto him: thou shalt never more escape me, thy life is lost. With that the priest held up his hands and said, heere is a hundred peeces of gold, take them and let me goe. So Rush tooke the golde and let the priest goe. And when his master came home, he gave him the halfe of his money, and bade him farewell, for he would goe see the world."

After leaving the farmer, Rush went into the service of a gentleman whose daughter was possessed, and persuaded him to send for the abbot of the monastery where he had resided, who cured the maiden, conjured Rush into his own likeness of a horse, made him carry him home as well as a quantity of lead which the gentleman had given him, and then confined him to "an olde castle that stood farre within the forrest," and the story ends with the pious exclamation, "from which devill and all other devills defend us, good Lord! Amen."

We have spoken of the collections of tales, which, at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, were formed in England under the title of the *Adventures and Pranks of Robin Goodfellow*, as closely resembling in their shape and character the legend of *Friar Rush*, and as thus affording a new proof of the identity of those two personages of the popular mythology. Few of these collections have been preserved, but we have good reason for believing that at one time they were extremely popular. There was in the *Stafford library*, and we believe that it still exists in the library of the *Lord Francis Egerton*, a unique prose tract, in black letter, of the date 1628, entitled "*Robin-Goodfellow his mad Pranks and merry Jests*," and we believe that there exists also a second part on the adventures of *Hobgoblin*. Neither of these have we seen, but, before leaving the subject, we will give an analysis of a small tract in ballad verse on the adventures of the former of these heroes, which is supposed to have been printed about the year 1600, and of which a very limited reprint was privately made two or three years ago. *Robin Goodfellow*, like the familiar elves of the twelfth century, is represented as the offspring of an incubus; whilst he was yet a child his tricks were the plague of the neighbours, whose complaints so grieved his mother, that at last he ran away to escape punishment, and after wandering some time hired himself to a taylor, in whose service he played a joke not unlike that of *Rush* on the abbot's waggon.

" He had a gowne which must be made
even with all haste and speed ;
The maid must have't against next day
to be her wedding weed.
The taylor he did labour hard
till twelve a clock at night ;
Betweene him and his servant then
they finished aright
The gowne, but putting on the sleeves :
quoth he unto his man,
I'll go to bed : whip on the sleeves
as fast as ere you can.
So Robin straightway takes the gowne,
and hangs it on a pin,
Then takes the sleeves and whips the gowne ;
till day he nere did lin.
His master rising in the morne,
and seeing what he did,
Begun to chide ; quoth Robin then,
I doe as I was bid.

His master then the gowne did take
and to his worke did fall :

By that time he had done the same,
the maid for it did call.

Quoth he to Robin, goe thy wayes
and fetch the remnants hither
That yesterday we left ; said he,
we'll breake our fasts together.

Then Robin hies him up the staires
and brings the remnants downe,
Which he did know his master sav'd
out of the woman's gowne.

The taylor he was vext at this,
he meant remnants of meat,
That this good woman, ere she went,
might there her breakfaste eat."

Robin afterwards runs away, and, falling asleep in a forest, is there visited by his father, who according to the fashion of the time is called Oberon, and who makes known to him his origin and his power of transforming himself to what shape he will, a power which he delays not to put in practice, and

"— turns himselfe into what shape
he thinks upon, or will.

Sometimes a neighing horse was he
sometimes a grunting hog,
Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
sometimes a snarling dog."

Straight he hies to a wedding, in the shape of a fiddler, and there he puts out the candles, frightens the guests, drinks the posset, and runs away "laughing, hoe! hoe! hoe!" But the last story of our tract is the most curious, with regard to the history of our legends. We have seen that in the English legend Friar Rush took delight in disconcerting and punishing the adulterous priest. In the same manner the German Hudekin hinders a fair dame from being faithless to her husband. Precisely a similar story is told here of Robin Goodfellow. An old man seeks to seduce his niece, who, it seems, was his ward, and he hinders her from marrying a young man whom she loves. In the midst of her distress, Robin makes his appearance.

"He sends them to be married straight,
and he, in her disguise,

Hies home with all the speed he may
to blind her unkle's eyes;

And there he plyes his worke amaine,
doing more in one houre,

Such was his skill and workmanship,
than she could doe in foure

The old man wonder'd far to see
the worke goes on so fast,
And therewithall more worke doth he
unto good Robin cast.
Then Robin said to his old man,
good unkle, if you please
To grant to me but one ten pound,
I'll yeeld your love-suit ease.
Ten pounds, quoth he, I will give thee,
sweet neece, with all my heart,
So thou wilt grant to me thy love,
to ease my troubled heart.
Then let me a writing have, quoth he,
from your owne hand with speed,
That I may marry my sweetheart
when I have done this deed."

Robin obtains the money and the writing, and immediately seizes the old man, carries him to the chamber where are the niece and her husband, and himself quickly eludes the old fellow's vengeance, and goes to play his pranks elsewhere.

" Thus Robin lived a merry life
as any could enjoy,
'Mong country farms he did resort,
and oft would folks annoy;
But if the maids doe call to him,
he still away will goe
In knavish sort, and to himselfe
he'd laugh out hoe! hoe! hoe!
He oft would beg and crave an almes,
but take nought that they'd give;
In several shapes he'd gull the world,
thus madly did he live.
Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
sometimes a souldier brave:
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare;
brave pastimes would he have.
Sometimes an owle he'd seem to be,
sometimes a skipping frog;
Sometime a kirne, in Irish shape,
to leape ore mire or bog:
Sometimes he'd counterfeit a voyce,
and travellers call astray;
Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
and lead them from their way.
Some call him Robin-Goodfellow,
hob-goblin, or mad crisp;
And some againe doe tearme him oft
by name of Will the Wispe:

But call him by what name you list,
I have studied on my pillow,
I think the best name he deserves
is Robin the Good Fellow."

We feel that we are already trespassing beyond the limits which we ought to assign to our paper, or it would be easy for us to trace the familiar and mischievous elf in England, in a hundred different shapes, up to the present day. But we have done enough for our purpose—we have shown the existence of this personage of the popular mythology from an extremely early period up to the time of the formation of the adventures of Friar Rush and Robin Goodfellow; we have also, we think, adduced sufficient reasons for supposing that the one, as well as the other, was a general and not a particular name; or, to use again an expression which we have already employed, that the foundations of these tale-books were legends, but not *the* legends of the personages whose names they bear. There is no stronger distinguishing characteristic of the different families of people than that afforded by their popular superstitions, and, were it but on this account, they are well worthy of our attention. Our language, our manners, our institutions, our political position, through ten centuries, have been undergoing a continual and important change; yet during this long period our popular mythology, deeply imprinted in the minds of the peasantry, has remained the same, and, where it has not been driven away by schoolmasters and steam-engines, it still exists unaltered. It has not only existed during this period, but it has from time to time stepped forth from its obscurity and exerted a powerful influence on the world around. First, it was received or retained unwittingly by the Christian missionaries and converts, and created in their hands a race of beings, designated by the name of demons, which never existed in the pure Christian creed. Afterwards its influence was felt by philosophy, and it had no little share in the strange vagaries of alchymy and magic. Next, it appeared in a more terrible form than all; singularly enough, as our forefathers became more enlightened, the popular superstitions seized more forcibly than ever upon their minds; and the destruction of many thousands of persons in the space of a few years for the imaginary crime of witchcraft will bear a permanent and substantial testimony to what superstition can do. The Puritans, who succeeded the Papists, were by no means less superstitious than their predecessors—their devils were but a repetition of those of the monks of earlier times. The popular notion of devils and their works, as it now exists, decidedly owes its origin to the old mixture of popular mythology with Christianity—to it we must attribute the ludicrous character which has so

often in popular stories been given to the demons, their stupidity, and their simplicity. To such devils as these do we owe devil's bridges, and devil's arrows, and devil's holes, and devil's dykes, and the like, which are continually met with in the wilder and more mountainous parts of our island. To these devils, too, we owe haunted houses and haunted castles—they delight in throwing about the chairs and the crockery-ware. Such, also, are the devils who still sometimes make their appearance among the Welsh peasantry, and of whom they tell a multiplicity of tales.

Of these tales we will give the following as a specimen—it is one that we have ourselves heard told in the Welsh marches,—it is the story of Morgan Jones and the Devil. Those who would have another may look into any Welsh guide for that of the Devil's Bridge in Carmarthenshire. Doubtless the Devil's Hole in the Peak had a similar legend connected with it, whose original may also have had some connection with the elf-story told by Gervase of Tilbury as having occurred at this spot. But let us return to our story. Some twenty years ago, when in retired parts of the country the communication between one place and another was much slower and less frequent than it is now, there was a great deal of horse-stealing carried on in the English counties on the borders of Wales. Those counties were and are very full of pretty little towns and villages, in one or another of which there were fairs for the sale of live stock almost every day of the year, and it was easy to steal a horse from one parish, and carry it away and sell it at some one of these fairs, almost before the rightful owner knew that he had lost it. Well, it so happened that about this time lived a lazy careless rollicking sort of fellow, by name Morgan Jones, who contrived to make a living somehow or other, but how it was nobody well knew, though most people suspected that it was not the most honest livelihood a person might gain. In fact, every body was sure that Morgan was deeply implicated in horse-stealing, and many a time had he been brought before the justice on suspicion, but do what they could nobody could find sufficient evidence to convict him. People wondered and talked about it for a long time, until at last they came to the only natural conclusion, namely, that Morgan Jones must have dealings with the evil one.

Now it once chanced that Morgan and some of his chosen cronies were making themselves jolly over sundry pots of ale and pipes of tobacco, at a round white deal table, in the clean parlour of a very neat little alehouse, as all village alehouses are in that part of the country. And they began to get very happy and comfortable together, and were telling one another their adventures, till at last one spoke plainly out, and told Morgan Jones that it was commonly reported he had to do with the Devil.

"Why, yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that same, sure enough; I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these two months."

"Ay!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that, Morgan?"

"Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all." And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot, and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story.

"Well then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honour for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I went one evening along the brook shooting wild-fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming up but the Devil himself? But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trowsers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye?' and says I, touching my hat, 'pretty well, your honour, I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what are ye looking a'ter, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.' Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the backy; so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank ye.' And says I, 'you're mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, 'I have you, now, old boy,' 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. 'Puff!' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it, and says he, 'D—d strong backy, Morgan!' Then he gave me the gun, and looked huffed, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shut of the old gentleman, my boys!"

Such is the ludicrous story of Morgan Jones, who had to do with a proper Welsh devil, without doubt.

In conclusion, we have only to add, that we wish heartily some one well qualified for the task would give us a good work on the popular mythology of England, and we wish still more that those who have it in their power would collect the popular legends and the traces of the popular creed as they still exist amongst our peasantry. In Germany, the reprint of the adventures of Friar Rush is but one book amongst a thousand which have appeared upon their popular superstitions—much has been done also in Sweden, in Denmark, and almost everywhere except in England, where we have scarcely anything on a subject which is so really interesting.

ART. X.—*Grundriss der Seelenheilkunde*: von Dr. K. W. Ideler, Privatdocent und Lehrer der psychiatrischen Klinik an der Friedrich Wilhelms-Universität, technischem Mitgliede des Königlichen Curatorii für die Krankenhaus-angelegenheiten, dirigirendem Arzte der Irrenabtheilung in der Charité, &c. &c. (Elementary Outline of the Treatment of Insanity, by Dr. K. W. Ideler, Private Teacher, and Teacher of Psychiatric Clinic at the Frederick William's University, Technical Member of the Royal Curatorium for Hospital Affairs, Directing Physician of the Department for the Insane at the Hospital Charité, &c. &c.) Berlin. 1835.

THE first volume of this work, which is all that has yet reached us, contains a system of Psychology. The treatment of Insanity is to furnish the subject-matter of the second. It seems but just, before speaking of the author's method of treating diseases of the mind, to give a preliminary account of his view of its healthy and diseased conditions. The former, it is plain, must rise out of, and find its only explanation in, the latter. The work before us is rather a description of moral and mental phenomena, than an inquiry into their essential nature and intimate relations; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, that he does not consider the nature of the elements of the human character to be his province, so much as their operation.

In contemplating the human character, the most prominent phenomena are seen to be those resulting from the operation of the *impulses of our moral nature*, which constitute its foundation. These impulses are not discovered by reflection, nor are they dependent on reason; they are prior to both. They form that which we denominate the character. They are manifested at first, as the consciousness of a feeling, which is, as it were, at a loss for expression. They require their possessor to seek for a sphere of activity calculated for their development and manifestation. A man never discovers from reflection the course which he is destined to follow, but from the impulse which he receives from his moral nature. These impulses are all necessary to the present condition of mankind; it is only their excess, or want of development, which constitutes evil. We call them, a love of honour, of gain, of life, of freedom, or, we denominate them according to the object towards which they impel us; religion, ambition, &c.

Of course all these impulses are in being long before our consciousness can give any account of them. Nor are we indeed ever conscious of more of them than we have vested in action.

The soul is only conscious of its activity; its contemplation never extends beyond the sum of powers which are, or have been, in operation. Thus, an impulse slumbering in the soul has no existence for the mental sense. When it wakes, it often fills even its possessor with astonishment. A false explanation of the mental phenomena, which these impulses give rise to when waking, or when partially roused, led to the doctrine of innate ideas. Between the depths of the soul, where all is more or less hidden and unknown, and its surface, where consciousness extends, there is often but imperfect and sometimes no communication.

Over the impulses Reason has only a very partial sway. She often attempts to change the character, but her influence is never profound. She has frequently succeeded in demonstrating, to her own satisfaction, the nothingness of religion. But our moral nature cannot be finally deceived on the subject which interests it most. Logical demonstration cannot affect, for a moment, the existence of that faith, which is founded in the character itself. Daily does reason prove to demonstration the vanity of riches. But, often, whilst declaiming against them, she is obliged to find means to satisfy the desire of acquisition. The impulses may be checked and modified, but never eradicated, whilst particular forms of thought are not grounded necessarily in our nature, and die successively away. The former are always in the van of reflection, which can often only judge of and correct them by their consequences.

The only true consciousness we possess of an impulse is furnished by the ideas it gives rise to. These, therefore, whether they be combined logically by reason, or fantastically by imagination, are the only legitimate key to the essential nature of the character. These primitive ideas are communicated by the impulses to the understanding, in order that the latter may seek for a sphere of action, in which the former may find their natural destination. For if it were not for these ideas, they would never arrive at manifestation. We should only feel that we were urged somewhere, without being able to denote the direction. The faculty of interpreting every shade of an impulse by corresponding ideas is a matter of education, and is capable of great perfection. Supposing this faculty not to be cultivated by an individual in whom religion is a powerful impulse; as he has no definite idea of what he wants, he is sure to fall, more or less, into superstition. The relative force of the impulses with which we are born, and which constitutes the individuality of our character, remains more or less valid for life. For reason is powerless when she attempts a radical change in our nature.

She constructs, but she cannot create, she controls, but she can never destroy. *Naturam furcâ expelles, tamen usque recurret.*

Every impulse is capable of unlimited development. In this law is expressed the grand characteristic of mental phenomena, distinguishing them radically from those of matter, by which, therefore, they can never be explained. If we analyze the impulse which is the source of our favourite ideas, we ultimately recognize a want of our nature, which keeps giving to the understanding problem after problem to solve, and which never lets it rest. Without this primary want, the understanding never arrives at profound conviction, but finds satisfaction in the loose and superficial combination of common-place truths. The more systematic thinker, without depth of moral nature, easily degenerates into a sophist, for he who is not impelled by the living love of truth, never feels the insufficiency of that which has hitherto been discovered, and, consequently, never strikes out boldly a new path of his own.

We have stated that every impulse is originally blind, giving rise, first, only to an indefinite desire, though subsequently, to corresponding ideas. We have to add, that it ought always to be enlightened by the understanding as to its object, and to the conditions necessary for its manifestation in action. Now, wherever an enthusiastic and impetuous nature hurries on to action, without waiting for a clear consciousness of its wants, we have particularly to insist upon the interference of reason. But this latter must not encroach too much on the independent rights of our moral nature. This is a delicate point. Men generally err in cultivating their understanding, to the neglect of their impulses, or, in following one of the latter blindly, without the aid of light from the former. The proper guidance of our impulses by reason is the grand problem of our lives. But let us still remember, that the latter ought to take a certain direction at the behest of the former, and not dictate one herself; that she should not be allowed to paralyze enthusiasm, nor to deliver the activity prisoner to a too sober prudence, because the nobler impulses only flourish in elastic independence.

He is doubly unfortunate, whose impulses are strong and whose understanding is confined. The latter is then compelled to call upon the imagination for aid in planning what the character demands, and hence those incongruities and inconsistencies arise with which every-day life abounds. For, seeing that the nature of such an individual impels him to an object, and his understanding cannot instruct him how to obtain it, he is sure to lay hold of fantastic means, and mistake his position altogether.

In opposition to reason, whose province it is to school the

wants and wishes by which our impulses show themselves, the imagination creates for them a world, in which to revel in ideal satisfaction, embellishes for them the future with glowing colours, and promises them a brilliant career. It is from the pictures with which it abounds, that the youth first learns in what direction he ought to proceed, for, before Reason arrives at an active age, imagination alone reveals to him the constitution of his moral nature. Reason comes up subsequently to discover the means of fulfilling the indications which imagination presents. But, without the enthusiasm with which the magic of the latter inspires him, he will never be capable of great achievements.

We cannot but pause a moment here, in order to rescue enthusiasm from the equivocal estimation in which it is too often held. True enthusiasm implies a harmony of all our impulses, each active in its sphere, and each lighted on its path by reason. Its highest expression is the creative activity of genius. But the mask of enthusiasm is often assumed by the egotist, in order to gratify more completely some single, selfish impulse. Thus, the political adventurer affects to dedicate all his powers in harmonious concert with the general weal, whilst he is, in fact, only seeking food for his self-love. The same obtains of the fanatic, the essence of whose religion is self-worship. But the extravagance of these impostors ought never to be laid at the door of enthusiasm. On the contrary, seeing that such extravagance denotes discord of the character, and subordination of the higher impulses to the lower, and that enthusiasm essentially requires the contrary relation, they ought rather to be esteemed radical and absolute opposites.

Having treated of impulses as the ultimate elements of our moral nature, we now come to the *feelings*, which express the state of those impulses. Each feeling may be referred to an individual impulse. The former denotes the condition of the latter, and is either encouraging or disheartening, according as the impulse be checked or furthered. When it pursues its career uninterrupted, it gives rise to a feeling of pleasure. When its operation is checked, a feeling of pain is produced, which excites a reaction against the obstacle. A given impulse, exceeding its natural bounds, necessarily checks the operation of another, and the pain which is thus produced is called *remorse*. The violence of remorse is in proportion to the force of the impulse which has been wounded. It is only when we allow the higher impulses to overpower the lower, that we escape the feeling of remorse. The painful state of mind induced by the latter is generally described as having its origin in the workings of *conscience*. It is an error, or a figure of speech, which attributes to the latter an

independent existence. Moreover, it is no universal absolute judge. Its power varies according to the force of the impulse which has been injured, and it cannot be said to exist, where the nobler impulses, having been deadened, feel no longer the pain from injury which we denominate remorse. The object of remorse is to depress the aggrieving impulse by re-acting on it, in order that reason may effect, with greater facility, the work of correction. But in this she scarcely ever succeeds, because, generally, men either render her entirely subservient to their all engrossing impulse, or, where she preserves independence enough to oppose it, they reject her interference altogether. Where she effects correction, it is by calling forth the energies of the aggrieved impulse, and assisting in claiming for its interests respect from the aggressor. But, too often, when the interests of our honour, for instance, have been injured by the predominant operation of a selfish impulse; the pleasure which we feel in the gratification of the latter is such as to preclude the perception of efficacious remorse.

Every impulse which enjoys a free course of activity is accompanied by a feeling of pleasure. The degree of pleasure indicates the intensity of the impulse. As it is a property of the latter to give rise to ideas, corresponding, in their nature to its direction, and in their number to its intensity, we come to the conclusion, that the higher the feeling of pleasure, the fuller the flow of ideas. But the mere feeling of pleasure can never be the object of life; at most, it can only show that that object is being fulfilled.

Here, we come to touch upon the distinction which is practically made between the man of feeling and the man of action. One man is said to act according to the dictates of his understanding,—another, under the control of his feelings. But the difference lies in the different force of the impulses in the respective individuals. When one or more of these latter are strong, and deeply rooted in the character, they force the individual to march straight forward to their object, and he cannot, consequently, loiter in his course, to luxuriate amongst the feelings with which their operation is attended. Such a man hastens to his journey's end, and, his mission being that of fulfilling an essential condition of his nature, he cannot afford time to lie down amongst the flowers of the pleasant way-side. This is the man of action. He lives in the aspiring, endless development and manifestation of his moral impulses, and not for the feelings which are of trifling and finite importance. But where impulses are not so deeply rooted in the nature, the necessity of striving to satisfy them, by action is not so profoundly felt. Life becomes a

journey without significance, and without a philosophical end. When the character is so weak as to shun reality, where alone is to be found the vest of action, in which the impulses of our soul ought to be clothed, the latter take refuge in an ideal world, where they find exclusive satisfaction in imaginary success. The pleasure which is experienced in this fictitious gratification, becomes the business of life. This state is sentimentality, and its votaries are called men of feeling. Men of action are rather inclined to hide their feelings, in order that they may not be suspected of acting merely to gratify them. It is not to be supposed that they do not feel even more intensely than other men. People of the coldest exterior often burst into the wildest passions, when an impulse is violated, to whose gratification they had devoted all their powers. No feeling ought to be a motive of action. We do not say that it may not produce actions which are denominated virtuous, but we affirm that they are no signs of virtue in the individual agent. Many think they atone for crimes by suffering from remorse. This is an error. Remorse, in itself, is no virtue; it is only of value where it leads to active reformation. It is much easier to indulge in it, than to subdue it and act according to the lesson it has taught. And this latter practice is the only one conformable to duty.

A grand error of our age is to develop the impulses with which we are endowed, not for the object which they ought to attain, but for the feelings which they may produce. We have seen this practice prevail, in the form of sentimentality, in individuals on whom it is in a manner forced by their weakly constituted character. But where it is adopted by all classes of society, it becomes a formidable vice, and may lead to terrific results. Such a practice constitutes the effeminate degeneracy of our moral nature, which characterizes the luxurious decay of civilization. In such a state, all impulses are developed, but none is actively manifested. As the individual feelings become guides, the universal standard of truth and virtue can never be practically acknowledged. Whilst ideal generosity is indulged in, the real impulse is often sacrificed to selfishness. The gross sensation of pleasure is all that Epicureans live for. Still they are generally the severest judges; they demand unnatural purity, just as their writings are full of flimsy characters, made to combine all imaginable perfections, and still to partake of sensuality enough to render them favourites with the vulgar public. Of these wretches, each sees the worthlessness of the others, but all are satisfied with themselves. Lies are the current coin of such society, truth is unpardonable pedantry. Originality of character becomes odd affectation, for the forms of society and the caprices

of fashion are to level every thing to one tame standard, in order that no impertinent superiority may render inanity jealous. But, though thus united against all elevated endeavour, each reserves to himself some sneaking plan to awaken envy, and obtain a paltry distinction. Every thing is fashion by turns, religion and atheism, politics and philosophy, illumination and mysticism. Women govern, because they best understand the art of dissimulation, because they best communicate elegance to manners, and because their favours are the highest prizes which pampered sensuality knows. At last, however, such insipid debauchery becomes too stale, and the want of strong excitement makes itself instinctively felt. Hence, the desire of violent emotion, whether it be wrung from the contemplation of actual horrors, from bloody dramas, or frightful romances, in short, from any thing which can rouse our impulses, so as to allow us to coquet with the feelings they produce. This is the prostitution of our moral nature to the basest purposes. When the literature of the day takes the stamp of such society, it paves the way to the madhouse. For, thus, clear judgment is beguiled by phantoms, all industry consumed in idle reveries, experience undermined by groundless doubts and capacious misgivings, so that the mind is left without ground to stand on, and sweeps, without support, in a void. What is the life of a madman but romance, which excludes from him entirely, as it does from many partially, a calm view of reality, preventing him from seeing what hurts and what suits his soul, leading him astray from practical prudence, keeping him a prisoner to his feelings, and striking him with mental blindness?

After considering impulses and feelings generally, we have next to inquire into the modifications of our moral nature which are due to sex. The first grand point in which the female differs from the male is, that her reason never embraces and comprehends the interests of her moral impulses. To speak familiarly, she obeys the latter, without reasoning upon them. This organization enables her to answer promptly the numerous and repeated appeals to her affections, which are made by her duty and situation. Thus, she may be said to cultivate the heart, and she acquires a tact and sagacity, where the affections are concerned, which logic never arrives at. Medical philosophers have universally promulgated the opinion, that the organization of woman has no other object than that of the propagation of the species. But the psychologist is compelled to indicate their due limits to material explanations of the significance of sex, in order that woman may not become a mere amplification of the uterine system, and thus lose all moral importance.

To give a definition of the sexual relations, we must keep in

mind all the bearings of our nature. All sensual motives which connect themselves with individual impulses serve the latter only as vehicles by which they may arrive at practical manifestation, but the grand original importance of our moral impulses, as the foundation of the social system, lies quite out of all connection with the laws of material existence, and cannot be explained by these. Therefore, behind the material form of sexual difference and its evident object lies a moral expression of the same, which only finds a practical application in the former, but is in no wise contained, or exhausted, in it. For, seeing that a union of all moral qualities, of which many are so mutually contradictory and incongruous, was impossible in one individual, nature divided them between the sexes, which thus form, according to the beautiful definition of Plato, the two halves of a whole, and which naturally tend to a union, where the one may complete the other. The cold systematic understanding of man would drive every thing to extremes, overreach itself in calculation, and, after developing only one side of our nature, would find itself in perpetual contradiction with all that belongs to the other, if the soft affections of woman did not teach him that reason, alone, is insufficient for the intimate recognition of truth. Indeed, to answer the numerous appeals to her sympathies, and to remain faithful to the law which devotes her more to others than to herself, she must necessarily want all the predicates of the male character. Hence, geniality in science and originality in art are denied her, in order that she may not be unduly inclined to action, and that impulse, not reflection, may be her guide and judge.

We now come to the consideration of the nature of the *passions*. We define passion to be the despotism of a single impulse. Whenever an impulse has grown out of its healthy limits, engrossed in its interests all the powers of the soul, deadened the other impulses, or enlisted them in its service, it becomes a passion. The number of passions, therefore, is indicated by the number of impulses. When one of the former has fully asserted its mastery, all internal opposition only serves its purposes by rousing it to such intensity that it easily imposes upon reflection a sophistical subserviency. A sense of past experience, and not the voice of reason, is the only sure check to passion. When the operation of the latter has once been followed by punishment, the individual will recollect the fact when he may be on the point of yielding to it again, and such recollection may restrain him, though he may have forced his reason to come to the conclusion, that he would be justified in obeying his sovereign impulse. Here we have the basis of the true theory of punishment; the more modern ones are pseudo-philanthropic.

We must be careful not to confound the essential nature of passion with those wild and unconnected fits of passion, which answer to the vulgar idea of it. Instead of being devoid of reason, consummate passion has all reason under its sway. Instead of being inconsistent and unconnected, it is characterized by resolution, stedfastness, and consistency. The fits of passion or rage come under the head of feelings, and indicate a temporary condition of our nature, when some mighty impulse has been painfully interrupted in its career. Then, when the passionate impulse is possessed by the feeling of rage, it is true that consistency vanishes, and that reason, which was formerly subservient, is now in utter abeyance.

We shall best illustrate the general nature of passion, in contemplating some of its varieties.

Religious passion is the most terrible, because the impulse out of which it grows is often but scantily represented by definite ideas, whose aid is required by the understanding to educate and guide it. Yet in the place of individual ideas we have here universal revelation. But this pure source of truth scarcely ever reaches the mind undefiled by ambition or bigotry. Consequently, reason but too often schools the impulse by the aid of some cruel dogma, or lets it run wild in obedience to the dicta of fanatics.

Religious passions have very little to do with the form of belief, inasmuch as they can be kindled by any : they are always to be traced to the original constitution of our moral nature. Even a truly pious mind finds real satisfaction in the weakest and falsest conceptions of the Deity. And, seeing that the religious impulse makes men entirely dependent on the divine law, or what is taught them as such, the priest obtains unlimited empire over them, by artificially fostering the fear they entertain of a God represented to them as an angry despot, and by refining on the remorse which they already feel for the slightest transgressions, till their lives become nothing but suffering.

All who believe themselves inspired of God are out of the bounds of ordinary morality. For as the voice within them, which they suppose to come from Heaven, is nothing but the ardent and involuntary expression of impulse, which it is beyond the reach of reason to tame or rectify, such individuals are consigned to the care of a blind guide, which may easily take the most prejudicial direction. But these are not the only fruits of mystic conventicles. They create an indisposition to act, they render the mind unfit for anything but idle contemplation, and not only induce extravagant susceptibility and puritanical morbidness, but, seeing that the spirit which pervades them is

monotonous and wearisome, their votaries sigh for religious exercises, in which the vanity and restless discrepancies of their nature may find satisfaction, and for which their perverted understanding is sure to discover a command in some passage of the Bible torn from its connection with the rest.

The religious passions, by intimate combination with others, often form real monstrosities of our moral nature. Such is religious pride, which, assuming a supernatural holiness, seeks only to make others idolize itself. Of this vice we find examples in the Bramins of the East, which would receive our admiration, if we were not conscious of their ignoble source. But our everyday saints are prevented by the police, or by the fear of the mad-house, from running into the extremes with which former history abounds. All they can do is, to place themselves high in the favour of the Deity, look down with incredible disdain upon those whom they designate of this world, spit their fanatic venom at every innocent pleasure, anathematize every religious opinion which does not square with their own, and prophesy the destruction of the world, which is to perish in a hell of sulphur, like Sodom and Gomorrha. The pride or self-delusion, which is not embarrassed by the most flagrant inconsistencies, sufficiently explains their exempting themselves from all works of Christian love towards a degenerate race, and their indulging even sensual propensities under the mask of a severer morality.

The fanatic is the despot of the soul. His object is no other than that of destroying the moral and mental constitution with which God has endowed us, and transforming the creative and reproductive soul into a spiritless automaton, obedient to every impulse from without. In short, the end and aim of his exertion is mental suicide.

An ostensibly passionate love of freedom is often a disguise for an ignoble principle. The young are especially prone to denominate all self-sacrifice slavery. What they understand by liberty is, the license which permits an impulse to grow into a passion. After introducing discord into their own nature, they think themselves capable of founding universal freedom, though it cannot exist without perfect harmony. Most of the apostles of freedom are themselves in slavish subjection to a single, selfish impulse.

Much of the passionate philanthropy of our time is of a more or less selfish nature.

"The most disinterested, the purest, and the noblest of mankind, from an enthusiastic idea of virtue, and a plan for realizing happiness, is very often as much disposed to proceed arbitrarily with individuals as even the most selfish despot, because they both comprise within them-

selves the object of their exertions, and because the former, who models his actions to suit an idea of his own, is nearly as much opposed to the freedom of others as the latter, whose ultimate object is himself.*

Virtue acts nobly in obedience to the law which we suppose to represent universal truth, youthful enthusiasm to realize its own ideal, and love on account of its object.

As the health of the corporeal system consists in the harmony of the vital powers, so does that of the moral system in the harmony of the impulses. The practical denomination of moral health is morality. Passions, therefore, are diseases of our moral nature. To view them as often necessary, and, in many cases, salutary, was reserved for modern liberalism, whose indignation is roused as soon as a check is proposed to ignoble propensities or headlong passions, and which only sees perfection in the unrestrained development of every impulse, careless of the education of any.

Let us finally protest, once more, against the confounding of passion and enthusiasm. The former implies complete discord; the essence of the latter is perfect harmony.†

We pass now to the treatment and cure of the passions. The elder German psychologists contend, that passions, once developed, become essential elements of the character. They assert that a man under their dominion cannot be cured, because he will not. According to them, therefore, the executioner alone can hope to combat them with effect; and madness, springing out of them, can be chained and awed, but never subdued. But this doctrine, which very generally prevails, is calculated to drive the physician to despair. Let us inquire if we have really no means of effectually curing the madness of passion. Reason is impotent, because, as we have already said, the prevailing passion keeps her in slavish dependence. We have even seen that the opposition which she may make is actually calculated to carry passion beyond its ordinary limits. But though reason, which in these cases is the refuge of the vulgar, is of no avail, still our plan of operation is perfectly plain. Inasmuch as every passionate condition of our nature is caused by a false relation of our impulses to each other, in which one or more have engrossed all the powers of the soul, so as utterly to oppress the rest, the process of cure presents us a two-fold problem, which is, firstly, to reduce the predominant impulses to their healthy measure, and,

* Schiller.

† This position, for the expression of which our philosophic terminology is insufficient, would stand thus in German, *Die Leidenschaft giebt dem Gemüthe eine möglichst einseitige, der Enthusiasmus eine möglichst vielseitige, Richtung.*

secondly, to awake and excite the others to such an extent, that a general equilibrium may be again established.

The old method of cure fails in leaning exclusively on restriction and repression. It is true that these are primarily indicated; it is also true, that they are sometimes all that is required; where, for instance, the oppressed impulses are elastic enough to assert their rights as soon as the pressure of opposition is removed. But, in the majority of cases, the impulses in question have been injured by the passion which has risen and grown at their expense,—consequently, they require excitement and re-invigoration. Often, when the favourite passion is apparently suppressed, it continues to work on in secret. This is always to be feared when former inclinations are backward in showing their force. The individual tries to conceal his passion, in order to watch his opportunity for indulging it. Often, indeed, he is not aware of it, for, as we have before remarked, our consciousness does not extend far into the depths of our nature.

The means of cure, therefore, must be found in the soul itself. The law of nature, by virtue of which all operations tend, when undisturbed, to harmony and health, will assist our efforts. In short, to give this law play, by combating the discordant oppressor, and rousing the discouraged oppressed, are the grand indications, and not any foreign law of concord, which the physician without is to bring, by a series of manœuvres, into the suffering soul.

We have now arrived at the second division of our subject, which treats of the relation of the soul to the body. Before entering into its strict consideration, we will succinctly discuss the supposed absolute dependence of the former on the latter. We allude to the doctrine of materialism, which teaches that the moral constitution is only an expression of the physical. Our opinion is, that whoever glances for an instant at the impulses of our nature, and at their relation to each other and to the understanding, must come to the conclusion that their end and aim lie quite out of the range of organic mechanism, and that their operations constitute them a world of independent phenomena, although the effecting of the latter may be aided or impeded by the structure of the body. Further, every mind differs, and the difference is not partial or accidental, but consists in a quite original constitution of the whole. Who dares to say that these innumerable fundamental differences between mind and mind are wrought by trifling modifications of the nervous system? We know *nothing* of these modifications; in health, we cannot discover the slightest variation in its structure or composition, and by this *nothing* are we to explain the wonderful diversity of human character? Ma-

terialists assert that there can be no activity without an organ, as if all plastic activity must not be antecedent to the structure which it calls into existence. To be consistent, they must show us how thought is produced by the chemical proportions of the cerebral substance, how it may be possible that a little more sulphur in the albumen of the nervous fibre may produce a Newton, or a larger proportion of hydrogen a Socrates. They are bound to admit, too, that, by changing these chemical proportions, either by diet or medicine, it is possible to transform an ass into a genius, and an assassin into a hero of virtue. Or let them show that the difference between the mental capacity of Napoleon and of an imbecile may possibly correspond with the difference in the specific gravity of their cerebral substance. As they make the mind depend entirely on the body, and as the latter fares worse in civilized countries, in order to be consistent, they are bound to consider, like Rousseau, civilization an evil. Some half admit this, in asserting that it carries within itself the germ of decay. They deny the mind an independent existence, on account of its intimate connexion with the body; would they then deny plants an independent existence, because they cannot live out of the soil, and because they receive from it innumerable modifications?

We now pass to the relation of the soul to the body, or rather to the modifications which it is capable of effecting in the latter. Of course it operates upon it by affecting the vital powers. Since the time of Haller, the general idea of the vital powers has not advanced further than the principles of irritability and sensibility. But it is plain that these cannot be primitive vital powers, because, as they never make their appearance till after the animal fibre has been formed, they can have nothing to do with the process of formation. Our object here is not to determine what these vital powers essentially are, but to prove that irritability is not one of them. Their intimate nature is but imperfectly known. The best image we have of them is furnished by the operation of the *imponderabilia*; more especially by that of the electro-magnetic principle—only that the formative principle of the human organism recomposes as well as decomposes, whilst the power of electro-magnetism is confined to decomposition. We denominate the decomposition and recomposition of the animal fibre the vegetative process. On this process the operation of all faculty and all function is based. In producing the animal fibre it produces also, as we have before stated, irritability. Now, the consumption of this irritability affects the integrity of the vegetative process, that is to say, should it be too promptly or too slowly consumed, the process of decomposition and recomposition is so

affected, that abnormal structure may be the consequence. Finally, irritability is consumed in every act of moral and physical life.

Our province now is to describe how mental and moral phenomena can so consume the stock of irritability that, in the first place, an adequate quantity may not be left for the effecting of physical phenomena, and that, in the second, the vegetative process may be so disturbed as to cause an abnormal structure of the animal fibre.

The mental phenomena are not carried on merely by the aid of the cerebral substance, as substratum to the immaterial power. Were this the case, there is no reason why, during the process of thought, all the functions of the body should not be carried on with their usual activity. The truth is, that the irritability which is essential to the function of digestion, may be conducted by the nerves from the stomach to the brain, and there be employed as the vehicle of thought.

Muscular activity stands in the same antagonistic relation to deep thought. Kant observed, that the fatigue of the latter was very much greater during walking. At the end of a long day's journey on foot, one is not only incapable of reflecting on, but even of properly perceiving, the beauties of a new region.

To some, these explanations may savour of materialism, but we have never denied that mental phenomena do not demand a material substratum, though they are effected by an immaterial power. Moreover, should the former, which we agree to call nervous fluid, principle, or irritability, be in an abnormal condition, it is plain that it cannot correspond with the motion of the latter; in other words, the active manifestation of mental power is dependent, to a certain extent, on the condition of the nervous medium.

When the powers of the soul, instead of being vested in thought, are absorbed by a powerful impulse, the nervous irritability is roused, but, instead of being concentrated in the brain, it flows to the external senses, and generally to the peripheral terminations of the nerves. It is necessary to hold fast the contrast which the general state now presents with that which it exhibited during abstract thought. There is an elastic feeling in every limb, inviting, as it were, to the manifestation of the impulse and the venting of the irritability in action. Hence the tendency to words and voluntary motion. Hence loud laughter and gesticulating grief. Hence, also, the torment which the raving madman suffers when, in order to tame his precipitate will, we forcibly prevent its manifestations.

The effects of this increased general irritability are shortly visible in the different systems of the body. Indeed, it is the rapidity

with which the circulation is affected by the impulses which has led some theorists to place their seat in the heart, and to deny that they act on it indirectly through the general nervous irritability.

When the impulses of our moral nature are in a depressed instead of an excited condition, the effects produced are the reverse of those last described. In the first place, we observe a diminished capacity of thought, and a sluggish state of the irritability. The power of perception in the external senses is limited. Thought itself is confused; the figures of the imagination flow into each other. The memory takes in the smallest space of the past, is fragmentary, and presents capricious associations of ideas.

This diminution of nervous activity finds a material expression in a feeling of desolation and oppression, sometimes in a state of apathy bordering on want of consciousness. At its greatest extent, it produces paralysis. It is especially felt at the centre of the ganglionic system (at the solar plexus) as a weight, and as a feeling of anxiety at the scrobiculum cordis, which communicates itself thence to all parts of the body. It is plain, that a continuation of this state may vitiate all the secretions, and produce chronic diseases of all the chylo-poietic viscera. The circulatory and respiratory systems show, both of them, symptoms of the general oppression. The weak degree of innervation of the heart is shown by the palpitation which congestion produces, and the slowness of the breathing has to be compensated by sighs. The effect of this depression of the nervous principle on the vegetative process is still involved in mystery, but it is apparently connected with the production of carcinomatous and encephaloid matter.

When an impulse is aggrieved, its natural reaction against the aggressor constitutes anger. Let us examine the effect which this state of our moral nature is capable of producing on the body. We have considered moral affections, which elevate or depress the irritability. It is the characteristic of anger to act upon it in the secreting organs, in such a manner as to cause a vitiation of the secreted fluids. It is not, therefore, a mere stimulant. It can deprave the saliva, milk, and gall. Children have died in convulsions of the milk which they have sucked from the breasts of angry women. A case is on record of one which expired suddenly, as if struck by lightning. But such catastrophes only arise when anger is manifested in the shape of fury.

Vexation, by which we here mean anger debarred from active manifestation, is often more prejudicial than the latter passion. Anger can exhaust itself even on lifeless objects, but vexation, being necessarily confined, often protracted, acts upon the vege-

tative process, and has a great share in producing numbers of chronic maladies.

Here, we cannot but pause a moment to express our conviction, that the storms agitating the atmosphere of the soul, which floats throughout the corporeal edifice, have the greatest share in the origin of those diseases respecting the primary nature of which modern pathology is quite in the dark. It is exclusively occupied in dividing the body into different systems, on which it calculates the prejudicial effect of bad nourishment, imperfect clothing, unhealthy temperature, &c. But the question has never been answered, why these circumstances affect only certain individuals. To say that it depends on the irritability of the individual is an answer certainly, but not even a step towards an explanation. Whence this diversity of irritability? It is mere assumption to state, that of itself it differs so much in different persons and at different times in the same individual as to account for the weak, powerful, or negative effect of a morbid agent. The true physician supersedes the necessity of such an unjustified assumption, by connecting these different states of the irritability, as effects, with the states of our moral nature as causes. The most palpable proof of such relation is the law, by virtue of which contagion is impotent, when it is met with courage, and omnipotent when it encounters fear.

We have already described passion to be a state of discord of our moral nature, in which one impulse dominates and extends itself, to the prejudice and at the expense of others. In its first stages, an internal struggle is its necessary attendant. This struggle in the moral nature must be expressed also in the physical, and the state of the latter which it produces is strictly analogous to that brought about by secret vexation. It exhausts the irritability and saps the foundation of life. All kinds of functional anomalies are the consequence.

But the operation of deep-rooted passions is especially betrayed by morbid modifications of the vegetative process. The structure of the whole body often displays a general degeneration. Hence the various forms of cachexia, and hence the innumerable varieties of complexion, which indicate that the body has long been suffering a morbid change from an habitual moral disease.

ART. XI.—*Chronik des Landes Dithmarschen*. Von J. Hanssen und H. Wolf. Hamburg. 1833. (Chronicle of the Country of Dithmarsch.)

We might affirm, without fear of contradiction, that nineteen out of twenty English readers never heard of the obscure district of the Danish province of Holstein, called Dithmarsch. This district can nevertheless boast of achievements in its struggles for liberty which rival those of the states of ancient Greece, or the heroic deeds of the Swiss in the early period of their confederation. These are delineated by the authors of the masterly work before us with an energy and a warmth that render the picture doubly attractive. The chroniclers, after giving a particular description of this marshy tract, of the dykes constructed to defend it against the sea, of the antiquities, manners, and customs, proceed to a history of the country. From the latter we learn that the Dithmarschers were combating for freedom much about the same time with the Swiss; that they achieved victories equally glorious; and that, when it was no longer possible for them to maintain their independence in a country perfectly flat and wholly destitute of natural defences, their rulers allowed them to retain extensive privileges and liberties, in order to avoid exasperating them afresh.

That natural sympathy which is felt by the English reader with every nation which has the spirit to assert its independence, cannot fail to be powerfully excited in behalf of the heroic inhabitants of the petty district of Dithmarsch. It was by the victories of Bornhöwed, Oldenwörden, and Hemmingstedt, that they more particularly signalized themselves—all victories of independence, and at the same time victories won by German over Danish blood; for it was invariably the Danes, who, prompted or assisted by the counts of Holstein, sought to subjugate this little German tribe. From among these heroic deeds we select the narrative of the battle of Oldenwörden, when, in 1319, consequently only four years after the famous battle of the Swiss at Morgarten, Count Gerhard of Holstein unexpectedly invaded the country of Dithmarsch with a large army.

“The enemy penetrated without resistance through the strong barrier between the present churches of Nordhastedt and Heide to Hemmingstedt, and slaughter and plunder marked his way. The Dithmarschers capable of bearing arms assembled in haste, and marched to oppose him. But, being twice beaten in one day, their little force was dispersed, and Gerhard pursued the fugitives into the marsh as far as Oldenwörden. Here, being closely pressed, they threw themselves into the church, which they barricaded as well as time permitted; and there they sought to maintain themselves in hope of relief. Count Gerhard, enraged at this defence made by such a handful of men, ordered the church to be fired, that he might force them to quit that retreat. Despairing of escape, they implored mercy of the conqueror, and promised to acknowledge him as their ruler. Had Gerhard listened to the voice of humanity, he might have made himself master of the country at a cheap rate. ‘But,’ says Rhymen Kock, ‘the Holsteiners were much too proud, and would not grant mercy to the poor Dithmarschers.’ The count, on the contrary, ordered more

fuel to be brought to increase the fury of the fire. This was done. The flames ascended; and the lead with which the church was covered began to melt and to pour down into the building. In this emergency the besieged, deeming it now impossible to escape death, resolved that, as they must perish, each would do his best to take a Holsteiner to the grave along with him. Inflamed with revenge and the rage of despair, they hastily threw open the door of the burning edifice, and rushed upon the surrounding Holsteiners. Certain of victory, and not dreaming of any change of circumstances, the enemy's force had already dispersed, searching the houses and plundering the coffers of the Dithmarschers. The few who had remained near the blazing church were easily overpowered; and a detachment of the foe, returning fatigued from foraging and laden with booty, perished in like manner. Appalled by the superiority of the enemy, the country had already given up all resistance; but, now that the scale turned in favour of the vanquished, all who had fled and concealed themselves came forth, and scoured the roads to cut off the retreat of the horse, or attacked such as they fell in with singly. In this manner twelve German princes and lords, and upwards of 2,000 of their people, perished. Count Gerhard and Henry of Mecklenburg, who, according to military usage, were at a considerable distance with the colours, escaped only by precipitate flight. Great was the booty that fell into the hands of the conquerors. The consumed church was rebuilt on a larger and grander scale, as a monument of the victory, and a convent was founded at Marne and amply endowed. The Dithmarschers had, however, to lament the loss of many brave men: the unsuccessful actions which they had fought with the invading enemy had cost much blood, and 1700 had fallen for liberty."

The narrative of the battle of Hemmingstedt, in 1500, is more circumstantial; and, in the like proportion, more interesting.

"King John, returning in 1499 from his coronation in Sweden, repaired to Holstein, to his brother, Duke Frederick, and concerted with him the means of reducing the neighbouring republic, as a favourable opportunity for such an enterprise seemed to both of them to have arrived. The first thing that the princes had to do was to raise a numerous army; for it was not yet customary to keep standing armies, but, whenever a quarrel broke out, the prince, as feudal lord, summoned his nobles with their retainers, and also such of the commonalty as were capable of bearing arms, to attend him. If the force thus collected appeared insufficient to overpower the enemy, the prince took into his service hired troops, which on the conclusion of peace were immediately dismissed, and then continued to rove about under the command of military adventurers, till some other belligerent state secured their services by pay or the hope of plunder. The more the martial spirit of nations diminished, the more these mercenaries were employed. In Germany, about this time, the *Lansquenets*, (*Landsknechte* or *Lanssenknechte*), armed with lance and sword, were particularly distinguished for their valour and discipline. A mercenary force of this kind, which acquired high renown in the military history of the 15th century, was the Great Guard, from 4000 to 6000 strong. They fought on foot, under officers of their own election, and were composed, as an old chronicler tells us, 'of all the nations that be under the heavens.' This remarkable body recruited itself from time to time, and thus subsisted almost a century—a proof that it was an institution adapted to the times. It had gained a terrible renown by its valour, and still more by its cruelty. The purpose for which this guard was engaged by the princes was kept so secret, that many of the members of the body itself knew not against whom they were going to fight. This was a politic proceeding on their part; for, in

consequence, the ancient allies of the Dithmarschers, Lüneburg and Hamburg, who might easily have destroyed those troops by opening the sluices, suffered them to pass unmolested through their territories to Holstein. The leader of the Guard, named Jürgen Slenz, a German gentleman of Cologne, called by the Dithmarschers Junker (Yunker, equivalent to our squire) Slenz, was remarkable for military skill and hardihood, but above all for his gigantic stature. Crossing the Elbe at Winsen, this force landed at Eisslingen. It was joined by the Schleswig-Holstein knights and nobles, with their dependents, 2000 in number, 6000 private soldiers, Danes, Frieslanders, and Schleswig-Holsteiners, together with some thousands of Germans, under Adolph and Otto, sons of Gerhard of Oldenburg. The emperor, indeed, had but recently forbidden all participation in any enterprise undertaken for the conquest of Dithmarsch; yet the hopes of a rich booty induced many even of the nobles of Germany to join the princes. These troops were further reinforced by 8000 volunteers, who had never been in battle, and several thousand grooms, so that the whole formed an army estimated by most writers at 30,000 men—such an army as was rarely seen in those days, and destined to invade a country which had only 7000 men capable of bearing arms to oppose to it. Hence the little republic was regarded as already conquered, and the proud foe even imagined that he should subdue it without striking a blow. Nay, so confident of victory were the invaders, that they went to the combat as to a festival or a dance. Many of the nobles, without armour, were adorned with gold chains, and were even accompanied by their younger sons. In order to purchase booty, for that was their grand object, many carried with them considerable sums of money, and also their signet rings, for the purpose of entering into bonds and contracts. The army was followed by empty waggon, destined to carry away the spoil that should be taken. Nay, to such a pitch did the great carry their infatuation, that, anticipating the ecclesiastical titles which awaited their return to Denmark as conquerors, they began to call one another, 'Reverend Abbot of Soroe,' 'Dean of Lund,' &c.; hence it was afterwards jocosely observed, that never had so many churchmen been slain as in the battle of Hemmingstedt."

The Dithmarschers were single-handed; they had no auxiliaries, for Hamburg and Lübeck were afraid to assist them. But they were resolved to defend themselves: their women encouraged them to resist to the utmost, and even joined their ranks. They awaited the attack of the enemy at the Nordhamme, and had barricaded that inlet. The invaders pursued a different route, and, faithlessly breaking the truce, entered unexpectedly at Windbergen, where a wedding was just then celebrating, as in a time of profound peace. From that place the king penetrated into the heart of the country, and took the principal town, Meldorf, on the steeple of whose church he hoisted the Danish national flag, the Danebrog. Such of the Dithmarschers as were unable to escape were put to the sword, and women and children were not spared.

"The capture of Meldorf, and the account of the slaughter there, struck no little terror into the Dithmarschers collected at Wörden. Many were disposed to purchase life at the expense of liberty; nay, there were not wanting even traitors base enough to inform the enemy of the sentiments and plans of their countrymen. Others advised that they should abandon the *terra firma* and retire to Büsum, whence they might easily regain the rest of their territory when the hostile army should have dispersed. Most of them, nevertheless, declared, with undaunted spirit, that valour alone could preserve the independence of the country; that in Meldorf and the Hohen Geest nothing

was yet lost but what they had themselves abandoned to the enemy. 'The principal point,' said they, 'is the marsh: this belongs to us, and may be defended by arms and by opening the sluices. The defeat of the defenceless people of Meldorf ought not to appal us but to inflame our revenge. A foe who violates the law of nations by a breach of the truce, cannot expect the aid of the Lord. Let us remember the achievements of our forefathers. If God should grant us the victory, it will be the more glorious on account of the great superiority of the enemy; and if it be his will that we should cease to be a free people, it were better to die like our fathers than to bequeath servitude to our children.' By such arguments they animated each other to the most strenuous resistance, and determined either to conquer or perish.

"A lucky accident enabled the Dithmarschers to make preparations for receiving the hostile army. Some spies sent out from Meldorf on the 15th of February were taken by them; and from one of these, a Frieslander, whose life was spared on condition of his confessing the truth, they learned that it was the intention of the princes to turn the Norderhamme, and to take first Heide and then Lunden, in one day. They immediately resolved to cut off the communication between Meldorf and Hemmingstedt by means of a redoubt. This plan was proposed by Wolf Isebrand, a shrewd and brave man, who, by counselling this measure, and by his activity in carrying it into effect, became the saviour of his country. In the following night, while the enemy at Meldorf were indulging in dreams of plunder, the Dithmarschers, favoured by a thaw which had set in, threw up with all possible despatch a redoubt, making it as large, as high, and as strong as they could. The precise site of this redoubt cannot now be ascertained, the ground having since been levelled for the purposes of agriculture. Wolf Isebrand, under whose direction the work was begun and finished in the night, posted himself with 300 men in the redoubt. This handful of brave fellows, whose courage bordered on temerity, since they alone proposed to keep the enemy in check till their compatriots should gain time to collect from the rest of the country, belonged to the three parishes of Oldenwürden, Hemmingstedt, and Neuenkirchen. They planted some field-pieces on the rampart, and, to omit nothing that could contribute to render them victorious, they took a bold and virtuous young woman into the fort with them, to act as ensign; because the people of Wursten in Friesland had, in the preceding autumn, defeated the Guard by means of a young female. The damsel who ventured to be the leader of this daring band was from Hohenwürden. Neecorus knew not her name; Carstens calls her Telas, daughter of Olde Kumpens Hans. As she vowed everlasting celibacy in case of victory, so the brave band promised to found with the spoil a nunnery, in honour of the Virgin Mary, whose name they adopted for their battle-cry.

"When the eventful Monday dawned, Nature appeared to be in league with the Dithmarschers. A keen north-west wind blew, accompanied with rain, hail, and sleet. The proposal of the commander-in-chief to wait another day was nevertheless rejected, and the army put itself in motion amidst martial music and the discharge of cannon. Foremost, at the head of his Guard, rode Junker Slenz, clad in armour glistening with gold, over which he wore a shirt of mail. Then came the infantry, followed by the cavalry, and the latter accompanied by the princes. The artillery was partly in the front, partly in the rear, which was closed by a countless train of carriages and sledges, some laden with baggage and munitions of war, others empty to carry off the expected booty. Athirst for blood and plunder, and shouting '*Wahr di Buer, de Garde de kumt*'—(Beware boors, the Guard is coming), the enemy rushed into the marsh. Their courage, however, soon cooled; for the army, battling with the inclement weather, could proceed but very slowly

upon the narrow and deep roads. It so happened that the ditches for a considerable part of the way had been cleared out only the preceding autumn; and neither men nor horses could without extreme difficulty get through the mud which had been thrown up from them, and which, softened by the thaw and well trodden the night before by the Dithmarschers in their operations at the redoubt, rendered the road almost impassable. Nearly exhausted with their short march, the soldiers heartily wished that they might soon be at Geest. Suddenly, the foremost of them perceived the redoubt, raised as if by magic; and a brisk fire of cannon and musketry, which opened upon them, did fearful execution. Every shot upon the densely crowded mass, which could not move on either side, was sure to tell; and the Dithmarschers plied their guns with equal skill and rapidity. In vain the enemy brought up theirs, and directed them against the fort; for the rain made them nearly unserviceable. In this emergency, the advanced guard laid their long spears across the ditches, threw upon them planks and hurdles, brought for the purpose, to be used in case of need; and thus part of the Guard were enabled to deploy on either side. But their hopes of forming here in regular order of battle, and thus advancing with greater confidence to the attack of the redoubt, were disappointed: for the number of ditches prevented any kind of order. Encouraged by their confusion, some of the Dithmarschers made a sortie, and endeavoured to dismount the enemy's artillery. Several fell, partly by the fire of their own people, and the others retreated to the redoubt; but, at length, reinforced by the men of Wakenhusen, who had hastened to their succour, they accomplished their purpose, and the enemy's guns were dismounted or thrown into the ditches. This increased the confusion in the army, and every one was aware that nothing but a rapid flank movement could enable them to turn the Dithmarschers and rescue themselves from their perilous position; for they could not advance, and flight seemed impossible. The multitude of the invaders effected their own destruction. The Guard now endeavoured to turn the redoubt. No sooner did Wolf Isebrand perceive their intention than he rushed out of the redoubt at the head of his 300 heroes, upon the 30,000 adversaries, with a hardihood akin to madness. Twice did the enemy, stiff with cold, and sticking fast in the mud, repel their attack; but the third time they broke in among them, reversing the battle-cry of their foes, and shouting, 'Beware Guard, the boors are coming.' Bare-foot, and without defensive armour, they leaped to and fro, by means of their long poles, across the ditches, and threw great numbers of their opponents, exhausted by the inclemency of the weather, without difficulty into the water. Junker Slens, as brave in combat as he was arrogant before, made every possible effort to save the honour of the Guard, and to encourage his men to resist the assailants. He shunned no danger, and where the battle raged the fiercest, there he was to be found. The 'great Rhymer of Wiermerstedt,' so we are told, went up to him, and thrust his spear with such force into the mail-shirt of the general, that the head, bent with the shock, was left sticking in his armour. Two others, coming to his assistance, struck the brave warrior from his horse with the spear, despatched him with a halbert, and tumbled him into a ditch. With the death of their leader the courage of the Guard completely forsook them; every one was now intent only on saving his own life. But by this time the danger was fearfully increased. For, the moment the first shot was fired from the redoubt, the men left to guard the dykes in the parish of Norderneudorf opened the sluices. The water, driven inland by the north-west wind, speedily rose, and soon not a trace of a road was visible to any one not acquainted with the country.

"The invincible Guard fled with the utmost precipitation, and fain would the rest of the army have followed them; but it was so hemmed in that any

rapid-movement was impracticable. Fields and ditches were not to be distinguished; the cavalry could not stir from the spot; and the innumerable waggons, mostly abandoned by the drivers, were immovably fixed in the slough. Despair now seized the luckless invaders. At the rear flight was impossible; on their flanks were the ditches, and the yet rising inundation; and in front the enemy, whose numbers were continually receiving fresh accessions of persons of both sexes. Thus all was lost; nay, there was not even any chance of escape by flight. Under these circumstances, the remaining infantry, whom the incensed Dithmarschers attacked on the dispersion of the Guard, struck with terror, lost all their energy and were incapable of resistance. The rout soon became general. Great part of those who escaped the sword found their grave in the ditches, or were crushed or trampled to death in the bootless attempt at flight. In vain did the horse, in the rear of the infantry, strive to assist them; for the least movement on either side consigned man and beast to destruction in the ditches, hidden from sight by the general inundation. Thus the brave cavalry were forced to look on inactive at the slaughter and drowning of the whole of the infantry, till it came to their turn, and the carnage began in their own midst. The Dithmarschers at first aimed chiefly at wounding the horses, and in all quarters were heard shouts of '*Schone den Man, schlas de Perde*'—'Spare the man, slay the horses.' The animals, wounded with pikes or musket-balls, ungovernable by spur or bridle, caused great destruction among their riders, throwing them off and trampling upon them, or plunging along with them into the ditches. Then arose fearful and heart-rending shrieks from the dying and the wounded, and those who, as Neocorns expresses it, 'saw nothing before their eyes but that insatiable life-devourer, Death'—(se sehen nichts anders vor ehren Ogen als den unersettlichen Leventfreter, den Dooth), mingled with the neighing of horses, the clash of weapons, the uproar of the flying, and the shouts of the conquerors,—'Slay the man and spare the horses.' Now, that the victory was no longer doubtful, the desire of booty induced the Dithmarschers to reverse their former cry. The smoke from the powder, the steam from the horses, together with the splashing of the mud, snow, and fog, produced so thick a darkness that friend and foe could scarcely discern one another. Some of the cavalry in the foremost ranks escaped across the ditches filled with carcases; the rearmost, it is said, by opening a way through the overthrown waggons and sledges, with the assistance of the garrison left at Meldorf, which hastened to their succour. In this manner, as it is supposed, King John and Duke Frederick also escaped. In the space of three hours the bold peasants had almost entirely annihilated the powerful army before which the Swedes had trembled—a mere handful to so many thousands. This event is rendered credible solely by the attendant circumstances; for the conquerors themselves were filled with amazement when they beheld the multitude of dead bodies which covered the field of battle. After the inundation had subsided, they found that very few of the dead had perished by wounds, most of them having been drowned unhurt in the water. The number of those who fell cannot be stated with certainty; but the loss of the enemy may be estimated without exaggeration at from fifteen to twenty thousand men; for it was only by far the smaller part of the army that returned to Holstein. Upwards of four hundred of the Schleswig-Holstein nobility and gentry died on the field of battle: among these were Hans von Ahlefeld, the standard-bearer, with ten of his kinsmen; four Ranzau, and among them Breide, brother of John, afterwards General Ranzau; four Buchwalds, and many foreign gentlemen. Even the two princes of Oldenburg, the king's cousins, never returned home. The duchies of Schleswig and Holstein were plunged into a general mourning for the dead.

"The loss of the Dithmarschers was inconsiderable. Not more than fifty or sixty natives, and eight foreigners, fell on their side in the three hours' fight; and, including those slaughtered at Meldorf, and the slain during the whole war, they had only about three hundred dead to mourn for. After the universal rout and flight of the enemy, the Dithmarschers hastened from the whole country to the field of battle, and plundered the fallen foes. The women, too, came in great numbers, and helped to collect the booty. Every individual who still showed signs of life was despatched by the exasperated conquerors, who, in their rage, even mangled the inanimate bodies. Stripped stark naked, and many of them mutilated, the carcasses of the gentry and all the cavalry were left lying among the dead horses on the field of battle, a prey to rapacious beasts and birds. In vain did several noble families, the Ranzaus, for instance, solicit permission to bury the bodies of their kinsmen. For years the ditches were filled with the bones of the slain—melancholy memorials of the disaster of the Holsteiners and the Danes, as well as the irreconcilable antipathy of the Dithmarschers to the gentry. Some thousands of the infantry were meanwhile buried; and the few who, on the day after the battle, were found surviving among the dead had their lives spared by the conquerors.

"The booty was immense. At Meldorf the Dithmarschers found the tables laid, and broached the wine-casks of the king:

Se drunken und seden ehme gute Nacht,
De ehnen deu Win dar hadde gebracht.*

Among the spoil was found the Danebrog standard. Ever since the time of Waldemar II. (in whose campaign in Esthonia it is said to have fallen, as a token of victory, from heaven) this standard had accompanied the army, as a sacred protection, in all important military expeditions, and was solemnly delivered to every new king of Denmark by the archbishop of Lund, on taking the oath of allegiance. When Hans Ahlefeldt, the standard-bearer, was killed, it fell into the hands of the Dithmarschers. It was probably taken by an inhabitant of the parish of Oldenwürden; for, on the division of the colours among several churches, where they were placed over the altars as memorials of the victory, the Danebrog was allotted to the church of Oldenwürden. Perhaps, however, this distinction might have been conferred on Oldenwürden because the people of that place, conjointly with those of Hemmingstedt and Neuenkirchen, had fought most heroically for freedom; perhaps Wolf Isebrand, the deliverer of his country, was a native of Oldenwürden, and thus the standard accompanied him thither; or it may have been in honour of the maiden of Hohenwürden that this sacred relic was given to her church, to perpetuate the memory of her heroism."

Surely these deeds deserve to be as generally known as the achievements of the Swiss in behalf of their independence.

* They drank, and merrily bade him good bye,
Who had brought the wine for their revelry.

ART. XII.—*Grammaire Turke: précédé d'un discours préliminaire sur la langue et la littérature des Nations Orientales: avec un vocabulaire volumineux, des dialogues, un recueil d'extraits en prose et en vers: et enrichie de plusieurs planches lithographiques, extraites de manuscrits anciens et modernes.* Par Arthur Lumley Davids, Membre de la Société Asiatique de Paris, &c. &c. Traduite de l'Anglais par Madame Sarah Davids, Mère de l'Auteur. 4to. pp. 214. London. 1836.

WE are glad to see the work before us assuming a shape that permits us to lay it before our readers; and rejoice to find that a subject, which but a short time since would have been passed over with indifference by all but the initiated few, has now become sufficiently popular in our own country to merit and meet with deserved encouragement, and even to induce a translation into the French language. There it is calculated to assume its proper place, by the side of M. de Jaubert's volume; and to receive for its clearness and perspicacity the applause of our intelligent neighbours, ever active in the profoundest researches of history and of language, to an extent that might reasonably stimulate Britain to a wider rivalry than she has yet attempted.

To the merits of the work itself, as a Grammar of the Turkish language, no doubt is due a considerable portion of the success it has obtained. The juncture, too, was favourable to its appearance; we mean, in a political point of view. The terrors of alarmists at the gigantic designs of Russia on the eastern portion of our own empire had attracted a considerable degree of interest to the existing state of Asia: and, though the panic, as natural, was found to be exaggerated, a strong light was thrown upon the nature and tenure of our Indian possessions, and, though incidentally, upon general Asia also. The former inquiry showed us with distinctness alike the strength and the weakness of our position in Hindostan: the power of mind over masses, of discipline over irregularity, of civilization over ignorance, and of improvement over fatuitous supineness. It taught us also the very weakness of our strength in the gradual diffusion of knowledge amongst the governed, till the *mythos* of antiquity conveyed one more lesson to our senses, and *confidence in native opinion* ceased to be the inert mountain-heap which the prostrate *Enceladus* of India might one day in his struggles overturn from the very foundations.

But the apprehension that was found to be somewhat too strongly excited for Hindostan proper, had a stronger support beyond the immediate limits of our sway. The wastes that in Asia interpose their quietude between kingdoms, and offer, in the silence and solitude of nature, a breathing-place and barrier to the restless ambition of man, were then beheld waking into the novel existence of a European league; and the breath of European policy was detaching and stirring up the very sands of the desert to overwhelm or undermine our Indian Empire. The *trames* of Russian enterprize were spread over Persian ground, and diplomacy formed a rail-road through *Tatary* towards *China*. Nor was this all: an Eastern Empire the Mus-

covite, in his sober moments; knew to be a splendid fallacy;—the *name* of power with the *reality* of weakness, unless some additional and nearer point offered a *fulcrum* for sustaining the wide extent of his exertion. Russia, though willing to acquire territory, was not, in truth, desirous of relapsing into an Eastern Power: dazzled, but not blinded by, the gorgeous dreams of *Catherine*, her successors thought rather of consolidating their sway: the Black Sea was an open passage into the heart of their home, and *Alexander* saw, and *Nicholas* seized, in Turkey itself, but "*the key of his own house.*"

A voice, to which we ourselves were the first to call attention, awakened England from her passive state. Already, and before it, the keen eye of her military minister had seen the tendency of Muscovite politics, and the mad infatuation of Turkish imbecility and presumption: but "*the bow had burst from his hands.*" Russian intrigue, Greek independence, and English liberality, manifest in a sudden and somewhat incongruous love for loans and classics, had done their worst, as usual, at *Navarino*: Turkey, without armies, fleets, money, resources, patriotism, enthusiasm, military skill, institutions, or government; with nothing, indeed, but insulated bravery, the sense of wrong, and the weak shield of a just cause, rushed into contest against a prepared enemy in the hope of leading the van of Europe: that hope was vain; and she sunk, undone, with the bitter consciousness too late that all had been foreseen, foretold her, and fatally disregarded. Unaccustomed to the nicer complications and hidden wheels of European policy, the Sultan glanced on the course of the tide without thinking of its *undercurrent*. He looked too, not at his kingdom, but at himself; and thought that he who had done so much might do more. He forgot that his deeds had been hitherto but *undoings*; and, having just planted new institutions, he attempted to gather fruits from them—they were bitter enough!

In the fatal errors of *Mahmoud* he was encouraged by mistaking, from its subtlety, the policy of Austria: that policy has never yet been explained: it was neither the consummate wisdom which its highly-gifted framer believed it, nor the folly and vacillation, or treachery, ascribed to it by others. The fault was *not in the scheme*, but *but in its application*; with an *European* power it could scarcely have failed; but with an *Asiatic*, its success was *impossible*. But one statesman in Europe, out of Russia, understood the genius of Eastern despotism: *Wellington* was slighted; and the profound skill in combination,—fore-sight, and judgment of *Metternich*, were rendered worse than nugatory:—for Turkey, *the man had arrived*, but not *the time*.

It is not here the place to discuss the course of the Austrian diplomatist. We reserve the consideration for a future opportunity; but, we must repeat, it has never been fairly rated. It watches all, prepares for all, and fears all, but meets all: it never vacillates, but never proceeds: its *momentum* is that of a *pendulum*, derived, not imparting; its might is inertness; its weight, a mere poise. It balances amidst action, and acts but to neutralize; its own motions are, simply, to impede its own progress: buried in complications to preserve unity, it

never cordially joins, nor cordially opposes; and, with this peculiar but not ungenerous selfishness, it is never misled but always misleading, and misunderstood, and misrepresented. Had *Mahmoud* been *Metternich*, Turkey had outwitted her circumventor; had *Metternich* been *Mahmoud*, Russian arms and arts had been paralyzed on their own soil.

Though seemingly discrepant, this political view is not unconnected with the volume before us, nor with the considerations to which it applies; and these are not confined to Turkey. The tribes from which this latter power is descended, and with which she still retains the affinity of language, yet wander through the wide plains of Tatar, the destined tools, and prey, of the Muscovite. To Europe their existence is scarcely known; to France alone, and her science-seeking sons, their language has been an object of curiosity: while to England, whose interest is connected with theirs, for these last are but the steps to our Eastern throne, the one and the other are a *tabula rasa*: neither national pride, rivalry, nor palpable inferiority, have roused us to emulate our active neighbours in this field. *De Guignes*, *Visselou*, and *Remusat* have no competition to fear from English inquiry. History, antiquity, science, language, policy, all here are abandoned to the Gaul or the Muscovite. The interests we should consult, and the ties we should form, to balance the desert-tribes against their and our barbarian enemy, are beyond the sphere of an English vision: we prate of history, and disregard its sources; of philology, and derive it from derivation; of science, yet shun its research. A nobleman is martyred for some chests of tea at Macao: a soldier carries steam to the Indus; but the great wall and the Himalayah are the boundaries of trade, and suffice; therefore, to bar our scientific and political vision of Tatar, shut up as we are in the "happy valley" of ignorance!

This is the more to be regretted as we can undoubtedly point to numerous instances of hazardous enterprise in those very regions: individual exertions, that only establish the general rule: since what British spirit and daring have achieved when unassisted, indicates the successes to be expected from an organized course of proceeding. But our own view for the present must seek only the literary field, and the sole champion there, to the honour and disgrace of our literature and endowed societies be it spoken, appears in a youth of 20. Shunning the safe obscurity of Societies' Transactions and papers, *rudis indigestaque moles*, ARTHUR LUMLEY DAVIDS came forth, with a confidence which his talents fully justified, to proclaim to the English public that one path of learning still remained for them to attempt. The "preliminary discourse" to his *Turkish Grammar* combines all that is novel in foreign works on the subject, and though the philological accuracy of his studies, and the wide extent of his reading on this point, are in themselves astonishing, and would have been admirable even at the allotted *three-score and ten* of human existence, we are still more struck with the maturity of judgment manifest in the selection of subjects and details; the *acumen* with which these are examined; and the sound conclusions, for we cannot call them theories, deduced from existing information. There is nothing jejune and hastily fancied; no buoyancy

of youth's excusable presumption; no arrogance towards those who had preceded him in his labour. He is not elated at correcting even some slips made by *Remusat*, a name endeared to Oriental learning; yet, with all humility, we are somewhat inclined to doubt in our own mind this learned Frenchman's thorough acquaintance with Chinese, at least if his version of *Iu-Kiao-Li* be taken as the test. But we say this with no feeling of depreciation: on the contrary, it is only the shallow and ignorant that fear to launch out boldly, lest their errors should be fatal to their reputation: *M. de Remusat* could not fear this: and, as regards any science, even erroneous information is better than none, for it provokes inquiry, to elicit Truth. But *M. de Remusat* is above our censure, or our praise; and he is unfortunately beyond it now. In him France has lost one of her ablest scholars; Europe and the World one of their wisest teachers. He is dead—but hosts of admiring disciples crowd along the track which their great master trod, eager to vindicate his labours by their own: he is dead, but Learning still survives, to crown the silver hairs of her unrivalled *Silvestre de Sacy*.

We have spoken of the soundness of *Mr. Davids'* conclusions and we shall adduce an instance of this; the more remarkable as it is blended with an error in the premises, which in truth is not his, but arising from the unfortunate prevailing system of neglecting the genuine sources of inquiry and resting content with superficial information, however slightly or suspiciously acquired. In combating successfully *M. Remusat's* opinion of the *Nestorians* having furnished the characters of the *Ouighours*, *Mr. Davids* observes that “the resemblance of the latter to the *Zend* is greater than to the *Syriac*: and when,” he continues, “we remember the connection of the ancient followers of *Zerdusht* with *Tatary*, if indeed this country was not the birth-place of their religion, it does not seem improbable that the *Zend* and *Ouighour* had the same origin.” And he proceeds with singular felicity of distinction: “the resemblance of the *Syriac* to the *Ouighour* is more apparent than real; that of the *Ouighour* to the *Zend* is more real than apparent. In the latter the different mode of joining the letters prevents a whole page of *Zend* and *Ouighour* from producing to the eye the same effect as a separate comparison of the letters. In the former, the connection of the letters presents an effect that does not really exist.”

It is clear that *Mr. Davids* was correct in his remark as to the greater similarity of the characters: but we cannot but regret that his premature decease prevented so able and ardent a scholar from extending his researches farther into a subject so manifestly unexamined as that of writing. A few vague and contradictory statements from the ancients, inconsistent not less with each other than with what we know to be facts, are all that we possess on this important head: and it were to be wished that some unprejudiced scholar, of all the great names that adorn our literature, would enter upon this question in a spirit of acute, we had almost said *sceptical*, inquiry. Should this hint be neglected, we may be tempted hereafter to show that there exist strong grounds for doubting all that we possess of information on the subject: but our more immediate business is with another portion of the volume,

Mr. Davids' remarks on the singularity of the *Ouighour* possessing a *verbal auxiliary* in the compound tenses whilst the *auxiliary* itself has no separate existence in their tongue; though it remains the verb substantive of its derivative language, the modern *Osmanli*, or pure Turkish. "At what period, and from whence then," he asks, "did the *Osmanlis* obtain this important addition to their grammatical system? If the verb existed in the primitive dialect, why has it become extinct? If it had existed in the *Ouighour*, should we not find some traces of its use? And if, at a more recent period, it was adopted by the *Osmanlis*, how has it been so generally introduced, not only in the written dialect, but also in that which is spoken by all classes?"

The answer to this question is not so easy as it appears, since the same singularity is found in other languages: for to answer one difficulty by another, similar, is only to show that two exist, instead of one; a process that by no means approximates to a solution. In fact, like the confluence of Latin negatives, they only strengthen the *negation* of our knowledge. To reply, that they belong to an older tongue, without bringing proof of this, is but to shift the difficulty by begging the question: and who can say what is that older tongue? Is it of necessity lost, because we are not aware of it? Or is it in existence, to our own knowledge, and we leave it unexamined? Our own opinion decidedly leans to the latter answer; and this, from no hurried consideration of the subject. We are satisfied that every language that existed has left some traces behind—that these are more numerous than generally imagined—and that they are sufficiently so to account for the adoption, adaptation, and formation of every civilized, i. e. cultivated language existing over the globe.

This theory is bold, and may seem presumptuous, but it is a presumption, we opine, fully borne out by facts. If we follow the course of languages, simply and carefully, with minds divested of early and narrow prepossessions, derived from those, who, if we candidly consider, could not and did not possess the requisite information; and consequently could not impart it, had they even been free, which they assuredly were not, from the vulgar vanity of referring all to themselves:—if, we repeat it, we sit down candidly to examine the proofs which languages have left of their existence and combination, we shall find these, the more closely we examine, tally the more perfectly with history, the better we become acquainted with it. But the inquiry must be commenced in a *cosmopolitan* spirit, not an *exclusive* one—to receive every fact, whencesoever it comes, and whether militating for or against any, and every, preconceived theory, notion, impression, system, or whatever else we may choose to term our own imaginings—and the test of such facts will be, their being supported by, and supporting, or even destroying, other evidence; for *apparent* contradictions, like oppositions in the *arch*, support the key-stone of Truth: rules have exceptions, and necessarily; for *rules* are *derived*, *exceptions* are *principles*. But if, on the other hand, we indolently concede to certain nations the possession of primitive tongues without examining, where

are we to stop? At least twenty claim a priority over the rest, and not two of the twenty will bear close investigation.

The question is too long and too complex in itself, to say nothing of the complications wherewith ignorance or levity has interwoven it, to enter upon in our present limited paper. But it is one that must be discussed before we can make any further progress in the *History of Nations and Languages*. Why have we been so long stationary hitherto? Is it not, because, in all human probability, we have hitherto followed a wrong or insufficient course? Because, figuratively speaking, in our partiality for ancient systems, we have employed *numbers* instead of *letters*: because, like some mathematicians, till recently, the novelty of the *calculus* prejudiced us against its efficiency; and the consequence is, that the *highest results* are wanting. Glance undismayed over the formidable volumes of *Adelung*, and see how feeble in portions is even that mighty monument of human labour and research. Recall the names of the most learned of living men, and see how slow the steps of their advances; how imperfect the master-pieces even of these, the mightiest of the earth—with all the stores of antiquity behind them; with all the wisdom of modern times around; with all the knowledge of the present hour at their feet, what is their forward progress? "That which has been, comes but again, and there is nothing new under the sun,"—but that which *has been, has it come again*, or is it only our *fancy* of the *past*, that we would vainly waken now into real existence? There is Nothing new under the Sun: for Truth is old; older than the Error that hides it from our view. In the long neglect of ages the threads of history have become entangled, and our hasty efforts have but drawn them into knots. Is the task so vain, or so difficult? A single thread even forms the clue for the rest, if we can be satisfied to follow it with patience. But will it offer itself to an unregardful view, or must we not try several before we come to the right? And must we not for a time disregard all those that have been proved ineffectual already, to find perchance hereafter that these themselves were interwoven?

ART. XIII.—*Novum Testamentum Græce. Textum ad fidem Testium Criticorum recensuit, atque conditionem horum testium criticorum in Prolegomenis exposuit, præterea Synaxaria Codicum Parisiensium typis excubenda curavit* Dr. J. Mart. Augustinus Scholz. Vol. II. Lipsiæ, 1836. pp. lxxiii.—469. 4to.

WE congratulate the students of Sacred Literature on the completion of this most valuable critical edition of the New Testament, which demands—as it will doubtless find—a place in every large or well selected library. As the plan of Dr. Scholz's arduous undertaking was detailed in our sixth volume (pp. 257—259), it is only necessary to add, that this second volume contains the Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypse, with various readings; and that in the Prolegomena the learned editor has given a detailed account of the MSS. of these books of the New Testament which have been collected whether by his predecessors or by himself.

ART. XIV.—*Voyage Philosophique en Angleterre et en Ecosse.* (Philosophic Travels in England and Scotland.) Par Victor Hennequin. 8vo. Paris. 1836.

SHOULD this grandiloquent title excite in the mind of the reader—as we confess it did in ours—the hope that we were about to learn the deeply considered views and opinions, founded upon patient observation, of some experienced statesman or profound philosopher of France concerning the peculiarities of the English character, and their connexion of action and re-action with the social and political condition of England, as well with what continental speculators deem the theoretic defects, as with what we feel to be the practical excellences of our free constitution—should, we say, such a hope be excited, the first few lines of the dedication will dissipate the illusion. But if the expectation of here finding valuable critical observations upon our English idiosyncrasy, upon our national faults and follies, be thus disappointed, it is succeeded by another, perhaps not less intrinsically interesting, and this second expectation is abundantly fulfilled. The volume before us is a happy illustration of that existing state of society amongst our mercurial Gallic neighbours which has produced the recent change in their descriptive title, the substitution of *La Jeune France* for *La Grande Nation*. In France—and would it were only in France!—youth does indeed seem to rule with absolute sway, and grey hairs to be voted the mark, not, as among the unenlightened Spartans, of experienced wisdom, not merely of prose and prejudice, which, it must be owned, sometimes disagreeably accompany them, but of downright actual stupid ignorance. But to the book which confirms this assertion.

Our philosophic traveller appears, by his own showing, to be a philosopher yet in his teens, and he dedicates his philosophic views of England and Scotland, all formed in the short space of one little month, to his father, not as a proof that these views and notions have received the sanction of that father's judgment; for he rather intimates that they will be as new to the paternal as to the general reader, but in token of the author's respect for the old gentleman's character, and of gratitude for his education, of which they are the first fruits.

But we doubt that, in saying a little month, we do scant justice to M. Victor Hennequin's rapidity of glance and judgment. He names the 6th of October, 1834, as the date of his entering a Seine steam-boat at Rouen; and, as he gives no further date, neither that of his second embarkation at Havre, nor of his landing at Portsmouth, it should seem that he considers this as the commencement of his *Voyage Philosophique* in England. But as we do not see how he could even enter upon his survey of England either on the Seine, or during the business of *visiting* his passport, &c. at Havre, whatever he might do on board the English steamer, a day or two must surely be subtracted from the beginning of the month: whilst, with respect to its end, we confess ourselves sorely perplexed, by our author's twofold informa-

tion, *i. e.* that he departed upon the *sixth* of November, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Now, though we must frankly acknowledge that we have outlived all pretensions to be classed with *La Jeune France*, we cannot think that we have quite outlived our memory, and we have no recollection of the Guy Fawkes celebration having been put off in the year 1834; nor can we believe that Young England would consent to any reform of such a postponing character, even for the sake of the burning of the parliament house that escaped being blown up upon the former occasion. Hence we are actually driven to suspect that M. Victor, vigorous young philosopher though he be, must have made some little confusion about his dates, and have actually completed his philosophic study of England upon the ever-memorable 5th of November. If so, we evidently have to subtract another day from the month of philosophic travel.

But did we say, that we had learned nothing with respect to England from the volume before us? We blush for our precipitancy, and almost fear our readers may suspect us of endeavouring to conceal the maturity that might, in France at least, disable our judgment, under a semblance of boyish giddiness. We hasten to recant the rash assertion. We have learned very many things, which, till the moment of opening this philosophic journey, were utterly unknown to, undreamt of by, us; and the only excuse we can offer for our momentary forgetfulness is, that to our foggy insular estimation they have not appeared quite as important as they are novel. We have learned that all English ladies eat plum-pudding for luncheon at pastry-cook shops, occasionally relieving this somewhat heavy succedaneum for the want of a substantial breakfast with *well-spiced ices*! and also, that despite their strange luncheon, these same English ladies, who, out of their excessive delicacy, habitually make their beds with their own hands, are actual angels so long as they keep to white gowns, but become utterly vulgar and contemptible when, in unsuccessful imitation of the elegant *Parisienne*, they put on a coloured silk or a chintz muslin.* Moreover, we have learned that our stage-coaches patiently wait the leisure of every individual outside passenger, and rarely if ever travel after dark; M. Victor Hennequin met with one solitary exception, the night coach that conveyed him to Dover; and he explains this nocturnal quiescence by the deficiency of inside accommodation and the impossibility of sleeping comfortably outside; observing that, from this custom of resting for the night, the boasted English light and fast coaches do not accomplish a long journey sooner, if as soon, as the roomy French *Diligence*. We have also learned that Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned in either a cellar or a cow-house, we cannot clearly make out which, of Edinburgh castle, just before the birth of James I.; and that, although removed to a more decent prison-chamber prior to her becoming a mother, she could secure the life of her royal infant only

* It should not be forgotten, that the time and place of these philosophic observations was October and the Strand, our traveller having lodged himself in the city; where he marvels at not finding the boasted splendours of the Pulteney or Clarendon.

by dropping him from her window into the hands of her faithful adherents:—further, that the Regent's Park is the most fashionable part of London, and that it was very bad taste, a bad taste analogous to that of the unlucky wearers of coloured silks, to place the helmet of Achilles upon the head of the Duke of Wellington in Hyde Park; whence we gather, that the statue, which we always took for the copy of a well-known antique, is neither more nor less than a cast from the British hero's own individual person! somewhat larger than the life we must still be permitted to believe.

Have we said enough to prove our contrition for our hasty and unadvised misrepresentation of this most quick-glancing and quick-judging traveller's discoveries in England? We hope so; for we begin to be weary of their enumeration, and would fain refer such readers as may be curious in these matters, to the volume itself, in order to proceed to the more important portion of our task; to wit, our author's philosophizing upon the materials thus collected, and his views of the English character. With respect to this last, we must premise, that our philosopher of eighteen is no prejudiced Anti-Anglican; on the contrary, he strenuously reprobates the Anti-Anglican prejudices of the Continent, which he ascribes to the fact of our countrymen being there misunderstood, and indeed, never seen to advantage, save at home, with a three-decker in the back-ground. He himself having thus seen them, our philosophic traveller lauds the sociable civility that he everywhere met with, as also the morality and good feeling of the nation. We must give an extract upon this subject, and the following may prove satisfactory, especially, considering the horror naturally, nay necessarily, entertained by every French explorer of England, how philosophical soever, for English roast beef, plum-pudding and ale, and our luckless traveller seems never to have met with any more delicate refectation. Yet we must think, that had he, in the true spirit of philosophic inquiry, ventured to taste that awfully sounding compound, ginger-beer, he would have expiated less energetically than he does upon its intoxicating nature.

• “One of my travelling companions had an introduction to Dr. C. (at Birmingham); but scarcely had the doctor perceived that we were French, when, without even opening the letter, he received us cordially, I might say, with self-devotion; for, immediately abandoning his occupations [dying patients included, we presume], he led us about the town through a drenching rain. A Frenchman cannot express too much gratitude towards English society; from Dover to Glasgow (spelt Glasgow) he is sure of meeting none but smiling countenances.”

• “Dr. C. was ready and easy in conversation, and, in so far as I may judge from our ephemeral relations, very superior to those national prejudices of which we should all be ashamed. He carried his magnanimity to such a height as to own, (it is not every Englishman who would have done so,) that in England coffee is undrinkable, and that he was delighted to see Frenchmen, in the hope of obtaining from them instructions as to its preparation. These I was incompetent to give him; but I was deeply touched by his frankness;—literally, his *prociété*.”

But this passage, however affecting and flattering, proves only the

unprejudiced liberality of Dr. C. and our traveller; and we begin to feel remorse, old and hardened critics as we are, for our unhandsome treatment of this author—a professed philosopher of the consummate age of eighteen, and we have as yet neither commented upon nor exhibited his philosophy! We will forthwith endeavour to amend an already repented fault. The better to do so, let us consider what are the chief topics of modern French philosophizing. Civilization, liberty, and the arts, more especially the theatre. Seek we then a *tirade* upon one or the other of these; and lo! we find all combined; beginning with the drama and liberty.

“ We visited Drury Lane theatre. We were not, upon the very threshold, compelled to wind between two wooden barriers; we did not, as in France, find, at the exit from this timber labyrinth, an official, dividing the continuous human stream into platoons, and with an iron arm repelling all other breasts until each severed swarm has winged its flight. Here, three vast doors, inscribed pit, gallery, boxes, opened at once to receive us. The Englishman will not submit to be cramped: his liberty is not, like ours, the fruit of theories transmitted from the educated classes to the populace; it results from every individual's instinctive desire to be at his ease; a difference observable from the very beginning of the civilization of the two countries. It was by the physical sciences, by the application of mind to nature, that English intellect first developed itself. The induction that shaped the vessel's keel and lifted massive stones,* has since been exercised in a more general direction, but has retained that research of material perfectibility, that *comfortable*† which no other language can express. In France, on the contrary, civilization is the daughter of scholasticism; with us, from the subtle disquisitions of the Sorbonne, sprang our modern philosophy, and through philosophy, modern science, industry and legislation. Theology is a flower that has produced its fruit; henceforward barren, it has withered on the stalk, and those old men who now gravely train their purple robes in the solemnities of our universities, appear to me miracles of simplicity.

“ That British instinct of individual liberty, that propensity which does not, as in France, rally men around a banner, but impels them to seek singly, by their individual energies, the promotion of their respective interests, would be a principle of dissolution if it were not counterbalanced in the Englishman by peculiarly ardent family affections, and a tenacious love of his country; but scarcely are these ties loosened, scarcely has he set foot on the Continent, where he is no longer obliged to create for himself a factitious politeness, in order to represent England worthily in the eyes of foreigners;‡ before he resigns himself without restraint to his own nature; he does not conceal his disdain for the customs of the countries that he traverses, and upon no occasion does his hat quit his head. If this character grow feebler in Europe, it appears in full force in the United States. Upon that uncultivated soil, where he has had to create for himself a new family, a new country, the

* We beg to assure the reader that we use our best diligence to translate faithfully; though without holding ourselves responsible for the intelligibility of our version, any more than for that of the original.

† We hold this to be not perfectly correct, though a very general idea—the German *heimlich* seems to us nearly a-kin to, if not identical with, comfortable.

‡ One might have supposed that it was precisely upon the continent that it was most necessary to represent England worthily to foreigners.

Briton has set no bounds to his egotistical independence. America is the caricature of England."

"I shall not dilate upon the comic opera of the Duenna, it is painful to criticise captiously an honourable nation. But if the defective organization of the English nation, as regards the arts, were not a fact attested by all the artists of Europe, I would ask no proof beyond this single scenic representation. One of the characters wore a white satin frock coat, rose-coloured slashed pantaloons of the age of Henry VIII., and a black velvet toque with a white plume upon his head, whilst from his shoulders two long green ribbons hung down behind. I am aware that the part was meant to be ridiculous; but is such a confounding of all colours and all epochs legitimate ridicule? To analyse the music would be difficult. It consisted of cadences without meaning or end. When the actor stops, one knows that the melody is closed; and the public applaud most loudly him who has sung the longest."

Most singularly fortunate have we been in this dip, which, thus touching upon the arts in general, at least as they exist in England, reminds us that with respect to their present state, or, shall we say, their natural progress, our author entertains philosophic opinions not confined to the meridians of France and England, but that may be termed European, or cosmopolite. To the reader they are, however, introduced, most properly in philosophic English travels, *apropos* of the hedge-rows that cut up England into small fields, and are as repugnant to our philosopher's taste, as are the large parks inclosed by iron railings! that he constantly passes, to his political theories respecting the due division of property.

"How completely is matter the humble slave of thought! Because the Englishman clings to his gold, to his land, behold the country change its aspect, dividing itself into petty portions, *bristling with brambles and thorns*." [Assuredly an original view of the effects of high cultivation and inclosures.] "The soul alone acts and moves; all else is fashioned by its gait, as are the folds of a robe by the motion of the limbs. Even Art, that son of the Eternal, because he needs a little matter for his manifestation, because he is on one side akin to dust, because he is not merely Adam animated by the breath of God, but likewise Adam formed of clay,* Art itself must receive laws from reasoning unconnected with the senses. Reflexion deifies beauty of form; instantly, Apollo and Venus spring from the rock under the chisel of the sculptor. Subsequently, Reflexion becomes Christian; so does Art; and upon the canvass, where intellect reigns without obstacle, and nearly without auxiliaries, he produces the Virgin of the Middle Ages, with her modest eyes and her circlet of gold about her hair (the halo probably). Reflexion stops not here, but soars high above the saints, those mysterious intercessors, upon whom the soul long rested, as if fearful of gazing upon the unity of the Supreme Cause. Even painting is now felt to be too coarsely substantial, and whilst it gradually becomes portrait, miniature, lithography, a nation throngs to the operas of Meyerbeer, to the symphonies of Beethoven, and Art, in his entirety, has taken refuge in music. Thus the artist frees himself first from the block of marble, then from the easel, retaining only the lyre, and flinging away all that could burden his steps in his eternal pursuit of thought."

* We confess this double Adam is too many for our comprehension, to say nothing of the general difficulty of the ratiocination.

Our former extract has shown that the English artist is as yet far indeed from the happy unincumbered condition of the lyre; but we are not altogether without a faint hope that he may be approaching the statuary and painting epoch—and we shall indulge our readers with the extracts that encourage this hope. Upon his arrival in London our philosophic traveller visited the Colosseum, and says: "Here we were first introduced into a museum of painting and sculpture (the Saloon of Arts), as remarkable as any collection of this description can be in England." Accordingly, we thought that his investigation of the arts in England was over. But no, at Manchester he was seized with a curiosity respecting provincial artists, which, with its results, he thus describes:—

"I was curious to admire in their compositions, these Rubenses of the forest, [Manchester is about the last place where we should have looked for foresters of any sort,] these Raffaels of the hammer and pincers, to see what flowers art can produce upon this soil of clogged wheels and chimneys. Having purchased the right of entrance to the Museum, we traversed several rooms lined with pictures. I sincerely pity two or three ordinary painters, compelled by the spirit of nationality to bury their works amongst these formless productions. * * * The faults were those of children scrawling with charcoal on the wall; arms bent the wrong way, and heads in profile with full-face eyes."

We really must wonder, impressed as we now are with the bad taste of all English men and women, that even manufacturers should admit profiles with two eyes into their museums or exhibitions, unless, indeed, it be for the ingenuity of the blunder; we, for our own poor part, cannot conceive where the second eye can be stuck in or on, and feel half tempted forthwith to mount the roof of a Manchester coach, in order to solve this difficult problem. Meanwhile, it is some comfort to read M. Victor Hennequin's remarks upon the National Gallery, which he visited after returning to London in his way home.

"Accustomed to English museums, we were feeling in our pockets for shillings, when the guardian, assuming a majestic attitude, said 'There's nothing to pay here.' * * * The pomps of the Luxembourg and the Louvre are no more to be sought in this than in the other collections of Great Britain. The *local* is small,—it is a suit of rooms which the *Bearnais* could hardly enter, where the *Romulus* of the *Sabines* would be cramped in poising his spear. But it must be owned, that between the pictures of London and those of Manchester, is found the full distance separating the capital from the country town. Amongst several pictures really worthy of the *Quai de la Ferraille*, we recognized the practised hand and vigorous thought of Hogarth. Here we have not an insulated lesson, but a complete course of morals; the *Marriage à la Mode* is a severe drama, in which you follow out, through all its developments, the history of a young uneducated nobleman, married, for the sake of her fortune, to the daughter of a rich merchant. It is impossible to depict more forcibly the hideousness of this union of a parchment to a money-bag."

From these observations we gather, that our philosopher considered the Correggios, Rembrandts, Salvator Rosas, &c., of the National Gallery to be as much the work of English artists as Hogarth's *Marriage*

à la Mode, and it is not a little flattering to perceive that, upon the whole, he thought this last piece the best, at least the most tolerable; and we conclude that, had he visited the British Museum, of which he seems never to have heard the name, our compatriot artists would likewise have had the credit of the Elgin and Townley marbles. But we had forgotten that France, far outstripping us, has of course reached the musical age of art, and it is with the condescension with which men smile at the attempts of children, that the philosopher of eighteen notices at all the obsolete arts of sculpture and painting.

But, to end with a word in sober earnest. We, who unlike some of our brother periodicals, are little in the habit of indulging in the uncourteous though not uncritical practice of laughing at the books subjected to our censure, are almost ashamed of having spent so much time and ink upon M. Victor Hennequin, whose *Philosophic Travels* we have sometimes suspected to be of kindred manufacture with the pseudo-memoirs with which the French press has latterly teemed. All we can say in our defence is, that we, not being angels, have spleens; and were inclined for once in a way to laugh *currente calamo*. We have now done with M. Victor Hennequin, and have only to hope that M. Hennequin the elder is well satisfied with the fruits of the education bestowed by his care upon his son.

ART. XV.—*La Campania Sottterranea*, with a short Account of the Edifices excavated within the Rocks of the Two Sicilies and in other Countries. By Guiseppe Sanchez, Librarian of the Borbonica, &c. Naples, 1833. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE work before us, which fills up a wide chasm in the general as well as in the particular history of the nations of the earth, may justly claim the merit of novelty, presenting as it does facts either totally unknown, or else clothed in so new a dress as to possess all the charm of originality. Caves and grottoes are herein proved to have formed the primeval habitations of our race, and rocks and mountains to have been fashioned into temples dedicated to the service of the *Most High*. Paradoxical as these assertions may at first sight appear, they are so strongly supported by the author's arguments and authorities, as to acquire the force of historic truth. Thus the syrens, fauns, tritons, and all the host of mythological semi-deities, are resolved by him into so many celestial constellations. Nor is the interest arising from novelty the only advantage presented by this work, since the light which it throws upon many difficult passages in Homer, Virgil, Petronius Arbiter, Strabo, Seneca, and others, cannot but materially assist the labours of the classical student. The complete analysis of so excellent a production, and a full detail of its most prominent beauties, would prove no less amusing to our readers than interesting to ourselves, and we cannot, therefore, but regret that our limits preclude us from giving more than a rapid, although correct sketch of the matters treated of.

Commencing with an account of the edifices excavated in the rocks in various parts of Africa, Asia, Europe, and even America, the author proceeds to a particular examination of the vast grottoes, many miles in extent, of Abyssinia, as well as those wrought in the solid granite rocks of Egypt, and which Pancoucke has noticed in his "*Travels*": lately published at Paris. In describing the celebrated grotto of Memphis, M. Sanchez indulges in many curious reflections upon the instructions delivered within these cavities of the earth to the youth destined for the priesthood, and expatiates upon this and other circumstances which render subterraneous Egypt far more wonderful than Egypt above ground. He then proceeds to treat of the monolithic edifices of the Indies and of continental and insular Greece, as well as of the numerous grottoes, caverns and other artificial excavations found in the North of Europe, in France, England, Spain, Portugal and Italy. One of the most striking descriptions is that of a Theban cavern, in which Antigone, the daughter of the incestuous Jocasta, was imprisoned in the flower of her youth.

His next observations are more immediately connected with Italy, referring to the magnificent ruins which have been discovered of subterraneous cities, provided, like our mines, with air-shafts for the due supply and circulation of air and light. These ruins are to be found extending for miles, as in Pantalica, and along the site of the valley and castle of Jepica; these edifices, furnished with windows, are ten or twelve stories high, and are excavated out of the hard rocks, thus confirming *Ælian's* assertion that the Sicilian youth were brought up within the dark bowels of the earth.

Book IV. treats of the caverns discovered in Eastern, and V. of those found in Western Campania, together with other details, which, although appertaining to the general subject, are more particularly connected with the land of Italy. The author's observations show the immense extent and numerous branches of the catacombs of San Gennaro, which reached from Pozzuoli and Cuma on one side to Castellamare, Sorrento, Nola, Capua, &c., on the other; and, supported by the authority of ancient writers, prove that these caverns were used as dwellings, public roads, temples and holy places especially set apart for mystical rights and oracular responses, and also that they were provided with long apertures for the admission of light and air, and with numerous vomitories leading upwards to the surface of the earth. Nothing can be more satisfactory or convincing than our author's proofs that the Cimmerians were not aborigines, but that they came from the North; that Homer, when singing the descent of Ulyses into Hell, described with all the spirit of a religious poet the rites practised in those primitive habitations of man, and that Virgil did the same when he depicted the abodes of the blessed and the damned.

His next subjects are the nature of the religious worship practised in the caves of the Avernus and its environs, the Cumæan Sybil and the various oracles down to the latest period. He proves the Sybils and Syrens to have been only emblems of the celestial signs of the Virgin, the Pleiades, &c., and that as such both of these were personified and had their temples, altars and mysteries in those underground abodes.

In the XVIth book, after describing subterranean Naples, he shows the Neapolitan caverns to have been the principal theatre of the Satyricon of Petronius, in which full scope was given to the depraved manners of that age. The XVIIth book contains a discussion upon the learning which was taught in those ancient caverns, and proves that from these catacombs proceeded many of the philosophical and religious sects.

Our author then narrates the manner in which these caverns served as an asylum and a security to the Christians during the days of persecution, for Naples being a free town, these unhappy victims of pagan intolerance flocked from all parts to find safety in the subterranean cavities of its neighbourhood. Under the ninth or Dioclesian persecution, several hundred of the followers of Christ who had fled for protection to the house of Crœmatius, the prefect of Rome, took refuge, by the advice of Pope Caius, in these caves and grottoes, by means of a communication which these latter had with a neighbouring villa belonging to that prefect, but being all discovered, they purchased the glory of martyrdom with their blood. It was in the branch of the catacombs which adjoins the suppressed church and convent of Santa Maria la Vita that the Neapolitan bishop Paul resided, and that he baptized and exercised all the episcopal functions during the persecutions of the Iconolasts. These caverns have, moreover, served the Christians as places for holding councils and synods, for oratories and retreats for ascetics; and it was in the grottoes near *Buca di Montedragone* that during the reigns of Dioclesian and Maximilian was held an œcumenical council known by the name of *Concilium Sinuessanum*, and that the festivals of the *Sinassi*, *Agape* and *Gilicerni* were celebrated.

If, as we are informed in the XVth book, the pagans used these caves as sepulchres, the Christians imitated them by converting them into burial-places; thus in the catacombs of San Gennaro without the walls, as well as in those which are under the archbishop's palace, were buried all the Neapolitan bishops and consular dukes up to the ninth century. The two Stephani enriched these subterranean cathedrals with many costly ornaments and precious relics, and after the destruction of Cuma, the bodies of the saints were transported hither with great pomp and in solemn procession, and exhibited for the edification of the faithful. In these catacombs also San Severo delivered his sermons; adjurations were made and oaths taken upon the body of San Gennaro, and there likewise are found churches, monasteries and hospitals.

Book XIV. is distinguished by the author's profound erudition, when treating of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin paintings and inscriptions found in the Neapolitan catacombs: the succeeding book is also rendered deeply interesting by his endeavours to ascertain the exact time when they were used as chapels and places of prayer, and from these investigations we learn that it is now nearly a century and a half since mass was first performed in the catacombs of La Sanità, where there was a magnificent underground church richly ornamented with fresco paintings.

The XXVth and last book proves the use made of these caverns as dwelling-places.

The typographical part of the book reflects much credit upon the author for the care which he has bestowed upon it; nor will the learned reader be displeased to find copious indexes, both of the subjects treated of and likewise of the authors quoted as authorities. The *Guida delle Catacombe di S. Gennaro fuori le mura*, which is subjoined as an appendix, will prove very serviceable to the dilettante and the traveller.

Any commendations of the author and his work would be totally superfluous; the reputation so deservedly acquired by the former, and the great importance and deep interest of the latter, will prove a much more powerful inducement than any praises of ours, not only to the learned and scientific, but to all who are desirous of improving themselves, to study a work, as replete with novel and useful information as with interest and entertainment.

ART. XVI.—*Catalogus Codicum Manuscriptorum Bibliothecæ Palatinae Vindobonensis. Pars I; Codices philologici Latini. Digessit Stephanus Endlicher. 4to. Vienna. 1836.*

BESIDES the extreme value, and we may add, too, the extreme rarity, of good catalogues of the contents of the many rich collections of ancient manuscripts which exist not only abroad, but at home also, they, as well as all matters connected with foreign libraries and literary institutions, have now an especial interest from the inquiries which have lately been carried on into the present condition and prospects of one of our most important national establishments—the British Museum. On this account, perhaps, we are the more eager to point out to our readers the first part of the excellent catalogue of a part of the manuscripts of the grand imperial library at Vienna, which has just reached us. We shall at once be saved the trouble of entering at large into its praise, by the simple statement that it has been compiled by a person so profoundly learned in Latin manuscripts as Dr. Stephen Endlicher.

We are far from agreeing in the spirit in which the inquiry into the affairs of the British Museum was set a going; yet we never feared—and we do not now fear—that the final results can be other than beneficial. We think that the examination has clearly shown that if there was any thing like neglect or “delinquency” in any party with regard to the British Museum, and particularly with regard to the library, it can be laid only to the charge of the government, which, rich as it is in comparison with other governments, has suffered itself to be behind them all in its encouragement of the great literary and scientific institutions of the land. We trust that the time is come when the British Museum will be made a much more national affair. When we compare with it the libraries of other countries, we find it infinitely exceeding them in the excellence and liberality of its management and government, and in the only point where we ourselves perceive any default in what has been

done, namely, its catalogues, the libraries of no other country can bear a comparison with it. At the same time it must be confessed, that the catalogues, particularly some of the catalogues of the manuscripts, are very defective; and nothing do we so fervently desire as to see something done to improve them.

Dr. Endlicher's Catalogue is printed in an extremely convenient size for such a work—one which it is doubtful whether we ought to call large octavo, or small folio, but which has become well known by its general use for Penny Magazines and Penny Cyclopædias. It is rendered valuable by the accurate manner in which the contents of the manuscripts have been described, by the care with which their dates have been fixed and their history ascertained, by the full and excellent indexes, and, not the least, by the numerous interesting and inedited scraps of early literature with which it is interspersed. It is accompanied by some beautiful plates of fac-similes.

ART. XVII.—*Etudes de Géographie Critique sur une partie de l'Afrique Septentrionale.* Par M. D'Avezac. 8vo. Paris, 1836.

SINCE the occupation of Algiers, the northern districts of Africa, interesting in themselves, have, in England, as well as in France, gained considerably in importance. If this occupation become permanent, as it now seems highly probable that it will, and if thus the African tribes be by degrees brought into friendly contact with Europeans by commercial relations, we may hope at length that the cloud of obscurity, which has so long been spread over the geography of interior Africa, will disappear. But we may expect also a more immediate advantage to geographical and historical science in the accurate survey of the newly-acquired territory and the adjoining states, a territory which is, on many accounts, so interesting to the historian, and which, from the jealousy or barbarity of those who held it has been hitherto very imperfectly examined. Although the position of the French is as yet rather circumscribed, and its frontiers have been in an almost continual state of hostility, yet there have already appeared some interesting sketches of the people, of the country and of its statistics.

M. D'Avezac, who is the Secretary General of the Geographical Society of Paris and a member of our own Geographical Society, has, in the little book before us, executed judiciously, and, as far as his data would permit him, very satisfactorily, the task of furnishing us with something substantial and tangible that may serve as a foundation for future researches; he has endeavoured to reduce to a correct standard the imperfect and inaccurate itineraries of northern Africa which have been given by former travellers. He has taken as his ground-work the curious itinerary which was furnished to Hodgson, the American Consul at Algiers, by the Hhâggy Ebn-el-Dyn El-Aghouâthy, of which a translation was first published by the Oriental Translation Committee, and of which M. D'Avezac has given a French version, more correct in the

European orthography of the names, at the commencement of his book. In the long critical commentary which follows, M. D'Avezac has confronted the foregoing itinerary with those of Shaw and all the other European travellers in Barbary, and with the best European maps, and he has compared the results with the account given by the Arabian geographers, and with the ancient official itineraries of Antonine and the Peutingerian tables. The entire result of his investigation of these authorities, and of some valuable inedited materials which he had procured, he has consigned to paper in the formation of an excellent map of this part of Africa, including the coasts of Marocco, Fez, Algiers, and Tunis, as far east as Gerba, and the whole of the country inland described by the Hhâggy and in the routes indicated by the Arabian geographers. It would obviously require more space than we can at present afford, to follow M. D'Avezac through his investigations. In fact his is a book which cannot be abridged or cut into extracts; and, as we cannot present our geographical readers with a part of it, all we can do obviously is to recommend to them the whole, which we do warmly and honestly.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

FRANCE.

THE *Commission Historique* of M. Guizot has just published three new volumes, namely, the first volume of the "*Mémoires militaires relatifs à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV.*" edited by Lieut-General Pelei; the "*Procès-Verbaux des Séances du Conseil du Roi Charles VIII.*" edited by M. Bernier; and the valuable collection of inedited works of Abelard, by M. Cousin. Four volumes more are expected towards the end of the present year, among which will be the first volume of the *Chronicle of the Wars of the Albigenese*, in Provençal verse, edited by M. Fauriel, and the first volume of the *Chronicle of Benoît*, edited by M. Francisque Michel. We hail the return of M. Guizot to office as a good omen, and under his direction the important labours of the Commission will, we doubt not, be pursued with redoubled vigour.

M. Cousin will, we expect, immediately put to press his collection of inedited works of Roger Bacon, which will also form a volume of the publication of that division of the *Commission Historique* which is occupied with moral and intellectual history. He has lately made an interesting communication to the *Académie des Inscriptions* on the MSS. of Roger Bacon which he has found at Douai and St. Omer. At Amiens he has found an unknown work of this philosopher's, consisting of "Questions on the Physics and Metaphysics of Aristotle."

We have lately visited the *Imprimerie Royale* at Paris, and were charmed with the good management which is conspicuous in every department. Very important and extensive improvements have been made in every part under the direction of M. Le Brun, its present superintendent. Several important publications are in progress, particularly a series of Oriental works, with translations, in large 4to., which will form the most superb specimen of printing that we have ever seen.

Several volumes of the publications of the Institute are in progress. A volume of Bréquigny's Charters is just ready for publication. A new volume of Dum Bouquet, and the first volume of the *Collection of the Historians of the Crusades*, the latter edited by M. Guérard of the MSS. department of the Royal Library, are making rapid advances.

We some time ago mentioned a proposal to publish among the historical works of the *Commission Historique* the whole body of the romances of the Carolingian cycle. A report on the subject had been drawn up, but it has not yet been laid before the committee, which, during the late ministry has, we suspect, been very irregular in its sittings. Separate romances, however, of this cycle continue to be published. The "*Chanson de Roland*," edited by

M. Michel, is ready: the romance of *Parise la Duchesse* has lately been published by Techener, of a size to range with the *Garin* and *Berte* of M. Paulin Paris, who also, we believe, is preparing for publication a new romance of this series.

M. Paulin Paris has also in the press a catalogue of the French MSS. of the Royal Library. M. Robert, the intelligent librarian of the library of St. Geneviève, is likewise printing a catalogue of the MSS. under his charge.

A Numismatical Journal has been lately established in France under the title of "*Revue de la Numismatique Française*." It is published at Blois, and is edited by Messrs. E. Cartier and L. de la Saussaye.

M. Ferdinand Wolf, of Vienna, the editor of the curious German poem on Friar Rush, which we have reviewed in our present number, is printing at Paris a *Floresta* of Modern Spanish Poetry, which, judging from the first sheets, of which we have obtained a sight, seems to promise us an admirable work.

M. Raoul Rochette has just published in a very handsome quarto volume, as a supplement to his collection of *Monuments Inédits*, a work entitled "*Peintures Antiques Inédites, précédées de Recherches sur l'Emploi de la Peinture dans la Décoration des Edifices sacrés et publics, chez les Grecs et chez les Romains*." It is illustrated by several very curious plates.

The interesting and valuable library of the late M. Pluquet, consisting entirely of works relating to or printed in Normandy, will be sold by auction at Paris, by M. Silvestre, on the 5th of December next, and the five following days.

The Society of the History of France has completed the printing of two volumes, which will be delivered to the members at the next general meeting. One of these is the first volume of the "*Histoire de Gregoire de Tours*," text and translation; and the other the "*Correspondance inédite du Cardinal Mazarin*." The "*Chronique de Villehardouin*" is also partly printed. It has been determined that the society shall publish a yearly volume, with the title of "*Annuaire Historique de France*," commencing with 1837. It will contain, among other matters, a variety of notices relative to the geography, history, literature, bibliography, and fine arts of France.

M. Balzac published his first novels under the name of Horace de St. Aubain. These are now printing in a collective form, as the *Œuvres complètes* de feu M. Horace de St. Aubain.

The printers of Paris have opened a subscription for the purpose of either erecting a monument to their recently deceased and truly eminent colleague, Firmin Didot, or having a medal struck in honour of him.

The following statement is given of the present sale of the newspapers of Paris:—

Gazette de France, 9800 copies; *Journal des Debats*, 9400; *Constitutionnel*, 8300; *Cobrier Français*, 6300; *Temps*, 6200; *Quotidienne*, 4600; *National*, 4200; *Bon Sens*, 3200; *Estafette*, 3100; *Journal de Paris*, 2200; *Echo*, 2100; *Moniteur*, 1900; *Impartial*, 1500; *Messenger*, 1400; *Journal du Commerce*, 1400; *France*, 1100.

The Tribunal of Commerce at Paris has decided that original articles in the newspapers cannot be copied into other papers till the expiration of five days, in which time they may be dispersed over the whole kingdom; and it has sentenced some of them to pay a pecuniary penalty for violating this regulation.

GERMANY.

Engelmann of Heidelberg has commenced the publication, in parts, of an "Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie, oder Lebensbeschreibungen der berühmtesten und verdientesten Deutschen aller Zeiten," by Dr. Heinrich Döring.

The early period at which the annuals are published in England has often been subject of complaint. It appears, however, that on this point the German publishers are still more hasty. Thus we observe a new "Taschenbuch für das Jahr 1837," by the title of "Immergrün," announced for publication by Haas of Vienna in the month of August.

Göschen of Leipzig has announced the speedy publication of "Untersuchungen über Bevölkerung, Arbeitslohn, und Pauperism in ihrem gegenseitigen Zusammenhange," by Dr. Fr. Schmidt, in one 8vo. volume.

The house of Cotta of Stuttgart has produced the first part of an edition of Göthe's Works, to be completed in two volumes, exactly similar in form to the Works of Schiller in one volume. They will be illustrated by engravings on steel, by eminent artists, and a fac-simile of Göthe's handwriting.

Much attention is at present given in Germany to the Anglo-Saxon language and its monuments. Leo of Halle has published his *Angelsächsische Sprachproben*, which is only a reprint with unnecessary alterations of a good part of the *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica* of our countryman, Mr. Benjamin Thorpe.

At Vienna, Dr. Endlicher is publishing an historical review of the monuments of the Old High-Dutch language.

Weber, of Leipzig, has produced the first volume of a work, which, as the title, "*Bibliopolisches Jahrbuch für 1836*," intimates, is intended to appear annually, and promises to be of considerable utility to booksellers, for whose use it is specially designed. The principal portion of the volume consists of a general geographical and statistical view of all the towns of Germany and other countries, which, being intimately united by the central point, Leipzig, constitute the corporation of the German book-trade. These are given in alphabetical order, and the article devoted to each enumerates the institutions literary and scientific, the collections of the fine arts, the newspapers and other periodical works, and the names of the publishers, book and music-sellers, and mentions the most important manufactures in each. The introduction to the present volume exhibits the state of the bookselling trade in several of the countries of Europe and the United States of America, together with the laws relative to publication; and it concludes with a reduction of the coins of the different states to the convention standard. A map of what may be termed German Europe, with its principal places of business, terminates the volume.

The house of Behr of Berlin has commenced the publication of a collection of English dramatic pieces, with the title of "*The British Theatre*, revised

and corrected by Prof. G. F. Burckhardt," 8vo. The first and second number contain, "The Hunchback" and "Virginius," by Sheridan Knowles; the third, Poole's "Patrician and Parvenu;" and the fourth, Talfourd's "Ion." The following numbers will appear monthly.

The first volume of a new German translation of Chateaubriand's collected Works by Dr. A. Neurohr, has been published by the house of Wagner, in Freiburg. It is to be completed in 54 volumes, at the rate of four groschen (six-pence) per volume.

Meyer of Brunswick announces a "Gallerie berühmter Buchdrucker," (Gallery of celebrated Printers,) to appear in parts at intervals of two or three months, in imperial 4to, at the rate of 12 groschen (1s. 6d.) each part. The first part, which has made its appearance, contains portraits of Gutenberg, Fust, and Schöffer. In the second, third, and fourth, will be given those of Lorenz Koster, Ivo Schöffer, Johann Mentelin, Aldus Manutius, Johann Froben, Johann Oporin, Robert Stephanus, Christoph Plantin, Melchior Lotter. In this gallery it is intended to include eminent contemporaries.

Dr. Wetter of Mainz has just given to the world the results of his many years' inquiries concerning the invention of printing, in a thick 8vo. volume, accompanied with numerous lithographic fac-similes, entitled, "*Geschichte der Erfindung der Buchdruckerkunst.*" The principal of these results the author has himself thus adverted to in his preface: "The opinion that Gutenberg invented the art of printing (that is to say, the composition of moveable types for the purpose of producing impressions) at Strasburg, I have proved to be invalid from the consideration of the facts deduced from the documents of Dritzehn's law-suit; from a critical examination of the hitherto adopted explanations of the technical terms which occur in them; from a comparison of those documents with the undeniable testimony of the inventor, his workmen, and their descendants; and from the refutation of all the arguments brought forward by Schöppflin and his successors. At the same time I have directed attention to the transition from printing by means of a rubber to that with the press, and to the absolute necessity for the application of block printing in order to the production of books properly so called; also to the true meaning of the term 'forms' in the acts of Dritzehn's suit, which signifies nothing more than mirror-forms, as metal mirrors were then cast in forms or moulds. I have given its full importance to the fact that Gutenberg, even after his removal to Mainz, printed by means of solid blocks; shown that it was by sawing these blocks into single letters, that he passed on to what may be properly called book-printing, produced complete evidence that he at first printed with wooden types, and connected these types by stringing them on cords, into lines. That Gutenberg also invented cast metal types, though only by means of cast matrices, and printed the 42-line Bible, is placed beyond doubt by the interpretation of the testimony of P. Schöffer, recorded by Trithemius; the date of the invention, (1450-1454,) and of the first diffusion of the art, is fixed beyond contradiction; and the claims of the city of Haerlem, which are far less tenable than those of Strasburg, are for ever annihilated."

The printers and booksellers of Germany have agreed to defer the celebration of the invention of printing, which was intended to have been held in the present year, as being several years too early for the secular anniversary of that event. The erection of the monument of the inventor Gutenberg, at Mainz, is also postponed, as the marble quarries in the Rheingau cannot furnish the material for the pedestal before next year.

A monument is also about to be erected to Gutenberg, at Strmsburg, where his first attempts at printing were made. David the sculptor, a native of that city, will furnish the model gratuitously, and the cost of the bronze will be defrayed by a subscription.

A monument has been erected at Gernsheim in Hesse, to commemorate the co-operation of Peter Schöffer, a native of that place, in this invaluable invention. It consists of a colossal statue of stone, twelve feet high, raised upon a pedestal of the like elevation, erected in the handsome square of the town, which will henceforth bear the name of Schöffersplatz. It was opened to the public view on the 9th of June last, being the birth-day of the Grand-Duke of Hesse. The statue was executed by M. Scholl, sculptor to the court.

Dr. Hufeland, whose high reputation as a medical writer and practitioner is well known in this country, died at Berlin on the 25th of August, having just entered upon his 75th year.

ITALY.

THE Galleria litografica de' Quadri del Rè delle due Sicilie, with illustrations by R. Liberatore, in folio, has advanced to the 14th part.

There has just appeared at Naples *Le Antichità di Pesto, e le piu belle Ruine de Pompei, descritte, misurate e designate da Francesco de Cesare, 1836.* Ten plates comprehend the most remarkable architectural ruins of Paestum, and twenty-four are devoted to Pompeii.

Molini, bookseller of Florence, formerly librarian of the Palatina in that city, is preparing for the press "*Documenti di Storia italiana.*" During his residence in Paris in 1831 and 1832, he undertook a fruitless search for an important letter of Benvenuto Cellini's, on a new edition of whose life he was then engaged. This led him to the royal library, which possesses, in its 1900 folio volumes, the richest source of authentic and mostly autographic documents. As they relate chiefly to the transactions between France and foreign states, from the reign of Charles VI. to Louis XIV., Molini copied from the first 203 volumes (which come down to the reign of Francis I.) so much as appeared to him important for the history of Italy. It consists of about 500 letters from popes, kings, princes, ambassadors, and others, which the editor purposes publishing in chronological order, with notes by the marchese Gino Capponi, the chief object of which is to determine the time and names of such of these letters as have no signature. The first volume will come down to the sacking of Rome in 1527; and the narrative of that event written by Francesco Vettori, deposited in a library of this city, and never yet published, will probably be annexed to it. Should this undertaking experience due encouragement, the public may look for the appearance of a chronicle of Pisa, of the 12th century, which Molini likewise copied at Paris.

The celebrated archæologist, the Abate Fea, died at Rome on the 18th of March last, at the advanced age of 88 years, during 50 of which he had exercised a most decisive influence on the knowledge of Roman antiquities and topography. Born in 1758 at Nizza, or, according to other accounts, at Pigna, near Oneglia, he early selected Rome for his residence, and most of the antiquities found there since that time were either discovered or first examined and described by him. As the translator and commentator of Winckelmann he is known to

all Europe. His numerous minor pieces, which appeared between 1790 and 1835, form four thick 8vo. volumes, three of which relate to Rome and its environs. The continuation of the *Miscellanea* constituted his last literary employment; but death overtook him before he could bring it entirely to a conclusion. The Archæological Institute has lost in him one of its most zealous members. The post of chief superintendent of antiquities to the Pope, left vacant by his death, has been conferred on Pietro Visconti, son of Alessandro, a distinguished connoisseur of medals, and nephew of Ennio Quirino Visconti, the celebrated archæologist.

Tommaso Sgricci, the celebrated improvisatore poet, died a short time since at Florence, in the 38th year of his age. His talent was of the most extraordinary kind, for it was not confined to mere extemporaneous poetical effusions upon a given theme, but extended to dramatic composition, one of the most arduous walks of poetry, and apparently of insurmountable difficulty, when not the dialogue alone, but the plot and characters, are all to be provided impromptu, matters that require not poetical inspiration alone, but much judgment and deliberate reflection; and even supposing that the poet has previously sketched out the general course of each of the subjects proposed, he must be endued with incredible presence of mind to be able to seize on it instantaneously, and give the whole express shape from beginning to end. Yet it was thus impromptu that Sgricci recited many five-act tragedies; among which may be mentioned his *Bianca Capello*, and *Morte di Carlo Primo*, with which he astonished his audiences at Paris in 1824. Some of these pieces were afterwards printed, having been taken down by a short-hand writer during their recitation, and, when the peculiar mode of their construction is considered, they astonish even in that shape. Sgricci may fairly be allowed to have possessed the talent, or rather faculty, of improvisatoreship in a much higher degree than the most eminent of his predecessors, his subjects being such as not only required the usual poetical *élan*, but a sustained flow of it, together with inconceivable readiness of conception, and power of arranging continued scenes and dialogues. Herein he eclipsed the renowned Corilla, Fantastici, Bandettini, Gianni, and others, of whose extraordinary powers an interesting account is given by Fernow in his "*essay Ueber die Improvisatoren*."

SPAIN.

We are assured that M. Weisweiler, general agent at Madrid for all the houses of the Messrs. Rothschild, is commissioned to purchase, at the approaching sale of the monastic libraries, any Hebrew MSS. and printed works on their account, and to send them to Frankfurt. It is therefore to be hoped that these sources, which are particularly rich for the literary history of the middle ages, will be rendered more accessible to the learned than they have hitherto been.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THE Academy of Sciences at Petersburg is printing in the Mongol language an heroic tradition, which is a great favourite with the Mongols. It is a "*History of the Deeds of Gesser Khan and his heroic Adventures*"—a translation of which could scarcely fail to interest the European reader.

The *Travels in Arabic of Abufasla* are printing at Petersburg under the superintendence of, and with a Russian translation by, Professor Heitling.

MEXICO.

In the year 1822, Mr. Waldeck engraved, in the line manner, from the drawings of Captain del Rio, the seventeen plates for the work of that author, which was translated at London, and published by H. Berthoud. A suspicion arose in the mind of Mr. Waldeck that the designs were incorrect, and he felt a strong desire personally to ascertain the fact. An opportunity was offered, in 1825, by his being appointed hydraulic engineer to the Halpujyhus Mining Company in Mexico. He set out for Mexico in the month of March. Various circumstances rendered his stay but a short one; he left the mines at the expiration of ten months. On his arrival in the Mexican capital, he resolved to carry into execution his original purpose—to give himself up to Mexican archæology, and, by his studies, acquire the knowledge which would enable him to visit with beneficial effect the ruins of Palenqué. Being admitted into the Museum of Mexico, he copied there all the curious manuscripts, as well as the finest specimens of sculpture, in stone, jasper, and terra cotta. This first collection consists of 160 water-colour drawings, relative to ancient and modern costume, usages, natural history, and picturesque scenery, and contains also a hieroglyphic grammar, and a copious vocabulary of the Aztec language. A valuable article of this collection is a copy from an original portrait of Montezuma, which was painted by an Italian goldsmith who accompanied Ferdinand Cortes.

Mr. Waldeck attempted, at Mexico, a lithographic publication, with an explanatory text, of the rich and beautiful collection belonging to the University; but, the country not being favourable either to the arts or to study, the work which, besides, was very imperfect, in consequence of the extreme difficulty of working the stones, did not succeed, and was discontinued after the appearance of the fourth number.

In 1832, by the exertions of Viscount de Chaptal, and the influence of Don Lucas Alaman, then minister, of Don Francisco de Fagoaga, the chief Alcalde, and of General Morau, Mr. Waldeck obtained a sum sufficient to enable him to make a journey to Palenqué. The subscription was to have amounted to 10,000 piastres; but, when only 4487 piastres were subscribed, he determined to set out with what remained of that sum. The purchasing of arms and provisions of all kinds for this long and difficult expedition, and the conveyance of his baggage and assistants, left him, on his arrival at Palenqué, only 3300 piastres, and, with this sum in hand, he began to excavate the monuments, and put the whole of them in a state to be designed.

This labour lasted seven months. In the course of it, the revolution brought about by Santa Anna having acquired more stability, the subscription was put a stop to, and M. de Chaptal wrote to Mr. Waldeck that he must not reckon upon any more help from Mexico. Mr. Waldeck's assistants now refused to go on, and he was obliged to dismiss them, after having paid their wages, and a sum to cover the expenses of their homeward journey. Thus he was left alone and penniless among the ruins, but still too intent upon his enterprise to think for a moment of giving it up. Resolved to subsist by hunting, he resumed his toils; but, at the expiration of two years of fatigue and danger, when he had made 119 drawings, and an interesting collection of reptiles, insects, and zoological preparations, famine compelled him to abandon the superb antique monuments which he had studied with so much delight.

The result of his researches is, that the destruction of Palenqué was the consequence of a war with a neighbouring power, (which could be no other than Ehul-hà, capital of the kingdom of Tlapollan,) that the city was taken by assault, and was left uninhabited. This event happened 900 years before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. The Tultèques perhaps knew nothing, except

by tradition, of this extinct nation. Neither the religious worship, the hieroglyphics, nor the architecture of this ancient people has any connection with the Tolteques and Azteques; their archives, which still exist uninjured, go back to a prodigiously remote period. The Palenquians were formed by a mixture of various nations of the old continent; to all appearance, the Chaldeans were the original stock, and the main body consisted of Hindoos. The astonishing sculptures, which still remain, are of a quite different character from all that has hitherto been known.

Still influenced by an ardent spirit of inquiry, Mr. Waldeck, in February, 1834, journeyed to the province of Yucutan, amidst the ravages of the cholera, and the misery and famine which were caused by the pestilence. There, supplied with pecuniary aid by a munificent and learned Irish peer, he undertook to explore, in the interior of that fine peninsula, the monuments which he knew to exist there. He first bent his course to the mountains of the centre, on which he found the vast and superb city of Ytzalan, which has a width of half a league, and extends eight leagues from north to south. The enthusiasm of Mr. Waldeck had been excited by the fine relics of Palenqué, but here it was raised to a still higher pitch—for here he found monuments in excellent preservation, the workmanship of which, for splendour, interest and solidity, exceeded all that could be imagined. He laboured with unabating ardour for two years, and was about to visit a second time the ruins of Chichen Ytza, when, on the 16th of January, 1836, in consequence of an order of the Mexican government, all his drawings and papers were seized. Fortunately, he had duplicates of the documents, and, since his arrival in England, he has been engaged in replacing, from his original sketches, the drawings which were taken from him. The scientific bodies of London and Paris have expressed to him the interest which they take in his researches; and his correspondence with a learned member of the Institute (M. Jomard) has gained for him a medal from the Geographical Society of Paris. He is now preparing for the press a narrative of his travels. The first part will be that which relates to Yucutan. Mr. Waldeck deems it necessary to hasten the publication of it, for fear that the drawings which were taken from him may be sent to Europe to be clandestinely sold; a measure which the dishonourable action committed with regard to his property authorises him to consider as not improbable. The *Inquiries in Yucutan* are dedicated to Viscount Kingsborough, author of "*The Mexican Antiquities*," which have been already noticed in a former volume, and in the present number of this Review.

The *Travels* will treat on the statistics, customs and usages of the country—in a word, on all that can interest an observing mind, whether amusing, useful, or instructive: they will also include many anecdotes, characteristic of the manners of the Creoles and Indians; a sketch of the commerce of the province, and of its future importance relative to political geography; an ancient Yucatee ballad of considerable beauty, and curious for the light which it throws on the ancient history of the Maya; a copious vocabulary of the Maya language, for the use of travellers who may wish to visit the country; an Essay to prove that the Yucatees are of Palenquian origin; and a Summary of the ancient history of the Maya, from a century before the conquest till their subjugation, which did not finally take place till the year 1700. The work will be illustrated by a general map of the province, the interior of which was unknown, and by 22 or 23 plates, engraved or lithographed, according to the style of the subjects, and accompanied by an explanatory text.

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If the biography of the late Emperor be inseparable from the history of the development of Austria, that of his favourite minister, who long aided, and at length guided, perhaps, the projects of his sovereign, is not less so. This remarkable man, who has steadily pursued his way with an indifference to public opinion almost unexampled, whose penetration enabled him to probe with equal success the character of the monarch whom he served and of the people he had to rule, will afford us by his manner of dealing with prince and people the justest estimate of both; nor can we go far astray, if we place ourselves under the guidance of so clear an eye and so shrewd a tact in action as he is acknowledged to possess.

If fortune had resolved to contrive a throne for a favoured mortal, from which he should not find it difficult to arrogate a superiority over at least one quarter of the globe, she could not have devised materials better suited to its accomplishment than those composing the Austrian Empire. The inexhaustible resources of every province, each large enough to form a separate kingdom, combine with the varieties of mental power displayed in the inhabitants to form materials for the creation of an unconquerable power. The agricultural profusion of the Polish provinces and Hungary, the mining wealth of great part of the latter country, the industrial spirit of the inhabitants of Bohemia,

its agricultural wealth, the mines of Carinthia, and the fertility of Lombardy, united, offer a mass of internal wealth unrivalled by any other European land. Mighty navigable rivers traverse the states in all directions, and afford means of communication to commercial enterprise, to which the possession of no unimportant extent of sea-coast likewise invites. In the population such varied elements unite as might be expected to turn these means to the best advantage. The skilful industrious Lombard, the wily Illyrian, the hardy Hungarian, the meditative German, the patient persevering Bohemian, and the fiery but versatile Pole, form a mixture of energies admirably calculated to correct and to assist each other. This is the empire as it now presents itself to our view, and the dominions were not less extensive to which Francis succeeded in 1798. He then possessed Belgium instead of Venice, but the exchange has been materially for the advantage of the state ; thus too, both Austria and Germany have been respectively gainers by the abolition of the Holy Roman Empire. It is no doubt easier for us who have the experience of forty years, the most fertile in historical results that any age of history affords, to form a clear judgment of the true course which the Emperor Francis ought to have pursued on his accession to the throne, to consolidate his power and ensure the prosperity of his people, than it was for him at the time, bewildered as his view must have been by the failure of the well-meant but inconsiderate changes attempted by his uncle Joseph II. Had any enlightened friend been at his side who could have pointed out where the real faults in Joseph's policy lay, it is probable that the unsophisticated mind of the young emperor, which raised the hopes of his subjects to a high pitch, would have comprehended the truth ; and the firmness which he sufficiently displayed in after-life must have insured his success in acting up to it. As it was, nothing could be more natural than that he should deem the people incapable of appreciating efforts made for their good, and consider his uncle as the victim of the basest ingratitude. It was, however, more than a mere error of judgment which prevented both of these monarchs from rising to the generous wish of desiring the good of the people, regardless of *who was the author of the benefit*. Joseph, as well as his successors, was evidently quite impressed with the notion that the sovereign, as representative of the Supreme Being, was the chosen dispenser of his favours, and that the people, to use a British phrase, *had no right* to any advantages which did not originate with him.

The method adopted by Joseph II. to introduce his intended improvements was perfectly accordant with these notions. Abolishing without hesitation the customs of the different countries

which he undertook to reform,—the municipal oligarchies of the Belgians, the patriarchal aristocracy of the Bohemians, and the irregular inconsistent privileges of the Hungarians,—he required all to surrender the portion of good they possessed, and to receive at his hands what he imagined to be a fuller measure of the means of acquiring prosperity. He could never conceive that it was less the good which he offered, than his assumption of the power or rather right to bestow it, which all united to dispute. Did he assemble the representatives of the people? did he explain the insufficiency of the old customs and the impediments they offered to the advancement of the nation, calling upon them to assist him in devising means to remedy those evils? No; in the plenitude of arrogant power and the confidence of delegated wisdom, he planned laws from the midst of a distant and enervated capital for the citizens of Belgium, for the nobility of a Sclavonic, and the rude and haughty freemen of a Tatar, nation. What wonder then, that he should totally fail in an attempt so far beyond the powers of the most highly gifted individual! What wonder, that he should be falsely estimated both by those whose hopes had been excited and by those whose fears he had roused!

It was probably the experience thus gathered, strengthened by the terror and disgust which the disgraceful scenes of the French revolution were adapted to awaken, which brought the conviction into the mind of the Emperor Francis, that an unlimited power in the chief governor of a nation is the surest pledge of its prosperity; and that, as all popular reforms tend to limit that power, they must be opposed as the sources of all evil. He also looked upon this high prerogative as an inherent right in his family, one holier and less disputable than any other; and the line of conduct which he pursued aimed at first procuring its acknowledgment by all his subjects, and then at securing it against all attacks. Until this was attained, there could be no question raised as to how much he would consent to sacrifice to the wishes and advantage of his subjects. A consistent support of these principles naturally involves the necessity, in cases where the interests of land and sovereign apparently clash in a hostile manner, of letting the former sink in preference to the latter; or, in other words, it must be presumed that the sovereign lends importance and power to the state, not the state to the sovereign. The whole reign of the late emperor, and the whole administration of the minister, have been consumed in the realization of this wish, to which Austria is indebted for its present state; and according to which it seems that the future prospects of the country are to be calculated. That the pursuit of such a line of policy in Austria required no secret caballing, no concealed undermining of ancient

laws and customs, no attempts to bribe or deceive public opinion, is a fact of great importance, as it at once develops the character of the nation, or union of nations, of which that empire is composed. Yet, such is the fact. That unity of purpose in the government is there considered as unattainable without a sole governor, not only the two works first cited at the head of our article inform us, it being the text which they profess to illustrate, but is taught as an axiom by every professor of law in the Austrian dominions.

Yet the avowal of this doctrine and the determination to act up to it, be the consequences what they might, on the part of the government, have proved no impediment to its realization. The distance between the Dalmatian peasant, who stands perhaps on the lowest degree in the scale of European civilization,* and the Lombard who claims a very elevated one,—between the uncultivated freedom of the Hungarian, and the crafty subserviency of the Slavonian,—is so great, that it might cause the boldest legislator to despair of establishing any thing like a reciprocity of interests between them. Yet one and the same law-book has been introduced into all the Austrian provinces, with the exception of Hungary; and the manifold elements of discord from the Vistula to the Po have been reduced to the tranquillity of passive obedience. An army has been raised which, as far as its *matériel* is concerned, is perhaps the most formidable in Europe, and which is ready to take the field in any direction at a moment's warning; while the public credit has been supported, so that the funds of the country are marked by a decent figure in all the markets of Europe. Yet all this has been effected without the slightest digression from the bold line of conduct laid down; the attainment of all these desirable results has ever been regarded as secondary to the introduction of the patriarchal form of government in every province, and a note from the emperor's cabinet supersedes at will the authority both of law and custom.

That the efforts made to establish this power have been attended with the fullest success is a fact that does not admit of the slightest doubt, and that the imperial fiat is now as obsequiously followed by the Poles, the Italians, and the Hungarians, as by the Austrians, has been of late sufficiently demonstrated. The course of the last year and a half furnishes a variety of

* A gentleman has assured us that, while on an official tour through Dalmatia in 1830, he threw a handful of small coin amongst a groupe of the inhabitants who had assembled at the unusual sight of a carriage, and whom he supposed to be beggars, but who immediately took to their heels without picking up the money. A very wise measure was to take into pay as soldiers the numerous robbers who infested the country, many of whom now form the escorts of remittances from Zara to the imperial treasury.

the war ! since, as it was easy to see, the most unconditional submission to the arrogance of the enemy would scarcely have delayed this war, so expensive in blood and treasure, and would never have entirely prevented it. This consideration alone would have made it imperative on the prince, as servant of the state, to undertake to combat to the utmost the revolution, *its principles, and its consequences*. But it was not alone the interests of the state which he was called upon to represent that roused in him this dislike of innovation and revolutions ; he followed in it his fullest conviction, derived from a clear insight into the peculiar nature of those doctrines and the manner in which they had been applied. The strict love of justice which attended all his steps caused him to recognize, once for all, in the chaos of revolutions, together with their accompaniments, something that conflicted with his feelings—a sufficient reason to induce a man like him to declare himself to the world their enemy and combatant.”—p. 149.

Historical right is a term recently introduced in Germany by writers on history and national law, to denote the species of prescriptive right to certain immunities and privileges claimed by their possessors upon the ground of their having been long enjoyed. History is in such cases called in as evidence. But in no work have we been able to find a precise definition of this somewhat vague term, nor can we account for the exclusion of the histories of the middle ages in most countries, of the free imperial cities, and of the Hanseatic league in Germany, by those who most frequently appeal to its authority.

A little farther on the relative position of the sovereign in the political scale of the empire is thus defined :—

“ An attentive look at the nature and component parts of the Austrian empire must dissipate all wonder at his wish to keep at a distance from the destructive movements of the times. In a united monarchy like the Austrian, in which such different parts and varying interests have been bound up at different epochs to a whole, nothing less than a consistent support of a public administration founded upon a gradual historical development, nothing but a concentration of all the ideas according to which the government is conducted in the person of the monarch, can be even dreamt of as a means of promoting a powerful unity, and of attaining the highest aim of the state, the good of all.”—p. 177.

The amount of responsibility here imposed upon the sovereign seems rather unfair in proportion to the weight of the task, which is in no way diminished by the reasons assigned for the necessity of entrusting the entire guidance of the state to the hands of an individual, viz. the difference existing between its component parts and the conflicting interests that have to be reconciled. It is, however, unnecessary here to collect evidence to prove what is so universally known, that the two political principles cited above have always guided the conduct both of the late emperor and his

minister. The importance attached to their public avowal and justification in 1835 rests upon the probability of their continuing to be the maxims on which the policy of the Austrian court will for the future be founded. This it is which makes a slight retrospective view of the events of past years interesting, and even imperative upon all, whose task is to watch over the political balance of European power.

The line of policy adopted by the Austrian court, in order to "keep at a distance from the destructive movements of the times," is explained by the biographer to have existed, not in measures of internal police alone, but in the endeavours to effect a restriction of the press in Germany, in the direct interference to suppress the revolution of Naples, and in the indirect intervention by urging an obsequious ally to undertake the crushing of the revolutionary party in Spain. England, it is stated, opposed to each of these attempts ineffectual remonstrances, with the exception of the latter, to which it is declared (we know not with what truth) that Prince Metternich had the address to procure the concurrence of George IV. during his visit to that monarch at Hanover.

To the minute detail of the negotiations which preceded the march of the Austrians to Naples which our author gives us, or rather to its publication at the present moment, we are inclined to attach some importance when we regard the state of the political horizon and the nature of some recent events.

When the Neapolitans in 1820 heard that the Austrians intended interfering to suppress the constitution they had extorted from their king, Prince Cimitil  was sent to Vienna to deprecate the intervention, and to give assurances of the wish of his government to conform as much as possible to the desires of the Austrians. The answer given by Prince Metternich at a personal interview is stated as follows:—

"The present Neapolitan revolution is the work of a profligate sect, the work of surprise and force; were the courts to grant it any countenance, even by silently looking on, it would be equivalent to scattering the seeds of rebellion in lands where it has not yet taken root. The first duty and the highest interest of the powers required them to crush it in the beginning. As to the readiness of the Neapolitan government to endeavour to prevent the extension of the Propaganda, even if it be really able to do so, it merits but little gratitude for that which we shall require from it as a duty. The recognition of the new order of things in that kingdom would both shake the foundation of our own state, and deprive Naples of the only means she now possesses of opposing the terrors of anarchy. These means are: order and the support of those principles on which alone the tranquillity of states is grounded; and these principles will conquer as soon as the government is resolved to maintain its former institutions against the attacks of innovators and party spirit.

while Austria improved the opportunity so well to extend her moral ascendancy over Southern Italy, that the occupation of Ancona, by offering a seeming guarantee that its views were loyal, has rather assisted than impeded its efforts. In short, the Austrians have so often of late assumed the dictation of the policy to be followed by Italian States, that it has grown into a right of patronage which has no parallel in any other part of Europe.

The ascendancy of Austria in Germany is also observable in the direction which the affairs of the federative body have of late years taken. The ordinances of Frankfort, in 1832, a measure dictated by Austria, and for the full merit of which our biographer lays claim on the part of this minister, were a direct infraction of the treaty of Vienna, which guaranteed internal independence to every state of Germany :—

“ The more reasonable among the Germans, and even some governments who formerly reproached Prince Metternich with too much timidity, began now to see that not *they*, but *he*, had rightly judged of the spirit of the times ; they therefore willingly and thankfully seconded his renewed endeavours, the consequence of which was the publication of the resolutions of the Diet of the 28th of June, 1832. The contents of these resolutions are generally known, and public opinion has already pronounced on their real tendency ; consequently any apology or justification of them would here be unnecessary.” * * *

“ A similar object, together with the completion and clearer explanation of some points of the treaty of federation, occupied the great congress of ministers assembled at the desire of Prince Metternich at Vienna from the 13th of January to the 13th of June, 1834, some of whose resolutions have been published by the Diet.”

The purport of the resolutions of Frankfort was, as our readers may remember, the institution of a Court of Control, named by the territorial sovereigns of Germany, to watch over the proceedings of the states-general in each kingdom and duchy. The sittings of the chambers in the different states were ordered to be held with closed doors, and the official publication of their proceedings, which had been adopted voluntarily by several, among others by Hanover, was prohibited. Other points related to restrictions on the press ; and the resolutions not yet published are said to concern the universities and the system of education. As the whole of the proceedings on this occasion involve a question of considerable importance to England, besides the wanton insult thus offered to the nation of Europe in which intellectual improvement is most generally spread, we may be allowed to cast a look at our own share in the transaction. The passing of the resolutions at Frankfort and Vienna was accompanied by military preparations, on the part of Austria especially, which no pains were taken to conceal.

The journeys of Count Clam Martinitz to Berlin were avowedly for the purpose of concerting plans of military operations, in case resistance should any where be offered ; and such resistance was expected by all who knew under what sickness of heart the inhabitants of western Germany suffered, at the long deferment of their ardent hopes. May we not now ask, had opposition been offered what would have been the result ? A military occupation of the rest of Germany by Austria and Prussia ? Did this contingency enter into the calculations of Mr. Cartwright at Frankfort, when looking on at the proceedings of the Diet ? Were the instructions furnished to Mr. Strahlenheim and Baron Ompteda communicated to Lord Palmerston, to Sir F. Lamb, or to Mr. Cartwright ? Or was Hanover allowed to risk the chances of a war, in which it must eventually look to England for aid, without showing the courtesy of making such communications as might avert the evil by making it the subject of timely negotiation ? It is well known, from the disposition evinced by the inhabitants of Brunswick and Hanover, in 1830 and 1831, that there was every probability that the first burst of opposition would ensue from that quarter ? The promises of the sovereign before he ascended the throne were not forgotten ; and the mere fact of the persons arrested for state offences in 1830 being still imprisoned without the sanction of any judiciary tribunal shows that the people had grievances of the highest order of which to seek the redress.* Did then the occupation of Hanover by Austria or Prussia enter into the scheme of European politics for the year 1833 ? Or was it the fear of such a threatened calamity that induced the Hanoverian government to direct Mr. Strahlenheim to affix his signature to the resolutions ? If the latter was the case, there will be little more proof, we think, required that Austria has attained an ascendancy in Germany, which it is the interest of England and France jealously to observe. It is unnecessary to add a word respecting the concurrence of the other minor states of Germany, the inability of whose sovereigns to defend, unsupported, either the rights of their subjects, or their own, against their powerful allies, is unfortunately for them too well known both at home and abroad.

In the progressive acquirement of this influence, there can be

* A short time before the publication of the Resolutions of Frankfort, a diplomatic character in Germany revealed to a friend and countryman of ours the fact of their existence. The Englishman expressed his doubts as to the possibility of enforcing them, adding that, during a recent tour through western Germany, he had seen every citizen with a musquet in his hand. "My good friend," returned the minister, "you seem to forget that on these occasions it is artillery which decides, and you certainly saw no cannon in the possession of the citizens."

no doubt that the Austrian government was solely guided by the desire to suppress all discussion of those political principles which tend to throw a dubious light upon the monarchical form of government. In this wish it must have been cordially joined by the Prussian cabinet, and we are ready to believe that serious views of conquest were entertained by neither court. It would only seem that all parties, in their eagerness to attain the immediate object in view, were inclined to overlook the difficulty that must present itself, when an appeal to force should have roused a gigantic power to a full consciousness of its immense strength, while the counterpoising weight might prove insufficient to restrain its projects within their original bounds. As it is evident that, in an enlightened age like the present, with the examples of France and England, probably also with those of the Peninsula before their eyes, it can scarcely be expected that either the numbers or demands of the liberal party on the Continent will diminish, Europe has to look forward, if this system of policy be suffered, to a continued series of interpositions on the part of Austria and Prussia to regulate the affairs of the smaller German states; for which those powers having made due preparations by maintaining enormous standing armies, it must be tolerably clear to what issue such a state of things must tend.

In perfect harmony with former proceedings, and, indeed, a step unavoidably necessary for a power that considers its safety endangered by every concession to the popular cause, and which shows that Austria can not confine its suppressing system to Germany alone, was the recent occupation of the Republic of Cracow. The true crime of this state was that, all the historical reminiscences of Poland centering in it, as long as it remained free, the hopes of the Poles had a gathering point, and their nationality could not be effectually extinguished. The cathedral of Cracow contains the tombs of almost all the Polish kings, and the ashes of the heroes who adorn the history of that nation. The university is richly endowed, and might offer a pure source whence the Polish youth could imbibe enlightened ideas and unprofaned knowledge. Some of the most distinguished refugees had devoted themselves to historical researches, in which they were supported by contributions and assistance from the partitioned provinces, where their productions, although entirely devoid of political allusions, formed a new and strong band of union by the recollections they were calculated to awaken in every breast.* The

* The following list of works, which appeared in Cracow in the course of the years 1823-1835, will demonstrate the activity displayed by the refugees, and which probably constituted the crime for which they were condemned.

probability of finding one day in Cracow a nucleus round which the Poles could rally as a nation, and not mere zeal to execute justice upon the assassins of the murdered emissary, was the real cause of General Kaufmann's expedition. Cracow was for the partitioning powers that which Persepolis was for the Persian conqueror; with the historical remembrances of every country the national pride will fall. We know that it has been studiously asserted that the Austrians undertook the occupation, in order to anticipate or prevent a like movement on the part of Prussia; but before this exculpatory argument be admitted it should be shown both that the city and its inhabitants have been gainers by falling into the hands of the Austrians; and that the interest of Austria was to support the independence of its *protégé*. The answer to the former query is contained in the hundreds of victims delivered

PERIODICALS.

- Pomniki historyi i literatury Polskiej (Monuments of Polish History and Literature), 3 vols., irregular.
 Powszechny Pamiętnik nauki i umiejętności (General Remembrancer of Art and Science), monthly, 1835.
 Kwartalnik naukowy (Quarterly Review of the Fine Arts), 1835.
 Pamiętnik farmaceutyczny (Pharmaceutic Remembrancer), annual, 1834-1836.
 Roznik kliniki chirurgicznej (Clinical and Surgical Annual), 1832-1836.
 Themis Krakowska (Cracow Themis), monthly.
 Dziennik Ogrodniczy (Gardeners' Journal), 1831-1833.
 Encyklopedia rzeczy Polskich (Encyclopædia of Poland), in numbers.

WORKS PUBLISHED.

- Biblioteka Żelazskiego, edit. with notes by Muczkowski.
 O stanie obecnym literatury Czeskiej (The Present State of Bohemian Literature), translated from the German by Muczkowski.
 Liber 80 Artium. A most singular Manuscript, supposed to be by Twardowski, the Polish Faust, long fastened by a chain in the Library of Cracow, edit. Muczkowski.
 Historyja języka łacinskiego w Polsce (History of the Latin Language in Poland), Mecherzynski, 1839.
 Historyja Szlaska (History of Silesia), Kulawski, 1833.
 O potrzebie banku w Krakowie (On the Necessity of a Bank in Cracow), Meciszewski, 1835.
 Historyja ludu Żydowskiego w Europie (History of the Jews in Europe), 1 Vol., 1834, anonymous.
 Groby Królów w Krakowie (The Graves of the Kings at Cracow), A. Grabowski, 1835.
 O Słowianszczyźnie przed Chrześcianskley (Of the Slavonian before the Christian Era), Obodakowski, 1835.
 Przewodnik Krakowski (Cracow Guide), 1835, S. Gieszkowski.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

- Opis geologiczny Tatrów (A Geological Description of the Tatra (Carpathian) Mountains), Zeisner.
 A work on Astronomy, by Welss and Stęczkowski.
 What strengthens us in the supposition that these attempts to preserve the Polish language, and to add to the literature of the country, were viewed with dislike by the partitioning powers, is the circumstance of all the copies of several works on Polish customs and history having in the summer of this year been bought up by the Russian government. Among others we may specify Golebiowski's *Lud Polski, jego Zwyczaj*, (*The Polish Nation and its Customs*).

up to Russian vengeance, after being induced by fair promises to submit to the Austrians, as well as in the treatment of those individuals, whom the Austrian government thought proper themselves to detain as captives. The answer to the old-fashioned question "*Cui bono?*" must be drawn from the political views of Austria, which estimates the suppression of every thing resembling popular political power as the greatest gain. When Cracow is abandoned by the occupants, it will be left to destruction by decay, a means not less certain, although slower, than that which the celebrated speech at Warsaw threatened to inflict upon the latter capital. Deprived of all that could give it internal energy or ornament, and stripped of the commerce which hitherto supported its inhabitants, the oldest capital of Poland will dwindle to a shadow, the appropriation or annihilation of which will excite no jealousy on the part of rival nations.

The Austrian government having thus successfully forced the neighbouring States of Italy, Germany, and Poland to acknowledge its power, if not its right, to prescribe their form of government and internal policy, there remain but two others touching its frontiers whose weakness could offer any temptation, and whose internal state could furnish a pretext for hostile or amicable interference; these are the northern provinces of the Turkish empire and Switzerland.

The dubious aspect which the subjection of the Slavonic provinces of Turkey to the Ottoman government has of late years assumed is well known; and it will also be presumed, that the repeated assumption of independence by the different governors is as little favourable to internal tranquillity as it is likely to promote external strength. So little information is communicated to the rest of Europe by the Austrian newspapers, and so cautious is the government to suppress the publication of official details even within the hereditary states, that the true nature of the quarrels which so frequently take place between the Bosnians and the military colonies planted on the Hungarian frontier is a perfect mystery. Certain it is that, on two occasions within the last year and a half, the militia of the frontier has marched into the Turkish territories, and taken most summary and efficacious vengeance on the supposed perpetrators of injuries and their kindred. In the month of June this year, a strong division commanded by major-general Baron Waldstätten, with two pieces of cannon and twelve rocket-guns, entered the province of Bosnia, and fought a pitched battle with the capidan of the district, who demanded assistance from adjacent provinces. The alleged offence was the murder of an Austrian soldier, who had been killed by a shot from the Turkish side, (we know not on what

provocation,) and the capidan's refusing or neglecting to punish or deliver up the perpetrator occasioned a combat, which was obstinately protracted through the whole day. Not only the village in which the murderer was supposed to reside, but five or six others also were set on fire by the rockets and destroyed; while the Austrian Observer gave a list of 500 killed and wounded on the Turkish, and of 23 killed and 114 wounded on the Austrian side; an energetic manner of asserting the national honour, it must be confessed!

It must also be observed, that the vernacular language of Bosnia and Serbia, being a dialect of the Sclavonic, differs very little from that spoken in Croatia and Sclavonia, as well as the military frontier provinces; so that this part of Turkey seems almost marked out by nature for a separation from the rest at a future day. The inhabitants, although as schismatic Greeks more inclined to side with Russia than with Austria, would still prefer almost any Christian rule, which was at all tolerable, to that of the Mahometans; while the enclosed situation of the provinces, cut off as they are from the sea by Dalmatia, must destroy all hope of their forming an independent state. Then comes the pretext, which is not altogether without foundation, of removing, by sanatory regulations, so dangerous a neighbour as the plague from the hereditary states. The slightest threat on the part of Russia of an advance towards Constantinople must render it necessary once more to anticipate the encroachments of that dreaded power, and even partition treaties are not things of so ancient a date as not to be fresh in all our memories.

This was considered, no doubt, as too unimportant a point to demand the attention of the biographer; but, if he has left it untouched, he has not omitted to explain the nature of the relations at present existing between Austria and the Swiss Confederation. After a statement of the indignation excited in Austria by the foolish expedition to Savoy, the following citation is given from a Swiss newspaper, said to be of the liberal party, and consequently well adapted to express the opinion of the majority and most enlightened of the inhabitants:—

“ Prince Metternich is opposed to every change in the treaty of 1815; since this alone was ratified by all the powers, as harmonizing with the rights of the people as they were then established; he will not look on unconcerned at any revolutionary movement, which can draw after it the overthrow of the guaranteed federative constitution of the Confederation. This is the tendency of the whole course of the proceedings of Austria in conjunction with the other German powers, as regards the Swiss Confederation, and which continues and will continue to be so in future.”

Thus the guarantee given by the treaty of Vienna of the in-

violability of Swiss independence is the pretext assigned for interfering forcibly at a future day, to prevent any modification of the government that does not accord with Austrian notions. The plots of the refugees to revolutionize Germany could not come at a more seasonable time; the opportunity, as we have seen, has been eagerly seized, and the way paved for a future protectorship of the Confederation, similar to that established in Piedmont. A plausible pretext is now put forward for interference in the internal regulations of the Swiss government; the aristocratic party in that country has long looked to Austria, and in fact only existed by its assistance; and, after a few years, what we now consider as a casual and temporary measure of self-defence will have grown into an established right of control, the exercise of which can only be prevented by force of arms. The conflicts of the various parties in Switzerland, although apparently presenting an interminable labyrinth of uninteresting intrigues, are perfectly intelligible to those who have studied the spirit of the times, and watched its symptoms on the continent. Instead of expecting the internal troubles, both of Switzerland and Germany, to cease, we must, on the contrary, look forward to their increasing, or at least continuing, until the several rights of the different classes in those states are satisfactorily defined and fairly respected; until the rights of their subjects abroad, as members of the great civilized family of Europe, are respected by their neighbours, and an unlimited field is thus opened to the spirit of enterprise.

We are compelled to repeat the assertion that peace cannot be expected on the continent until such a modification of the existing governments takes place as shall cause the rights of the individual citizens to be respected, under all circumstances, at home and abroad. If we consider for a moment the frequent communication which exists between the different German states and France and England, is it not evident that the contrast between the situation of the citizens of these different countries cannot possibly be concealed? Can we expect the Germans, amongst whom enlightened ideas are perhaps more generally spread than in any other land,—whose institutions for education have been lately taken by us as models,—and whose literature ranks as second to that of no European nation—will voluntarily assent to the assertion, that they are not yet ripe for institutions which were settled, in the form in which they demand them, two centuries ago in England? Can they look without a feeling of emulation at the prosperity and power of this country, and are they not fully aware of the causes of our wealth and their own poverty? There can be but one answer to all these questions; and, instead of looking to a speedy termination of the intestine troubles that have so long

afflicted the greater part of the nations of the continent, we must, as we have said, expect them to continue, and even to increase in frequency and virulence, as long as the present system of opposition by force is continued on the part of the different governments.

What part is then left to those nations who have no other object in view than to maintain peace, and to preserve the balance of power in Europe? The desirable policy of not interfering in the internal affairs of foreign nations is rendered difficult of observance, when other states eagerly seize the pretext of domestic discord to extend their influence or increase their power. At all events, it has become necessary to devote serious attention to a subject which has grown important, as avowedly forming the mainspring of the policy of one of the greatest European states. If it were possible to fix limits for such a political system, it might perhaps be prudent to concede some smaller considerations in order to secure the grand object, the maintenance of the peace of Europe. But the system of crushing, by armed interference, the demands which must, by turns, be made in every country for an enlargement of popular rights, can only be justified by the supposition, that no progressive mental improvement takes place among the people which would entitle them to what they claim; and, as no government has hitherto gone the length of attempting to prove that civilization is stationary in any part of Europe,—each, on the contrary, ascribing the greatest proportion of this progress to its own nation,—we do not see where these demands are to finish, or where the pretext for encroaching on the rights of weaker states is to cease. It would be fruitless, as it is evident, to imagine, for instance, that Great Britain, by withdrawing her support from the Swiss cantons, would render the republic of Cracow in the slightest degree a desirable neighbour for Austria or Prussia; or that any want of sympathy with the inhabitants of Hanover or Saxony would cause a remission of the jealousy with which all the states of Italy are watched. On the other hand, although it is so clear that this system of policy has a tendency to extend itself, as long as it meets with little or no opposition, it betrays an internal weakness in the states that adopt it, which makes them fear the chances of any serious collision. Powerful as are the resources of Austria, yet it is well known that many elements are ~~afloat~~ ^{afloat} in that empire which, in case of a contest where the national honour was not concerned, would contribute seriously to lame her efforts; it may not, therefore, be an uninteresting inquiry to trace her actual situation and her power, for the purposes of defence or of aggression.

Great difficulty attends an attempt at a statistical survey of the resources of Austria, owing to the care taken by the government

to conceal official, and especially numerical, details, the betrayal of which is looked upon as a crime only second to high treason. Works, it is true, exist, which profess to give minute information on all subjects connected with the government and the country, but they are either, like the *Encyclopædia* quoted at the head of our article, deficient in every important particular, or, from the known strictness of the censorship on this head, exposed to the suspicion of wilful misrepresentation. Still, as it is impossible to form a correct idea of the power of Austria without a full consideration of the complicated machine of its government, we shall submit to our readers what information we have been able to collect.

From the mixture of nations of which the population of the Austrian empire is composed, the unequal state of civilization in the different provinces, and the various interests of all, it will easily be supposed that the actual state of public opinion also varies in different parts. We have, moreover, here to reconcile the contradiction of systems and theories which are generally considered to be false and an evident increase of prosperity in the nation. We are therefore necessarily driven from reasoning in the gross, and seizing only great results, to the study of minuter details. The mere facts of a progressive increase of population, of an augmented industry in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, of a consequently apparent addition to the comforts and enjoyments of the population at large, may perhaps satisfy the faint curiosity of one but distantly interested in the inquiry. The native of the country is differently placed; he is entitled to examine whether this improvement is proportioned to the means which the country affords; whether these means have been employed in a manner to ensure the continuance of these benefits; or whether the momentary advantage of the nation has been purchased at the cost of its future and lasting welfare. He has, moreover, a right to ask whether these advantages have been acquired without the sacrifice of blessings, which from ancient custom or revered tradition he may be induced to value higher than mere sensual enjoyment.

Taken from this point of view, the German portion of the inhabitants have reason to be best satisfied. Their language is that in which all the affairs of government are transacted (except in Italy), and their customs and forms are more or less forced upon the other nations of the empire. The capital, the heart in which centre the veins that convey the contributions of the provinces, lies in their territory; and the middle classes are consequently somewhat more enlightened and industrious than the same classes in the other provinces. But, though possessed of much

moral influence, they are the smallest portion in point of numbers. The archduchies of Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, and Tyrol, in which the inhabitants may be considered as exclusively German, contain 3,757,368 souls, scattered over a territory of 1710 square geographical miles, giving consequently a population of 2197 per square mile. This scanty population is owing to the mountainous nature of these districts, the average quantity of arable land and vineyards in these provinces giving only 1764 square Vienna *joch** in the geographical mile. The remainder of the surface is mountain, forest, and marsh land. The mountainous districts are, however, by no means wholly unproductive; rich mines of salt, iron, and copper, are scattered through them, and extensive tracts are used as grazing land; but it is evident that the population is on the whole not sufficiently numerous either to draw the full advantage from the land, or to assert any political supremacy over the other provinces. The influence of the centralizing system of government and of fashion, which draws the wealthy inhabitants from the provinces to the capital, alone allows Austria to be counted among the Germanic states of Europe. About 2,500,000 Germans are calculated in the other provinces of the empire, as colonists, military and civil functionaries, &c.

The largest portion of the inhabitants of the empire are Sclavonians, whom we class without entering into too minute ethnographic details under four heads:—

Bohemians, Moravians, Silesians	5,802,750
Poles	4,445,000
Hungarian Sclavonians, including Dalmatia	4,800,000
Illyrians and Carinthians	1,200,000

amounting together to 15,747,750 souls, or a number nearly equal to the total sum of all the other nations in the empire taken together; viz.—

Germans	6,200,000
Hungarians (Magyars)	4,500,000
Italians	4,650,000
Wallachians	1,800,000
Jews	475,000
Zigeuner (Gypsies)	110,000

Total 17,735,000

The Sclavonian inhabitants, important as their numbers and geographical situation ought to make them, have ever been treated with the least consideration by the German rulers. In the present state of the empire they form two distinct and extensive divisions, one to the north and the other to the south of the Danube, be-

* Equal to 101,518 French hectares.

tween which the Germanic territories lie inclosed in the form of a wedge. The northern Slavonic mass, including Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Galicia, and the north-west quarter of Hungary, contains a population of about 12,500,000 souls, speaking three or at most four dialects of a common language, none of which differs from the other so much as the Danish tongue does from the High German. A traveller possessing a moderate knowledge of the Bohemian or Polish, which are the only written dialects, can travel with ease and make himself understood in all the other Slavonic districts. But, though possessing so remarkable a bond of union, and long involved in the common fate of subjection to strangers, there seems never to have existed anything like a wish to draw together for mutual support or defence. This may partially be explained by the circumstances in which these different countries were at the time of their incorporation into the Austrian empire. The Bohemians had long considered themselves as forming part of the German empire, and in their rivalry with the other provinces seem to have been in some degree ashamed to assert their nationality. Until lately no Bohemian of the higher classes studied his native tongue, and all were in general flattered by being taken for Germans. They consequently had but little sympathy with their unpretending brethren, the Slowacks of Hungary, joining in the supercilious but groundless contempt which the Hungarians of Tatar descent express for them.* The Poles were long too much occupied with the hope of restoring the independence of their country within its former limits to look beyond the Carpathians; and, indeed, it was not until the weight on all was increased, as it has been of late years, and all hope of external help cut off, as it at present seems to be, that any of the nations in the territories we have alluded to thought of looking upon their neighbours and fellow-sufferers as brothers and supporters.

Within the extent of country we have described, every mountain, every river, every town, every village, bears a Slavonic name; a sufficient reason to make strangers, of whatever nation, despair of success in converting the inhabitants into Germans or Hungarians, or in making them assume any foreign language or manners. Many things too have contributed of late to promote a feeling of nationality on an enlarged basis amongst them. All these nations, isolated from the rest of Europe by the Austrian policy, were thrown more upon their own internal resources, which they have considerably improved. A natural consequence has been a relative improvement in the state of these different provinces, exactly proportioned to their respective means. In Bohemia, where the average of the population gives 4133 inhabi-

* The Hungarian proverb says, "Tot nem ember," (The Slowack is no man).

tants to a square geographical mile, and where the soil is much less productive than in Moravia and Galicia, manufactures have been introduced with considerable success. An interesting work* on this subject shows that Bohemia possesses 75 glass-houses, of which 30 produce plate-glass; 126 paper-mills; and a great number of iron, copper, and lead works. The quantity of lead produced by the mines in 1834 was, 1321 tons; of arsenic, 61 tons; of iron there was produced, rough 11,027 tons, cast 9738 tons. The manufacture of percussion caps for guns and cannon is carried on extensively, 65,000,000 caps being produced annually. In the year 1835, 14,000 tons of beet-root were manufactured into 7,500 tons of sugar; 120,000 cwt. of flax into linen; 30,000 spinners produced 85,000 cwt. of cotton yarn; and 1,400,000 pieces, of from 20 to 35 yards, were printed; 80,000 cwt. of wool was manufactured, and 3200 looms produced 120,000 pieces of woollens from 14 to 20 yards per piece. Various other branches of industry are attempted with more or less success, and sufficiently demonstrate the industrial spirit of this part of the empire. It must, however, be confessed that the above statements respecting this province, together with its very considerable agricultural produce, are far from giving a true idea of its productive power. The Encyclopædia estimates its farming produce as follows:—

“Wheat, 3 millions Metzen, (1 Metzen = 1.72 bushels English); rye, 15 millions Metzen; barley, 6½ millions Metzen; potatoes, —; wine, 26,145 Eimer, (the Eimer = 15.9 gallons English); 1,000,000 cubic toises of fire-wood. The amount of live stock, which is on the increase, is 142,036 horses, 243,779 oxen, 650,779 cows, 1,590,672 sheep. Game of the choicest kind in incredible quantities, stags, roebucks, wild boars, pheasants, woodcocks, &c.”—i. 336.

The truth of our observation will, we think, be sufficiently substantiated by the fact, that by far the greater part of the farming, and almost all the manufacturing, undertakings originate, as the Germans say, *from above*; that is, they are carried on by stewards and other agents on account of the landed proprietor. This method, which is notoriously the least advantageous in business, is here rendered necessary by the difficulties which the administration of the government throws in the way of the poor man, and which are seriously detrimental to small beginnings. This brings us to the grand cause of dissatisfaction with the government in Austria, its tendency to limit freedom of exertion. In this complaint the inhabitants, of whatever nation they may be, unite, not indeed in the grand chorus which in an enlightened nation must be victorious, and would bring about an immediate change; it ex-

* Skizze der Uebersicht des gegenwärtigen Standes, &c. von Gewerbe- und Fabrikations-Industrie, von Kreutzberg.

presses itself in the vague and inconsistent murmurs of men who feel an oppression which they cannot detect, and who demand a remedy without distinctly perceiving the malady under which they suffer. The fact is, that the greatest ignorance prevails in the mass of all classes, high or low, as to the simplest laws of political economy; and the exception formed by some enlightened individuals only renders the contrast with the blindness of the many more apparent and striking. In speaking of the finances, we shall have occasion to show the errors to which the neglect of this most useful of studies has led, but it cannot be wondered at when one finds the works of the English and French economists proscribed throughout the empire, as tending to fill the heads of the people with a number of vain theories, which experience has shown to be impracticable. This is the true root of the evil. The inhabitants of the Austrian empire are dissatisfied, for they feel themselves inconvenienced by the existing laws. They have hitherto demanded no specific remedy, because the great mass is ignorant of the cause of their suffering. They are not disaffected, because they do not see that this disagreeable position is caused immediately by the government. They know that there are other nations in Europe as heavily taxed as themselves, although, as we shall see, they are called upon to contribute enormously; but they have not yet learned that other nations enjoy the blessing of unrestrained exertion, almost the only privilege that the citizen of any state cares for. The nature of these restrictions we shall hereafter explain when speaking of the sources of government influence.

Bohemia must be looked on as the most flourishing province of the empire. The nobility is enlightened and public-spirited, and pains are taking to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes. The number of 40 grammar schools and 2556 peasants' schools gives one of the former for 95,000 inhabitants, but of the latter one to 1120 inhabitants. The middle classes are unfortunately possessed with a passion for entering into the innumerable government bureaux, which drain the country of so much talent and exertion, a loss which would be more seriously felt, if the sway of the noble landed proprietors were less mild, and the spirit of industry less spread among the lower orders.

The remarks we have made above may be extended in a general way to all the other Sclavonian provinces, which, although possessing sources of inexhaustible wealth, make but slow advances, owing to the same restrictions. A national spirit is however awake in all, and the education of the peasants has become an object of serious attention, the example of Bohemia rapidly spreading to the neighbouring Sclavonic districts. In the Slowack

country, public-spirited individuals have established schools, the Hungarian constitution enabling them to do so unimpeded. Galicia alone remains behind in this race of improvement, the government not establishing, and the influential men neither demanding, nor, indeed, seeming to wish for, schools for the improvement of the lower ranks. Some provinces, however, labour under peculiar grievances of their own.

On Galicia the whole weight of the iron sceptre of Austria has of late years been doomed to fall. No sooner was the insurrection in the kingdom of Poland completely subdued, and the means of future resistance, as far as the Russians could discover them, eradicated, than the lenient policy which Austria had shown towards the Gallicians changed. Prince Lobkowitz, whose humanity and prudence had saved the province for the empire, was replaced by the Archduke Ferdinand; and a system of inquisitorial proceedings has for the last three years been carried on, which has totally alienated what attachment had begun to spring up among the people towards their new rulers. The object of the government in all these proceedings is an absolute mystery. It is true that the people of Galicia manifested, in 1830, the most ardent sympathy for their brethren at Warsaw, and immense supplies of money and provisions were daily sent over the frontier. The governor, aware of his inability to suppress the working of these natural feelings, wisely chose to wink at such irregularities, rather than expose the province to the dangers arising from still greater excitement, if he forcibly attempted to restrain them. Thus, when the storm had passed over, the Gallicians could only rejoice with trembling that it had not overwhelmed them in its career; while they were gratefully sensible of the mild treatment they had experienced from rulers whose apprehensions seemed likely to dictate a very different policy. This was the moment for a prudent minister to seize to attach such an important province to the government by the strongest ties. But, so far from thus improving the opportunity, researches were gradually made after individuals, who had either served in the revolutionary army, or carried on correspondence with Poles in the Russian territories. These inquiries were also instituted with all the wanton harshness of delegates in a remote part of the empire, and screened from public opinion by the secrecy of their proceedings. Men of all classes were summoned to Lemberg; members of the most illustrious houses,—peasants, whose poverty and ignorance were no match for the intrigues of such an inquisition,—and Jews, whose helpless situation exposes them to every species of tyranny—were compelled to spend months in attendance on this tribunal; and the scourge of the executioner is said to have been frequently used

in secret to quicken the confessions of tardy witnesses. Every day saw transports of prisoners in irons, under military escort, travelling towards Lemberg, many of whom died in prison,* while those who, after a long delay, and being exposed to every insult, were at length released, received no other satisfaction than the certainty that all these inquiries had led to no result. Not a single trace of any thing like a serious conspiracy against the Austrian state could be discovered, nor could any thing worthy of publication, still less of punishment, be tortured out of the imprudent marks of sympathy shown by the most unwary to their suffering countrymen who had taken refuge among them. The greater part of those who laboured under the heaviest suspicions were set at liberty in the month of June this year, ignorant, for the most part, of the charge intended to be substantiated against them, and against which no means of defence could consequently be provided. The province in the mean time was treated as if it had been in a state of actual revolt. Upwards of 50,000 regular troops were quartered through it, and instructions were given to the officers and civil *employés* to mix as little as possible in social life with the inhabitants. The effect which such treatment must have produced upon a high-spirited people it is easy to surmise, and the government, when tired of so useless a system of rigour, will probably be unable to discontinue it when it shall desire to relax.

All these political sins of omission and commission occur at the present moment at a very critical time, and will assuredly, if not speedily compensated for, meet, before long, with their reward. The increase of population, and the gradual spreading of sound notions of government and political economy, which neither police nor censorship can wholly suppress, are every day rousing the Slavonian population to a sense of their true interests, and of the power accruing to them from union; and, should one common feeling of discontent awaken them to the necessity of united resistance, their power must be irresistible.

The Slavonian population of the southern states of the empire are not less favourably situated, being in possession of the long tract of mountainous country which stretches eastward from Tyrol, following the course of the rivers Save and Drave, from which a branch, diverging at right angles, runs south along the sea-coast through Dalmatia. The provinces of Carinthia, Carniola, Istria, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and what is called the military frontier, are peopled by Slavonians, with the exception of

* In addition to the usual prisons, several hotels of the nobility have been hired for the last two years for the same purpose by the government.

the principal towns; and, although the state of civilization varies so much in each of those provinces, still there is a spirit of nationality prevalent amongst them, which makes them fraternise like men having common interests. The military frontier, Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, form part of Hungary, and have a prospect of waiting some time, if the improvement of their social state is to depend on the general progress of that country. Istria, Carniola, and part of Carinthia, may, with the exception of some mountain districts, be considered as equally advanced in cultivation with Bohemia. It is worthy of remark that the valuable mining districts, with the exception of those of Transylvania, lie all in Slavonic districts, the Slavonians, as original inhabitants of the country, having probably maintained their ground in the mountainous chains which limit and intersect the empire. Although mining is carried on to a considerable extent in these latter provinces, the mines of Istria alone furnishing a large sum annually to the imperial treasury, yet it is probable that the entire riches of these mountainous districts are far from being ascertained. There is, perhaps, no spot in Europe so remarkable for singular natural varieties, nor any so little travelled, even in our curious age, as the chain extending from Carniola, through Croatia, into Hungary: the want of roads, but especially the depression of all individual exertion by vexatious *bureaux* and restrictive laws, prevent the inhabitants from seeking new sources of industry, as well as from turning those already discovered to the best account. In Carinthia are mines in which native steel is found, and yet the English manufactured steel is sold cheaper at Trieste than the mines can afford to deliver their produce* at that city. Many similar instances of undeveloped resources might be adduced from different parts of the empire, but nowhere are they so striking, on account of the vicinity of the sea, and the consequent facility of finding a market for produce of all kinds. The Slavonian population of these provinces is said to amount to 2,500,000 souls; the dialect they speak is more ancient in its grammatical forms than that of the Bohemians and Poles, and bears more resemblance to the Russian and Servian.

The race of inhabitants of Tatar descent, who, under the name of Magyars, claim the moral, although by no means the numerical, supremacy in Hungary and Transylvania, are distinguished from the other nations of the empire by an energy of character which has only lately taken a useful direction. This valuable pre-eminence they owe to their invincible attachment to

* The steel hanging bridge across the Danube canal at Vienna, suspended from only two main chains, one at each side, is the only one of the kind in Europe.

their old institutions, which, imperfect as they are acknowledged to be at the present day, have kept alive the pride and energy of the people, while the nations around them have sunk into a melancholy indolence and supineness. In number not exceeding 4,500,000, and surrounded by Slavonian and other tribes to the number of 6,000,000, they maintain an undisputed superiority within the country, and have even formed the chimerical notion of forcing their language and manners upon the rest of their fellow-countrymen. But a more useful and nobler direction has within a few years been given to their exertions by the patriotic spirit of some distinguished men, among whom the most conspicuous at present is Count Stephan Szecheny. This nobleman has almost single-handed, in opposition to all the direct and indirect impediments which a blind and jealous government and rude national prejudices could raise against him, opened a steam communication from Presburg to Constantinople; thus furnishing his country with a new and invaluable field of enterprize, at a moment when the endeavours making to draw a portion of the trade of the East once more over Asia Minor to Europe give a cheering promise of prosperity likely to accrue to his country by his means. He is accordingly looked upon as its greatest benefactor at the present moment, although suspected of not being warmly attached to that kind of reform which would raise the lower classes of his fellow-citizens in the social scale. It is, perhaps, also for this reason that he has been able to avoid direct collision with the government, which views every step taken for the advantage of Hungary with a jealousy natural to those who prefer a weakness which they can easily guide to a strength that they might have cause to fear. Another distinguished man, Baron Wesseleni, whose attention is more directed to procuring guarantees for the political freedom of his countrymen, has, as we before stated, been less successful in the execution of his projects, and has subjected himself to open acts of hostility from the court and its party. The happy idea of attracting foreign trade into Hungary, by way of the Danube, must in a short time show its effects by encouraging the spirit of adventure, which the natives possess in abundance, to strike into that useful channel; and, if prosecuted on a liberal footing, may enable them to assert their own rights against the encroachments of the Russians, which their government seems inclined to neglect. This jealousy of Hungary must be conceived in its full force, before indifference on the part of the Vienna cabinet to a Russian settlement at the mouth of the Danube can be imagined; for, according to all western calculations, the stoppage of this grand outlet for its productions must inflict a much more serious wound on the future prosperity of the

empire at large, than even the contagious neighbourhood of a powerless republic could on its political tranquillity; while the possession of Cracow, should it eventually be conceded, will, we fear, prove but a poor indemnity for immeasurable sources of wealth, which it will be impossible to cultivate without such a channel of communication with foreign lands.

The Magyars have, as it is, valuable rights. Their language is used in all public transactions, and their nationality fully respected. No passports are necessary within the country, in which they are not overburdened with *bureaux*, like the other provinces. Separate chanceries at Vienna transact the business of Hungary and Transylvania, and their diets impose only the taxes of which they approve, and with which they are by no means liberal. In return for this exemption, every thing Hungary exports is loaded with a heavy duty, even on importation into the other provinces.

If the Slavonic nations of the empire have reason to complain of the little care taken to consult their national customs and feelings, it may be imagined that the Italians are scarcely less exposed to annoyance on this head; not that they by any means stand on the same footing with the Slavonian nations, for the Italian language is that used in all the public offices and courts of justice in the united kingdom of Lombardy and Venice. The Austrian code of law has been translated into Italian, and is studied in that language in their universities; and the Italian jurists have contributed very much towards its improvement. Still, as the finer feelings in an enlightened nation are spread through a wider circle of its population, and many things are for them oppressive of which a less cultivated people would scarcely be sensible, there can be no doubt that the invincible hostility they bear to their present rulers is not without foundation. The repressing character of the Austrian sway, under which mediocrity makes the greatest progress, while talent and energy are looked upon as two disturbers of the public peace which cannot be subjected to sufficient control, is little suited to the tastes of an ardent people, among whom democratic ideas have descended as a legacy from the flourishing days of their state. Many concessions have been made by the Austrians, in order to conciliate the inhabitants, especially of the cities, where the direct taxes upon industry are much lower than in the provinces northward of the Alps; but the same system of innumerable *bureaux*, and the same destructive institutions of monopoly, weary out the aspiring spirit, and cramp the nerves of enterprise. Yet the Italian provinces must be reckoned among those whose subordination depends upon the presence of an imposing military force; and, to the skill

with which the government subdues the discontented of one province by the power it borrows from another not much less dissatisfied, it is indebted for the effective subjection in which all are retained. But an armed force, of even more approved reliance than Austria could muster, would never have succeeded so completely in establishing the power of the government in a manner which renders all thoughts of resistance so hopeless that they are abandoned on all sides. Much subtler, though, as it would appear, more expensive, checks on the ebullitions of popular spirit have been forged, the tendency of which is for the present to tame the refractory by presenting innumerable obstacles to every attempt at innovation, and eventually to destroy all dangerous energies so timely, by means of early training, that the task of governing shall be rendered easy, and constraint robbed of its bitterness.

In order fully to understand the following statements, the principles which, when speaking of the late Emperor Francis, we showed to have been adopted as leading state maxims, must not be forgotten. The undisputed sovereignty of the emperor in every province is the first demand upon the subject, and, as the royal person is multiplied in each by thousands of representatives, the duty of submissive respect is one of those most frequently called into practice. It is part of the plan of government, in every German state, to employ one half of the nation to govern the other; and the paternal care of the sovereign is studious to prevent the number of *employés*, who live at the expense, and, as they doubtless imagine, for the benefit of their fellow-subjects, from being diminished. The Austrian state *Schematismus* presents a list of upwards of 25,000 individuals bearing appointments in civil offices, and the number of those whose appointments are either of too low a rank, or of too secret a nature, to be introduced in company with the first men of the country may amount to as many more. Let us imagine these civil officers, dependent solely on the crown, dispersed through a nation which contains so many jarring elements, that it unfortunately seems to be a matter *primo loco* decided, that much loyalty cannot be expected;—let us follow each of these gentlemen as he enters into society, anticipating defection in all out of office, and necessarily disposed to vindicate the authority that lends him consequence;—let us add to these the number of 19,000 officers and non-commissioned officers of the staff and commissariat department, all of whom are likewise to be found within the empire, at the head of an army, which on the peace establishment amounts to 270,000 men, and we shall see that the government has monopolized, by means of these individuals and their families, a powerful number of defenders in every social

circle. When we add that the secrecy observed in all transactions,—especially, however, in the administration of justice,—screens every individual from the share of responsibility which every public officer ought to incur towards the public, some idea may be formed of the fearful power thus created, and of the abuses to which it must be subject. If we conclude these officials, civil and military, to require a rather superior degree of education to enable them to fulfil their respective functions, it must be evident that an immense mass of talent is abstracted from the middle classes of the nation, which, in the pursuit of science, agriculture, commerce, or the fine arts, could not be otherwise than productive of the greatest benefits. The nature of their employments in the *bureaux* is nowhere of a tendency to encourage a serious cultivation of any of the above-mentioned useful sciences in the *employés*; while on the public they may be said to operate in a directly prejudicial manner, as no individual can take a step of the slightest importance in life or business, without requiring the sanction of some of these government officers, and finding no small difficulty in procuring permission to become an industrious member of society.

This leads us to another grand source of influence to the government,—the system of monopoly in trade. A fact that the history of the last fifty years has sufficiently proved, is that popular tumults seldom originate amongst the peasantry of a country, and that the great problem of internal police is to keep the inhabitants of the towns satisfied and tranquil. To this end every city in Austria, beginning with the metropolis, is allowed to grant the freedom of trade to only a limited number of individuals, so that the mere fact of an apprentice having served his time by no means warrants his setting up in business. Strangers, who come into a city, must either show that they are provided with means of support, or that they can procure employment, otherwise they are at once expelled. In return for this privilege of exemption from much competition, the merchant, tradesman, &c. pays a tax of no trifling amount, bearing the candid designation of earnings-tax.* In this manner the whole industrial class in Austria, being in some measure dependent on the government, which naturally has it in its power to introduce a system of competition at will, and not dissatisfied with a state of things which assures to it a certain competence apparently on easy terms, is gained for the present system. It does not seem that any exact compact exists between the trading classes and the state as to the number of privileged individuals in every branch; the butchers, however, form an ex-

* Erwerb-Steuer.

ception, their number being fixed. This immunity is purchased by an extra tax called the slaughtering tax. Merchants and bankers are kept from increasing in number by its being necessary to show a certain amount of capital as a qualification for the permission to enter into trade. Whatever inconveniences arise from such a municipal system, and that they are not few in number will easily be supposed, are thought to be fully compensated for by the tranquillity which is stated to reign throughout the empire. Although numerous arrests take place annually in the different provinces, and the state prisons are full in all directions, yet, as the capital continues tranquil, the most self-complacent comparisons with other lands are constantly published, and strangers are forced, at length, to believe what they hear on all sides repeated. It is true, that Vienna bears to the eye of the stranger a most smiling appearance. The city, although small and narrowly built, is kept remarkably clean; and, no paupers being tolerated in the streets, and, indeed, all signs of pauperism being removed by the municipal and police measures alluded to above, the very absence of all the inevitable casualties of humanity has something awful in it to the considerate observer, even though he may never have heard of the artificial means used to sift its inhabitants.

The following anecdote will, however, serve to show that in Austria the same means produce the same results that they do in other countries, and that the government has found no spell to charm useful effects from measures which we should think tended to the destruction of the social state. The number of the butchers in the capital being limited, nothing was more natural than that they should conspire against the public. They were therefore compelled to submit to a monthly assize, fixed by the magistrates, according to the reports of sales furnished by commissaries, from the different cattle fairs. These magistrates, together with the commissaries, it is publicly asserted, are taken into the pay of the guild, which can afford to deal more liberally towards them than even the state itself; and the manner in which this arrangement came to light was as follows:—On the first approach of the cholera morbus to the metropolis in 1831, the court, fearing scenes of disturbance on its appearance, took measures, among other devices for improving the state of the poor, to ensure a sufficient supply of provisions and to prevent any advance in price in the most necessary articles. Among the rest, the butchers received an advance of 1,000,000 florins of silver to buy up beasts, and to secure them an indemnity for not raising the price of meat in case of an advance in that of live stock. When the danger had passed over (no advance in the price of cattle having taken place) they were called upon to account for the sum which they had naturally not

neglected to draw, and a commission was appointed to audit the accounts. It seems, however, that, after an exercise of no common ingenuity, a considerable sum remained for which no one could account, when on a sudden the sittings of the commission were broken off, and the papers disappeared. The public, however, having heard of the circumstance, some murmurs arose, and an inquiry was set on foot, at the desire of some influential officials who were not interested directly in the matter. The first sittings of the commission of inquiry led to the discovery of the enormous conspiracy existing to defraud the public and the state, in which many men holding elevated situations were more or less implicated. A panic struck the guilty, and the price of butcher's meat was reduced in the ensuing month from ten kreutzers to six kreutzers per pound. As the commission proceeded, however, the ground was found to be more and more delicate the further they pursued their researches; their case became difficult, and their steps irresolute. This was no sooner remarked by the tradesmen than, assuming an air of confidence, they threatened to shut up their shops with one accord and starve the capital, well knowing the fear entertained in certain quarters of discontent among the mob. No preparations having been made to prevent such a measure, the government was obliged to submit; the inquiry was suppressed, and butcher's meat is at the present day sold at Vienna, a city situated in one of the most fertile districts of Europe, after a succession of favourable seasons, at ten kreutzers, or *5d.* per pound—the bones and fat being apportioned at the same price to the purchaser in proportion to the weight of consumable meat that he demands. This, then, is the true state of the capital, which boasts of its tranquillity, while all the other countries of Europe are disturbed by liberal factions. Let us only conceive the immense tax levied daily on the inhabitants by tradesmen of all kinds, who are joined to a greater or less extent in similar combinations, and who thus absorb sums which ought to form a continually increasing capital, capable of being most usefully employed; let us add to this the fact that, while new inventions and the improved state of agriculture are increasing the productive power of the country, the price of the necessities of life in Vienna rises annually, while it is in the power of a few tradesmen to rouse the populace to rebellion at any moment they please, and we shall be able to judge of the degree of praise to which such a tranquillizing policy is entitled.

Another rich resource of influence for the government arises from the extensive patronage of the church. The superior dignities are stated in the *Encyclopædia* to consist, including those in Hungary, of 11 Catholic archbishoprics; 59 Catholic bishop-

rics; 151 abbots and probsts, with domains and revenues; 156 titular abbots and probsts (deacons); besides an innumerable host of canons, deacons, archdeacons, and heads of convents. The monasteries have been reduced to the number sufficient for the service of the churches and the care of education, but still the number of the clergy is immense, as may be inferred from the above enumeration of the hierarchy; in addition to which, the united Greek church has 5 bishoprics; the Armenian Catholics, 1 archbishopric; the schismatic Greeks, 1 archbishopric and 10 bishoprics; besides inferior dignities, all of which, together with the nomination to all parish cures, are either presented by the crown or under its influence. These charges are also well provided for. The Encyclopædia states the revenue of the Archbishop of Gran, primate of Hungary, at 360,000 florins (36,000*l.*), but common report values the see at three times that sum. The archbishoprics of Prague, Olmütz, and Vienna, are proportionately well endowed, and, indeed, the revenues of the church, including the tithes, when compared with the price of necessities in so productive a land, may be said to exceed in amount those of the clergy in any of the great states of Europe. Independently of the effect which the prospect of this golden harvest may have upon the members of the clergy, it is certain that they look upon the mutual support of church and court as equally indispensable to both parties; and, while the authorities protect and put them forward upon all occasions, they are not remiss in faithfully preaching and teaching the enjoined doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience. They have of late been considered so powerful an arm towards resisting the innovations of the age, that it has been planned to increase their influence, even at the risk of once more receiving a lesson which must still be too recent to be forgotten. The proposal to place the whole of the elementary education throughout the empire in the hands of the re-established Jesuits is said to have been discussed and approved in the council of state in the spring of the present year, but delayed, partly perhaps from the apprehension that the public mind, which is decidedly opposed to the increase of clerical influence, was not yet sufficiently prepared for so bold a step.

It may seem strange that, when enumerating the means at the disposal of the government to maintain its influence, we should have left the nobility, so powerful a body as they are supposed to be, to the last. But we have done so intentionally, for, without some idea of the other sources of power, it would be difficult to imagine that the Austrian nobility possess so little influence as they really do in the country. The complete supremacy of the sovereign was not regarded as achieved so long as any class of society was

able to dispute it, and the weakening of each separately was the grand task which has been so successfully accomplished. A leading principle has been established in rather a remarkable manner for a country, the nobles of which not only derive their origin from acknowledged ancient stocks, but (by far the greater part) have their genealogical trees adorned by the praises of history, according to which the holders of offices at court and in the government take precedence of the members of the most illustrious houses that live in independent retirement. Not only the Germans, whose love of rank and outward distinctions is proverbial, but the Bohemian and Hungarian nobility, have not been able to stand this test, and throng to the capital to procure the keys of chamberlains, or stars of orders, which are much too indiscriminately distributed to be respected. The Italian nobles observe a more dignified reserve in general, but on the whole it is a singular spectacle to see nobility of Europe, which ranks in point of wealth next to the British and Russian, sacrifice voluntarily its independence for the smiles of the least brilliant and condescending of courts. The royal family make so little parade, the duty of receiving presentations being undertaken by Prince and Princess Metternich, and the necessity of observing the exterior of justice towards the mass of the subjects being somewhat imperative, that we confess we are at a loss to know in what the privileges of the Austrian nobility consist beyond the mere title. They meet with difficulties when they wish to travel; they are obliged to educate their children within the country, and only under special favour obtain permission to employ foreign tutors. Respecting their rights as members of the provincial states-general, or, to use the modern phrase, as hereditary legislators, the *Encyclopædia*, which may be looked on as an official source, gives us the following information. Under the head *Landstände* we find:—

“ In the German, Illyrian, Bohemian, and Gallician provinces, the states-general are divided into four classes:—1st. *The prelates*; viz. archbishops, bishops, prelates, deans, and chapters. 2dly. *The nobles*, viz. princes, counts, barons. 3dly. *The knights*, or inferior nobility. 4thly. *The citizens*, or deputies of the royal towns and boroughs. In Tyrol the four classes are those of the prelates, nobles, knights, and peasants.”

Under the word *Landtag* (Diet) it tells us:—

“ The deliberations of the Diets extend only to subjects relating to the internal regulation of the provinces, and the legal apportioning of the taxes; the land-tax, which it has been resolved to raise, is consequently announced to them by the government in the form of a postulate; and they have the right in their legal assemblies to present remonstrances to the emperor or the provincial government.”

This somewhat loosely worded definition of the privileges of the members contains almost the letter of the law, and for years no nobleman has been found hardy enough to allude to subjects not contained in the postulates. If any one, therefore, has hitherto imagined that the party of the nobility in Austria is induced by any exclusive advantages which they enjoy to become the great prop of the present system, it is evident that the notion is erroneous. Their utmost privileges are described in the paragraph above, while, for the complaints which they might raise respecting the squandering of the public revenues, and the diminution of their own rentals in consequence of the impediments thrown in the way of commerce, they can neither procure a hearing nor a remedy.

But the fact is that the Austrian nobility, like the same class in Poland and other continental states, were very remiss in the employment of their influence, while the patriarchal form of government existed in those lands. Instead of relaxing themselves some of the privileges which weighed heavily upon the lower orders of their fellow-citizens, and attaching the most powerful class in point of numbers by the ties of gratitude to their order, they allowed the sovereign to assume the plausible office of national benefactor, and to increase the power of the crown in proportion as he reduced their authority. This was especially the case in Bohemia and Galicia, where the condition of the peasant has been materially improved by laws abolishing many oppressive customs; and affording him in the courts of the circle a tribunal of appeal from the manorial jurisdiction. In Hungary, where such direct interference has not as yet been attempted, it is only necessary for an emissary of the court party to give the slightest hint to the peasants on any estate, and they will rise in fury against their master, whose property and family are at the mercy of an oppressed and rudely ignorant populace. To retrace the road which has been unfortunately missed is no doubt a difficult task, but there seems scarcely any other method of remedying the evil, for it would be difficult any where to seek any other source of power for a nobility beyond the numbers whom they can sway by holding out to them prospects of advantage.

It is also an unfortunate but notorious fact, that the Austrian nobles partake of the general ignorance of their true interests, which, as we before stated, is prevalent among all classes of the empire. The prescribed manner of teaching history in Austria (when it is taught at all) can alone explain their unconsciousness of the evil accruing to all ranks of society, when any one degree of the social scale is unjustly treated, while the absence of all lectures, and the prohibition of all popular works on political

economy, prevent the nation at large from acquiring just notions of the importance of commercial and industrial undertakings on a liberal footing. It would, however, be unjust to accuse them of a want of spirit in pursuing measures that promise advantage both to themselves and to the nation at large. We have observed that almost all the extensive manufactures are either directly carried on by their agents, or supported by their capital; but they do not see that such establishments in the hands of others would lead to results even more advantageous for them, and that, if in their capacity of legislators they protected the interests of the manufacturing and commercial classes, they would be rendering themselves the highest service. The police regulations relative to passports and residence in the towns, with the municipal restrictions which we have detailed, weigh almost exclusively upon the industrial classes, and frequently deprive the nation of the benefit of a mass of practical talent; to say nothing of the loss which all ranks sustain from the notoriously defective system of education.

The measure which is likely to be more productive of advantage to landholders than any undertaking attempted in Austria since the peace, is the work of a capitalist. Mr. S. N. Rothschild has the merit of having planned, and by his influence with the government of having obtained its concurrence in the construction of, an iron railway to connect the remotest province, Galicia, with the capital. After carrying on the preliminary negotiations for some years alone, and receiving a patent of privilege for the work, he came forward last year, and in a highly liberal manner surrendered his patent to a joint-stock company, which was immediately formed. A singular proof was afforded on this occasion of the want of confidence, on the part of the public, in the good faith of the government, and in the enlightened views of the landed proprietors. The profits likely to attend such an investment of capital were evident and easily shown by numerical calculation; it was therefore natural that the shares immediately on their being issued should rise in value, and a few days saw them at a premium of 15 per cent. But, the report being spread by some envious or malevolent persons that the government, fearing the effects of the impulse which such an undertaking must give to the spirit of enterprize, would withdraw its support, while the nobility of Austria, to avoid the competition to which the produce of their estates would be exposed with that of those distant provinces in the market of the capital, intended to petition against the undertaking, a panic spread on all sides, and the shares became suddenly unmarketable. It was not until Mr. Rothschild once more came forward and declared himself the purchaser of

all shares at par that confidence was partially restored. When carried into execution, this railway will be the longest in Europe.

Another railway is also projected to connect Vienna with Trieste, which will however be attended with more difficulties than the former; but it is to be hoped that these public-spirited undertakings will be allowed a fair trial, as nothing can so much tend to open the eyes of all men to the grand truths on which alone all the exertions of individuals or of the government can be based, to lead to lasting advantage.

In order to see whether our calculations as to the means at the disposal of the government to secure its influence are correct, let us analyze the population of one of the provinces, which the *Encyclopædia* presents us with the means of doing. Bohemia, as one of the most tranquil, and demanding no such demonstration of force as Galicia or Lombardy, is likely to give a fair survey. Of 1,799,277 male inhabitants, 428,595 are said to be inhabitants of towns, who, as a mass, though perhaps not individually, must be assumed to be supporters of the system which allows them the monopoly of trade. The inhabitants of the country consequently amount to 1,370,682, to which we shall add the nobility, 2,184 in number, supposing it possible for both to have separate interests that might induce them to be desirous of a change, together 1,372,866. From this, we must subtract the probable number of the clergy, 3000—the acknowledged civil *employés*, 3000—the military, stated to be 30,000, and a proportion of the number of manufacturers, 30,000, who also, as privileged parties, must be counted among the supporters of the present system; and we have for a result, that among the inhabitants of the open country one man in twenty is under the direct and avowed influence of the crown. In the less tranquil provinces the proportion is naturally very different; the opposite extreme having probably been presented for the last two years by Lombardy, where, with a population not much exceeding that of Bohemia, the military force exceeded 100,000 men. There are moreover six fortresses of the first rank, and fifty-eight others of considerable strength, scattered through the provinces, for the defence and maintenance of which a corps of garrison artillery is established and divided into fourteen districts.

This will serve to show that, secure in the internal power it possesses, the Austrian government has nothing to dread at home for the moment, should its policy require any demonstration of strength abroad. The policy of the state is at present only an encroaching one, as far as it is deemed necessary to follow and eradicate upon a foreign soil the propagators of those opinions which might disturb the economy of these internal regulations, to which unfortunately the most enlightened ideas are most ini-

mical. This kind of chase, however, evidently tends, like our own policy in India, towards the acquisition of a vast increase of territory as the simplest manner of controlling the actions of the inhabitants. But it by no means follows from what we have seen above that Austria possesses the means of supporting a foreign war with energy. Where so total an absence of harmony between the rulers and the governed is manifest, a government must have carefully husbanded its resources to be able to meet the constitutional states of Europe in the field. Whether Austria has been thus provident must be shown both by what we have stated and by the sequel.

The peace establishment of the Austrian army is reported by the Encyclopædia to consist of 190,000 men, infantry—38,685 men, cavalry—and 17,800 men, artillery, exclusively of the staff, engineers, six garrison battalions, and seven military frontier regiments, in all 270,000 men. This force can be raised in time of war to 750,000 men, by calling out the militia battalions of each regiment, the reserve, and what is called the Hungarian Insurrection.

For the recruiting of these forces the whole empire is divided into recruiting districts, the depôt of each regiment remaining in its appointed spot. The regiments consist of three battalions of about 1200 men each, to which two others must be added, which, under the name of militia battalions, are called out only on extraordinary occasions. The territorial distribution of the recruiting depôts is as follows :—

	Infantry Regts.	Rifle Bns.	Cavalry Regts.	Artillery Regts.
The German States, Up. and Low.				
Austria, Tyrol, and Styria	7	4	6	2
Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Galicia	26	6	18	3
Illyria, Croatia, Dalmatia (includ- ing the military frontiers)	23			
Lombardy and Venice	8	2	7	
Hungary furnishes a quota granted by the Diet, but is subject to no conscription	14		12	
Total	78	12	43	5

The troops furnished by Croatia and Dalmatia belong to the Hungarian contingent, but are included in the above survey with Illyria, in order to give a division according in some degree with the ethnographical sketch which we offered some pages back.

From this sketch it is apparent that the Sclavonian districts contribute by far the most to the defence of the land; but, although the recruiting takes place in a national manner, and the privates of the different regiments are all countrymen, care is

taken that the officers be mixed as much as possible. The privates are in general fine strong men, and the arms and equipments are equal to those of any army but the British. They are drilled with great care, and go through their exercise with precision, but with slower movements than the Prussians and Russians; and it is perhaps on account of the numbers who understand German but imperfectly, that the assistance of the *flügelmann* is still retained to interpret the word of command. Of their artillery the Austrians are proudest. It is certain that it is numerous and well furnished, having counted 1000 pieces of ordnance ready for service when the occupation of the Roman states took place. The recruits pass through a regular course of mathematics, with practical and theoretical gunnery; and the corps of bombardiers receives all such as distinguish themselves by skill and talent, from which step they have a prospect of advancing as officers. This branch of the service is the only one which holds out this prospect, for, by a singular arrangement, in a country where the troops are raised by conscription, the regulations prohibit such promotion in the other branches. The annual practice at the target with shot and shells of all dimensions takes place in the months of July, August, and September, and is conducted with scrupulous regularity and attention. The rocket corps, under the command of General Augustin, at Wiener Neustadt, have not only much improved the composition applied to this formidable weapon, but throw it with wonderful precision and security.

It would be too much to expect from troops raised under the circumstances in which many of the Austrian provinces are placed, any thing like the spirit or *amour propre*, which prevails in the armies of France and Prussia. The whole system of discipline and treatment of the men is also different from what is in use among the other German states; the cat-o-nine-tails being in almost unceasing employment, and not being looked on in the same degrading light as in other services. But the absence of this susceptibility is considered to be compensated for by a certain steadiness and uninquiring submission which prevail among the men, and which render them useful instruments for the government. A striking proof of this obedient disposition, and not less so of the security with which the government relies upon it, was afforded on the late occupation of Cracow, when the militia battalion of a Polish regiment formed part of the corps ordered upon that expedition.

The amount of the army estimates, as indeed that of every branch of the public expenditure in Austria, is one of the state secrets, and it would be useless to attempt calculating it, as the

precise number of troops kept on foot is never known and varies considerably even in time of peace. The great mortality that reigned amongst the corps in Lombardy, during last year and the spring of the present year, is known to have reduced the army of occupation materially, and answered the double purpose of lightening the expense without reducing the nominal force. There are reasons, however, for believing that this department is managed with a greater attention to economy than any other. That the war-office exercises a more effective control over its agents than the civil boards can do, is perhaps owing to the strict attention paid to seniority in the service in all promotions above the rank of colonel. This naturally throws a number of men together who are actuated by a spirit of rivalry towards each other, but who receive in the indisputable command of the sovereign a constant point of union. As this council has obtained an unhappy celebrity in the history of the country, the loss of every battle since the memorable thirty years' war having been attributed to its influence, we must explain somewhat of its construction. The usual order is that the senior officer in the service fills the place of president, and has a council of five generals, with whom all purely military affairs are discussed in secret. Under the control of this council the commanders of the forces stand in peace and in war, and the difficulty of carrying on operations in the field to the satisfaction of so many directors is said to have been seriously felt in the French wars even by the Archduke Charles, whose rank and talents were not sufficient to free him from these official shackles. His total withdrawal from all connection with the war-office is generally looked on at Vienna as the effect of disgust. Under the president eleven councillors, partly military men and partly civilians, form a council of reference and debate for the despatch of ordinary business, and divide between them the branches of the ordnance, the quartermaster-general's and the adjutant-general's departments, the commissariat, the storekeeper's offices, &c. Four councillors of justice discharge the duties of judge advocate. The president, not being a responsible minister, has no power beyond the transmission of the directions he has received, and the councillors, being too nearly his equals in rank to depend on his personal approbation, enjoy individually a great latitude of discretion, and can only be made responsible for error or remissness after the mischief has been done. This system naturally affords a tolerable control in all the subordinate details, but destroys the energy and celerity of action which are the soul of military calculations. For this reason the Austrians were always well provided in cases which it was possible to foresee and to prepare for in time, but, when matters took an unexpected turn,

and resources had to be developed on the spur of the moment, every cord to which the general trusted was sure to break under his hand.

The term which conscripts had to serve (fourteen years) has been reduced lately, and may undergo a further modification, should the prospect of undisturbed peace present itself. This and some other improvements in the army are ascribed to the influence of Count Clam Martinitz, who has for some time been the representative of the military department in the ministry.

The other branches of the state expenditure are not less carefully concealed than the army estimates; many of them most probably are not even known, as accounts are said but seldom to be rendered to the finance minister from many departments; while two, the police and the foreign departments, are totally exempted from such responsibility. The amount of the revenue is thus stated:—

“The revenue of the country is generally estimated at 150,000,000 florins in silver. This sum is produced by the land-tax, the earnings-tax, the legacy-duty, excise, tolls, and fiscal dues; the regalia, (to which belong the customs, stamp-dues, tobacco and salt monopoly, the post, lottery, and mint profits,) and the domains. The lands of Hungary and Transylvania are, it is true, not subject to the greater part of the above taxes, but are bound to furnish for the use of the army a great number of supplies in kind.”—v. 115.

This sum, about 16,000,000*l.* sterling, which ought to be a comparatively small sum for a state possessing the amazing internal resources of Austria, is made to fall very heavily on its inhabitants by the manner of raising it. From the above paragraph it is evident that the principal taxes are direct contributions from the property and industry of the nation; which is, however, as we have already hinted, exposed to another severe system of taxation arising from the municipal and *bureau* system. From this last-mentioned sort of contribution neither the court nor the country derives the slightest advantage; but so deeply is it interwoven with the present state of things that nothing short of a total change of system could do away with it.

The land-tax may perhaps be considered as the most important, and is levied in every province from the possessor of the land. It amounts on an average to fifteen per cent. on the produce of the soil. The crops are not valued annually, but an average taken in the year 1834, by commissions established for that purpose, is definitively fixed as a standard for the archduchy of Lower Austria. In the other provinces, in which an exact measurement of the land with its gradations of cultivation is in progress, a provisory estimate has been assumed until the work is completed. Buildings

of all descriptions in the country, in villages and towns, excepting the capital town of each province, are assessed according to their size and value, and are divided into twelve classes, the highest of which is rated at 6*l.*, the lowest at about 2*s.* per annum. This includes all agricultural buildings and manufactories, as well as dwelling-houses. The metropolis and the provincial capitals are differently rated, the house-tax in these being an assessment on the rent which the houses produce, or at which they are valued, amounting with fees and dues of all kinds to not less than thirty-two per cent. on the income of the property.

The earnings-tax (*Erwerb-Steuer*) is one, the produce of which must bear no proportion to the detrimental effect, which, in conjunction with the system of monopoly we described some pages back, it must have upon the industry of the nation.

“ The payment of the earnings-tax is incumbent, 1st, on the class of manufacturers ; 2dly, the classes of traders, especially all dealers in raw materials, and general merchants ; of these there are three which pay in Vienna and the environs for two (German) miles round, 1500 florins (150*l.*), 1000 florins (100*l.*), and 500 florins (50*l.*) per annum ; and in the provinces 1000 florins, 500 florins, and 300 florins ; 3dly, the classes of artists and artisans, including especially all persons enjoying simple licences to carry on manufactures or trades, patents, &c., shopkeepers, hawkers, &c. ; 4thly, that kind of industry which consists in services rendered, or in leaving the temporary use of any thing to another, for instance, teachers of dancing, music, fencing, languages, keepers of schools, &c., brokers, bill-brokers, agents, advocates, &c. The tax paid is estimated and classed in all cases according to the nature of the occupation.”—v. 178.

In the Lombard-Venetian provinces this tax is so much modified that it does not exceed one-sixth of what is paid in the countries north of the Alps. In Hungary no tax of the kind is paid. The butchers pay in addition a slaughtering tax* of 10*s.* per beast, and Jewish butchers still more. The Jews form an especial branch of taxation. Those who enter into trade are obliged to prove their property, and pay a very heavy property-tax ; in Galicia a heavy impost is laid on the candles with which they celebrate their sabbath and festivals.

The legacy-duty varies on all sums above 100 florins (10*l.*), according to the degrees of relationship, from 10, 5, to 2 per cent.

But not only bequeathed property is encumbered with a transfer-tax in Austria ; almost all transfers of land or houses are attended with heavy fees for registering, &c. Such purchasers of land as do not belong to the noblesse are either obliged to purchase the rank, or pay some of the contributions doubled ; and,

* This tax has by the last regulations been incorporated with the excise.

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even after receiving the letters-patent from the emperor, high fees have still to be paid if the proprietor wishes to be admitted into the provincial states. From this latter distinction, as we observed before, no advantage whatever is derived; but the patent of nobility, besides freeing an estate from the extra taxes, exempts the family from the military conscription.

The excise* is also a highly important branch of revenue, and embraces, 1stly, all manufactures of beer, wine, and spirits, liquors, malt, &c.; 2dly, provisions of all kinds carried into the metropolis and provincial capitals for consumption; 3dly, it is paid by all innkeepers, butchers, &c. in the country on the provisions they offer for sale.

The customs' duties were until lately rated so high, that the revenue arising from imported goods could not possibly cover the expense of the frontier guards and custom-house officials, while those articles which the country cannot produce in sufficient quantity, and of a quality to compete in some degree with foreign productions, are supplied in abundance by means of one of the most daring and extended systems of smuggling that was ever formed. The chief seat of this contraband trade is said to be the Lombard-Venetian provinces, and it is related as a fact that the seal of the Milan custom-house was some time back for a long period in the hands of the smugglers, who had substituted a forged one in its place. But the cordon of frontier guards is destined also to protect another branch of the revenue—the imperial monopolies. These consist chiefly of tobacco and salt.

Tobacco, as an article indispensable to the comfort of a German or Slavonian, is monopolized by the government in all the provinces except Hungary. There are several manufactures against which might be urged the same objection that they are conducted by agents on account of the government, naturally at a much greater expense than could be done by individuals working on their own account. Even in so trifling a matter as the preparation of this plant for smoking, the cautious spirit of the government is discernible; for, in order to secure a constant supply of the usual qualities, tobacco of a superior flavour is never sold; but an equalizing mixture is applied, which reduces the quality of the stock and cause dissatisfaction. As the consumption of the article, lest an unfavourable season should reduce the quality of the stock and cause dissatisfaction. As the consumption is immense, and that which is bought raw is sold at 2s. 1b. the sum it brings to the treasury must be large.

* Verbrauchs-Steuer.

The wealth of the Austrian states in salt is every where betrayed by the names of countries and towns ; Salzburg, Gallicia, Hall, Hallstadt, Hallein, are all named from salt.

" Some years back the entire production of mineral salt was calculated at 3,188,081 cwt., of boiled salt 2,117,370 cwt., of sea salt 550,000 cwt.; consequently together 5,885,451 cwt., the greater part of which was consumed in the country, part exported, and part applied to salting sea fish."—iv. 475.

The salt mines and pans are managed, like the tobacco manufactories, by civilians, for the profit of government, and, like the former, must be costly. But these and the other mines in different provinces occupy a great number of hands, and patronage, as we have already seen, has also its worth. The mines of Hungary alone occupy 3,300 hands. The following table gives an idea of the importance of mining speculations in Austria, but much of the produce here reckoned is on private account.

	Quantity gained per Ann.	Price per cwt. in Florins.	Value in Florins.
	cwt.		
Gold.....	23 ⁹ / ₁₀	72,500	1,749,222
Silver.....	462 ¹¹ / ₃₀	4,800	2,318,252
Copper.....	54,765	48	2,629,336
Tin.....	5,500	100	550,000
Lead.....	76,506	12	918,172
Iron.....	1,688,458	4	6,753,832
Quicksilver.....	5,240	167	875,080
Cinnabar.....	7,800	150	1,170,000
Cobalt.....	9,405	18 ¹ / ₂	174,178
Antimony.....	6,900	12	82,000
Bismuth.....	700	36	28,200
Manganese.....	850	10	8,500
Arsenic.....	226	75	50,625
Mineral green.....	1250	55	68,475
Salt.....	5,928,189	3	17,784,507
Vitriol.....	10,120	12	121,440
Alum.....	8,104	15	121,560
Coals.....	1,177,000	¹ / ₂	292,334
Other minerals.....	8,010,760

Florins 43,859,353

The produce of the gold mines of Transylvania is reckoned at from 2000 to 2500 marks, and occasionally 3400 mks. (100 m. = ¹/₂ cwt.) Those of Hungary are stated to yield 2000 mks. or 10

cwt. The Austrian provinces (Salzburg) yield 60—90 mks. Hungary and Transylvania produce about 92,000 marks or 460 cwt. of silver; Bohemia 8,870 mks.; Styria, Carinthia, and Galicia 2000 marks. Rich as this gain may appear, it gives in reality but a faint idea of the inexhaustible wealth of the different mountain chains which traverse the Austrian empire, the mines in which would suffice to supply all Europe if their management were left to the exertions of private individuals. The wretched state of the roads in the most productive mining countries of Hungary and Illyria, and the neglected condition of the rivers, which ought to afford every facility for inland transport, not only render it scarcely worth while to work many of the less valuable metals, but subject these districts occasionally to all the inconveniences of scarcity, while other parts of the same province are literally oppressed with the abundance of the crops.

The crown lands are another and very extensive source of revenue; but we are as little able to state the income they produce, as to give the amount which any one of the taxes annually yields. A mere allusion, however, to these domains suggests a very important question connected with the year 1811, that terrible epoch for the nation, which shook the public credit to its foundation. The measure of depreciating the current coin to one-fifth of its value by an order of council, which threw the trading and industrial classes into indescribable misery, while the landed proprietors remained untouched, was one of those wanton, inconsiderate acts of oppression, which may be explained, but cannot be palliated by supposing the most complete ignorance of all the principles of political economy on the part of those who originated, as well as those who suffered, such a measure. The utmost that could be gained by such a step was the relieving the government from a part of the public debt, and the defrauding the contractors, with whom at the moment negotiations were pending. The debt could not at that moment have been a subject of such inextricable difficulty, while the latter gain must at all times have been far too paltry, independently of the moral effects of the measure, for any government to look upon it as an advantage worth obtaining by such means. So great was the panic occasioned by this step, that in a few days the new issue of bank notes sank twenty-five per. cent. in value for circulation, and, as all persons engaged in purchases, and all debtors, seized the opportunity in order to defraud the parties to whom they were indebted, the misery entailed upon thousands of families, which the mere loss reduced to ruin, was aggravated by the circumstance of the gain in such cases being on the side of the improvident, while the careful economist was despoiled of his frugal

boards. If the total gain accruing to the government by this step were revealed, there is no doubt that we should find that it might have been covered by the sale or mortgage of part or the whole of those crown lands, whose existence in the possession of the crown, after the nation had been called upon to make so cruel a sacrifice, loudly accuses the rulers who would not give up this means of influence to secure the welfare of the people.

This step may be said to have given the death-blow to Austrian credit at home, the people not yet having recovered confidence in the government—a fact which has shown itself on many occasions within the last years, when the near prospect of a breach with France has invariably made the public papers unmarketable at Vienna; and the first declaration of war in Europe will be marked by a fall of from 30 to 40 per cent. in their nominal value. This does not proceed, however, from any want of confidence in the resources of the empire, the wealth of which is well known to its inhabitants, but from the measures and avowed opinions of the principal men at the head of public affairs. It is known that an establishment of the finances upon a sound footing has always been avoided, as rendering imperative a degree of responsibility which the ministers will not submit to, while the annual increase of the taxes and the raising of large loans after so long a continuance of peace show how badly the present system of taxation is working. Upwards of 40,000,000*l.* has been raised since 1816 by way of loan, and some measure of the kind adopted annually shows that the revenues, large as they are acknowledged to be, do not suffice to cover the expenses of the state. A large proportion of this debt is stated to be in the hands of the commissioners of the sinking fund; and perhaps this is the fact, for the credit of Austria has been in so fluctuating a state since 1830, that the price of stocks has only been kept up by the interference of the government, and the occasional purchase of large sums when the market was depressed.

The length of this article prevents our entering into many details which would have afforded a clearer view of the internal state and external relations of Austria at the present moment: still we think enough has been shown to justify the assertion we made at the commencement of our task, that the undeviating pursuance of one sole object has brought the empire into its present state, and that the immediate future policy of its government may be calculated from the past, as long as it shall be evident that the same object is kept in view. To the establishment of the uncontrolled and irresponsible power of the sovereign, the national feelings of three parts of his subjects, the prosperity of their industry, and the advancement of civilization, are not suffered to prove impedi-

ments; much less can treaties with foreign powers or the most ancient and avowedly prudent alliances be permitted to have any weight in the balance. The justification too of this line of policy is found in the silence of the subjects at home, and in the respect which an apparently unshackled might commands abroad. What increases the difficulty of the case is, that the common arguments of national advantage, which have, at all times and in all situations, previously to the present century, been irresistible, lose all force where the interests of the nation are confessed to be a matter of secondary consideration. To trust to the progress of enlightenment, that irresistible corrector of national evils, is both a dilatory measure where the necessity for action is immediate, and a dubious line of policy, where such effectual measures are taken to prevent a consummation which is anticipated and guarded against. The system of education in Austria is unique in the history of mankind. The government monopolizes the charge; no one dares to instruct youth who has not received an authorization to that effect; the books employed must be those written by agents appointed to the task, and every word that falls from a professor's mouth is a subject of inquiry and interest for the council of state. If, therefore, trusting to the operation of ordinary events, a power extraordinary both in its kind and in its tendency be allowed to extend its influence and to oppress with its weight those elements of civil and political freedom which England has more than once interposed her influence to foster, it is evident that we shall only be nourishing a giant, whose might will grow more and more threatening in proportion as he succeeds in annihilating every indirect means of paralyzing his power.

ART. II.—*Essai sur la Philosophie Médicale*, par J. Bouillaud.
Paris: 1836. 8vo.

THE application of medicine to the real or imaginary sufferings of man is now become so general, that any attempt to establish its merits upon philosophical principles deserves our warmest approbation. The work before us is full of interest, not merely to the profession, but to all classes and conditions of men. There is scarcely a human being who, from the cradle to the grave, does not, almost daily, stand in need of medicine in one shape or another; how gratifying then must it be to find, that much of its wonderful effects, which in times less enlightened were ascribed to the mysterious agency of imaginary beings, or the inexplicable influ-

ences of planets, is now recommended to our notice on principles of inductive philosophy.

For much of the information which we, on this side of the Channel, possess on questions of medical investigation, we owe a large debt to the labours of the French school. The author of the book before us has already laboured so zealously, and in many cases so successfully, to remove much of the obscurity which overhung some of the most abstruse points in medicine, that he comes to us with no ordinary claims on our attention.

Without entering into a minute analysis of his book, which would be in some degree foreign to the nature of this Review, we shall avail ourselves of it to offer some remarks on the state of medicine in this country and in France, and to call attention to some points which, we think, eminently deserve the notice of those who in this country regulate the medical appointments to public hospitals.

We cannot look at the mass of facts which our colleagues in France are constantly adding to the stock of medical truths which we already possess, without feeling a strong sense of our own humiliation. There is not a debateable question, from the most simple article in the *Materia Medica* to the most complex organ of the human frame, which is not in Paris made the subject of the most patient and persevering investigation, and tested by the strictest rules of inductive philosophy, by men too whose position and talents for observation entitle them to the fullest confidence. It is there only that medicine is viewed on the high grounds of science, apart from those of worldly interest, and where alone we can look with confidence for its further advancement. Not but that there are amongst ourselves many persevering and ardent inquirers after useful practical truths, but their field of observation is so limited, and the facts they present are consequently so few, that they seldom carry with them all the conviction which they merit. Science, as an eminent living philosopher says, is but an assemblage of truths, proved by reason, ascertained by observation, or perceived by the mind, and combined under one common character. Where opportunities are not afforded for such a desirable object, it is evident that all our conclusions must be liable to great uncertainty.

To base medicine on principles such as the author of the work under consideration attempts, it is necessary to establish a classification of disease, which must rest on individual truths. Our own immortal Sydenham lays down a few of the indispensable qualifications for a good classification, and which we think can hardly be resisted by the most sceptical.

First.—The physician should bring to the classification of disease the same care which botanists bring to that of plants.

Secondly.—In describing the history of disease, it is necessary to except every philosophical hypothesis, and to note, with the greatest fidelity, the evident and natural phenomena of disease, even the most trifling, as painters in their portraits preserve the slightest spots.

Thirdly.—It is of great importance to note well the seasons of the year which favour most the appearance of each kind of disease.

The revolutions in medicine which have so rapidly succeeded each other, since it first aspired to the nature of a science, are alone sufficient to call attention to the contradictory opinions which prevail in conducting medical investigations. There is, however, one point upon which all are now agreed—the fallacy of all medical hypothesis, and the precarious nature of general principles in medicine; hence the growing conviction and absolute necessity, in all conclusions in medical science, of an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the pathology of disease. We may apply to medicine what Newton says of natural philosophy: “The main business of natural philosophy is to argue from phenomena without feigning hypothesis, and to deduce causes from effects.” There are some amongst ourselves, we regret to say, who value examinations of dead organization so little, that one would be inclined to think, that the doctrines of Alkendus, the Arabian physician, who very goodnaturely determined the operations of all medicines by the powers of music and arithmetic, found favour with them. With little regard to the principle which Aristotle recommended—of maintaining simplicity of principle amidst the greatest possible variety of matters, and with no other notion of philosophizing than that of generalization,—they forget that the perfection of science is proportioned to the simplicity of its principles. Cause and effect are perhaps the categories under which alone we should study and view diseased organization. The several classifications of diseases have taught us to inquire what is the disease, but perhaps the question how it was produced is a more important one. It will not be doubted, we suppose, that the ultimate object of all philosophizing is to interpret appearances, from the symbol to ascertain the thing; for this, the first step is to discover some immutable principle. But we apprehend that this class is indeed very limited, and have good reason to hope that the importance of pathological examination is becoming daily better understood. It may be urged that our estimation of pathological anatomy is much too high, and that, without a minute and extensive acquaintance with it, there can be no good practice; but we ourselves have no such apprehension;

whilst the names of Hippocrates, Sydenham, &c., would of themselves be at once sufficient to convince the most sceptical, that a good and rational system of practice may be established even without the slightest knowledge of it. But are we to reject pathological anatomy, because such men as Hippocrates and Sydenham could dispense with it?

“Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.”

It is only one of the ways by which disease may be determined, and may be used for good or for evil. We can only discover by it organic changes which, in themselves, are but the result of morbid action, and can only be of any use, as they lead us to the vital modifications which have produced them. The object of medicine, however, is, on the one part, to know the external characters of disease, and on the other, the corresponding organic alterations; for this she must have the aid of pathological anatomy. Celsus, when speaking of internal and external disease, says that, in the former, the regulation of diet is the principal part of the cure, whilst in the latter, medicine makes the chief part. The ignorance of anatomy, under which he then laboured, could only excuse such an expression. It is an additional proof, if any were wanted, that, in a science like medicine, the finest talents, when unaided by the light of observation, produce but barren conceptions. We must make all possible allowances for errors of this kind, when we recollect that Galen travelled to Alexandria for the sole purpose of seeing a human skeleton.

The discovery of the circulation which Harvey made in 1617, one of the first great attempts to unravel the mystery of human life and organization, and Jenner's memorable one of vaccination, are among the few prominent facts which distinguish us as original thinkers. There is little doubt, we apprehend, that, if Sydenham could have brought the powers of his great mind to bear on pathological examination, he would have enlarged its field. As far, however, as the human mind could go, unaided by morbid anatomy, this great man went. His practice, even as we write, is almost universally approved, though the result of private practice, for he never had an hospital. Theories, systems, and classifications of medicine have successively appeared and disappeared amongst us since his time, with little else to recommend them than the ingenuity or eloquence with which they were introduced. The great principle of induction was not yet universally adopted in Medicine; consequently she could expect to make but little progress. Happily the spirit of philosophy, which now pervades every department of the sciences, has at length reached

Medicine, and we may expect to see her take her place, at no very distant day, among the fixed sciences.

With the exception of Baillie's book on morbid anatomy, which appeared in 1793, and which was in England the first effort, on a systematic scale, to verify disease by *post mortem* appearances, there is nothing in this country that can bear any comparison with the valuable pathological works which are daily, we might almost say hourly, issuing from the French press. Though Baillie's book was a work of considerable merit, much of which depended on its novelty, it is lamentably deficient in details. In the infancy of this particular branch of study, the great importance of every, the slightest, shade of colour, has not been accurately described, nor its importance duly appreciated. It is indeed singular that, with the stimulus which he imparted to pathology, there was none found among his successors in any of our large hospitals, if we except the recent observations of Dr. Bright on the kidney, to follow up the subject which he had so successfully introduced. The London hospitals have contributed little indeed to the sum of our knowledge, and yet it is only in hospitals that medicine can ever expect to make any advances to the nature of a fixed science. That there is a spirit of improvement abroad is evident, from the number of observations which are constantly appearing in our periodicals, and for which we are mainly indebted to young men altogether unconnected with hospitals; and which is a proof, that all that is required for the working men of the profession to enlarge the field of pathological anatomy, is the wide range of an hospital.

The science, however, is not likely to suffer by the supineness of British hospital physicians. The French school have taken up the subject with that philanthropy which characterizes their conduct when the welfare of our species is concerned; with them every department of the healing art is cultivated with a zeal which is measured by its importance to the well-being of humanity. The names of Corvisart, Bichat, Lænnec, Andral, Louis, Dupuytren, Richerand, that of the author of the subject of our present notice, with many others, will be honoured as long as human nature stands in need of medicine.

It is almost impossible to pass over the name of Bichat with only an ordinary notice. At the early age of thirty, he was removed from the scene of those interesting researches upon which his brilliant genius shed so much lustre. To him peculiarly belongs the glory of having first conceived and executed a plan of general anatomy, and the anatomy of structure; and though, in his attempts to account for all the vital phenomena of organised bodies upon the properties of contractility and sen-

sibility, and applying too closely, in questions of a medical nature, the beautiful principle which Newton applied to the physical world,—ascribing a variety of effects to a simplicity of causes,—there is every reason to believe that had he lived he would have corrected many of those errors which the impetuosity of his genius hurried him over. He would have admitted that it was unphilosophical to exclude from his analysis of vital properties or forces, which preside over the phenomena of organic bodies, those which regulate the phenomena of inorganic ones. This subject has been taken up by Edwards, whose experiments add considerably to our knowledge of the influences of the external agents, as air, season, &c., upon the physical frame of man. Bichat was the first to introduce into the study of vital phenomena, and animal in particular, the spirit of analysis and generalization. To his researches on the membranes, a work upon which much of his reputation depends, and his book on life and death, we are indebted for some of the most splendid discoveries in the science of medicine. It is in his work on the membranes that we see the first attempt at those gigantic views which he afterwards developed. The impression which this book made on its first appearance was such, that, in the verbal report which Professor Hallé made of it to the *Académie*, he ranked it among those productions of genius which deserved the honours of a proclamation on the 1st Vendémiaire. Not the least part is, that he began and finished in one year his work on general anatomy. He never copied any of it, but sent it in the morning to the printer, for he worked always by night. He wrote the last two volumes before the first two; but it is the province of genius to work by extraordinary ways.

When Corvisart revived the neglected doctrine of the unfortunate Avenbrugger, great as his own enthusiasm was, he had but a limited idea to what mighty discoveries it would lead, in the hands of his immortal pupil, Laennec. The eloquence with which he introduced it could only be equalled by the zeal he displayed in extending its usefulness. A theatre was set apart for him at La Charité, for the express purpose of prosecuting his researches on this particular subject, which subsequently, under the labours of Laennec and some of our own countrymen, has been carried to a state little short of that certainty which characterizes the fixed sciences, so that we can with great confidence pronounce upon the organic changes which occur previously to death. Though a knowledge of some of the diseases of the heart dates further back than Corvisart, even as far back as the days of Laucisi, Valsalva, and Albertini, who were succeeded by Morgagni and Senac, yet his revival of a doctrine which, but for

him, might still be slumbering with the Capulets, has added so much to our information on this particular organ, that he may fairly be ranked as an original discoverer.

In 1818, when Lænnec published his work on mediate auscultation, a new light was thrown, not only on diseases of the heart, but on those of all organs contained within the thorax. The errors of diagnosis, which previously classed under the same category diseases differing essentially in seat and nature, were speedily corrected, and, where the hope of ultimate cure was vain, the comforts of the patient were not disturbed by useless medication. A knowledge of this kind could be attained only by a close and attentive study of general pathology, which acquaints us with the different periods of disease,—its variations, cause, fatal or favourable signs, age, sex, profession, influence of season and temperament. What Senac says of diseases of the heart may be applied to all organic diseases. "If we are ignorant of them, we shall pronounce rashly on an infinite number of cases; we shall fatigue our patients with hurtful or useless remedies; we shall hasten death by treating some diseases like those which are of a totally different nature; we shall be exposed to shameful discoveries by the opening of dead bodies; finally, danger will be at hand when we think it at a distance."

Comparative anatomy, upon which Cuvier has shed such lustre, is another subject on which we are immeasurably behind our Gallic neighbours. Were we to estimate its importance by the attention bestowed upon it by the profession generally in this country, we should be inclined to think that it was altogether unconnected with human physiology. To view it in this light would argue a very limited acquaintance with its real uses. There is scarcely a fact in physiology which has not either been suggested by it, or finally established by an appeal to it. Throughout Cuvier's works we have the most enlightened views of elevated physiology, and there we see how medicine may extend her ideas on the generation of disease. "If it be true," as he says, "that the solids of which the mass of animals is composed is but the result of transformations which the fluids that traverse them undergo, the intimate nature of those fluids varying incessantly by the inevitable variations of atmosphere, food, &c. &c., it follows that the nature of the solids varies in the same proportion, and is never a composition absolutely identical." There is now little doubt that the fluids of the human body have been too much neglected, since Haller and his school fancied that they discovered in the nervous system and the phenomena of irritability and sensibility the secret of life.

Let us pause for a moment or two on the gigantic labours of

this extraordinary man, which include almost every thing, from the cold jelly of the polypus to the megatherium of Paraguay. Upon the most trivial indication, as that of a phalanx, he reconstructs animals, discovers movement in articulation; in the former he again detects habits, in these regimen, and in regimen general disposition. In 1801 he announced to the world twenty-three distinct species of animals of which there is not one now to be found on our globe; and, in his work on osteology, he places before us those animals which the Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians exhibited in their public games or battles. By his observations on the fossil remains in the basin of Paris, he shows us the successive revolutions which occurred in the physical world. He passed through two worlds, one denized with the mollusca of sweet water, the other with marine animals, after which he came to a third occupied by tortoises and crocodiles, in layers of soft water.

No other country presents such opportunities of extending the knowledge of comparative anatomy as England, connected as she is by commerce or colonization with almost all the habitable world, and yet we have availed ourselves but little of the endless sources of information which are open to us. It cannot be that the study itself is ignoble. To understand the nature of beasts is a study befitting kings. It was Solomon's highest glory, and such was the importance which Alexander attached to comparative anatomy, that he bestowed 800 talents upon Aristotle for writing a treatise on animals.

The practice of medicine, as cultivated by the eminent men who now preside over the institutions of France, is not merely to hunt out singular appearances on each body, to gratify an ideal curiosity, but to enable them to distinguish diseases by certain signs, by unerring symptoms. Let us not be understood as confining solely to the French this peculiar qualification. It may, and doubtless does, exist amongst ourselves, but, from causes which our hospital physicians can best explain, the world is seldom, if ever, made acquainted with the improvements which medicine may be daily undergoing, unless they have the misfortune to explore them at the small charge of one guinea. Now we, of all people, are most anxious that the dignity of the profession should be properly maintained, and that each member be paid according to his rank and station. In large communities, it is well known that sickness prevails much more among the poor ill-fed mechanics, than those in independent stations; and we apprehend it is almost needless to say that the half-starved tradesman cannot afford to have the services of an hospital physician; but all will agree in one thing, that he ought to have the benefit

of all improvements made in medicine, and which can only be truly established in public hospitals. But it will be urged, that to give correct reports of all hospital practice would occupy too much of the physician's time. In this perhaps there is some truth, but we do not suppose that any such objection would really be started. Adam Smith says, that the wealth of a nation depends on her population; if this be a fact, surely the science which professes to watch over the physical infirmities of a great nation is not undeserving of legislative consideration. If physicians were to give, every year, or even every three years, a correct statement of all the important cases which came before them in hospitals, pointing out every new or interesting feature in each, the result of their own experience with the different new medicines, their *modus operandi*, &c. &c. the benefits of those emporia of disease would not be confined, as they now unfortunately are, to the unhappy invalids received within their walls; they would be brought within reach of the poorest peasant in the provinces. We can readily admit, that much of this is incompatible with the bustle of a man of large practice, in such a place as London; and we shall doubtless hear on every side of the great powers of such and such a man. We will even go so far as to grant that those men may, during a great portion of their time, be storing their minds with truths which must necessarily have forced themselves on them during their professional career, and that at some future period they may be disposed to favour the world with the result of their practice. Independently of the absurdity of establishing hospitals for the sole purpose of giving the physicians a monopoly of knowledge, there are two other small objections against waiting for a report of their practice until they retire. The first is, that the busy money-hunting chase of a London physician is eminently calculated to sink all other considerations in favour of this paramount pursuit; the next, that there are ten chances to one that he dies before that happy period arrives, when he will say, *Ohe jam satis!* What then becomes of the twenty or thirty years' public practice or experience? It is entombed within the oaken boards of his coffin, or the more durable material of his skull.

When new remedies are introduced, they are not recommended to our notice as the result of minute and correct experiment, but on the faith of such a doctor, who is in the habit of giving them in such and such doses, at such and such an hospital. From the number of these, which are constantly forced on public attention through interested media, the wonder is that people are sick at all. The truth however is, they are not accompanied with the evidence of facts, upon which alone our conviction should rest.

We want principles, or general facts; but these can only be obtained in public hospitals. The first duty of a man placed at the head of an hospital is to advance the science of medicine by original discovery, to extend the principles already established, and to confer on the patients intrusted to his care the benefits which those institutions afford. This, however, is not the only duty which he is expected to perform, and it would be a gross injustice to the humanity of those who support such institutions to suppose that this was intended as their limitation; no, it was expected that sound philosophical practice should emanate from them, and radiate into districts where otherwise rational inductive practice could never possibly originate.

That hospitals add much to the knowledge of those who superintend them is almost a self-evident truth; see with what anxiety appointments to them are sought. The public is a curious *mélange* of prejudice, passion, selfishness, and in many cases of chivalrous devotion, where the moral and physical comforts of the mass are concerned; but, until they individually come under the hands of the doctor, they consider any attention bestowed on medical questions as *vox et prætereà nihil*.

Now, either hospitals afford additional information, or the assumed importance of such men as are inducted into them *secundum artem*, which, in the vernacular, means *jobbing*, is a delusion practised on the public. If the former, the public have a right to share in the increase of knowledge, as well as those received within their walls; if the latter, the sooner the delusion is dispelled the better. If every physician who did not, every three years, give a good digest of his practice for that period, classifying disease, and pointing out all the anomalous cases, with remarks on the treatment and *post mortem* appearance, were obliged to retire from office, we should emerge from the quackery which characterizes much of our practice. But we are wandering from our more immediate subject—the French School.

The three great epochs of life—infancy, manhood, and age—have each in Paris distinct institutions for the several diseases peculiar to each. Upon these government bestows a certain annual grant, and the professors are chosen by election, upon the sole grounds of superior merit. In Paris there is also a large hospital for diseases of the skin, over which Alibert presides, and which has afforded him materials for some of the most splendid engravings of the various forms of cuticular disease now extant. We recollect being once present at an introductory lecture at this hospital (St. Louis) by Alibert. It was in the spring of the year, and the weather variable, with alternate showers of hail and

gleams of sunshine. The reputation of Alibert brought around him students from every country in Europe,—

“Men of all climes that never met before.”

The theatre, though tolerably spacious, was scarcely large enough to contain half the audience. When Alibert arrived, every seat in the little theatre was crowded, and all access to the interior cut off by a dense crowd who blocked up the door, and who, finding all chance of admission for themselves hopeless, very good-humouredly turned the tables on the party within doors, by refusing admission to the doctor. After much useless remonstrance on the part of Alibert, he kindly consented to indulge his audience with an open-air harangue. This report had reached the interior of the theatre and produced some discontent; so that the party within instantly sallied out, with every disposition to do vengeance on the vile herd, who were now about to reduce science to the level of field-preaching. For a time the *émeute* looked rather threatening, and had all the promise of additional work for the good professor, in his charitable work of soldering solutions of continuity. Peace was at length restored, and a platform erected in the centre of the garden for the professor, which, with his usual urbanity, he ascended. The auditors at this time could not be fewer than five hundred. The morning drizzled, accompanied with sharp winds, yet there was not one who did not think the hour which the lecture occupied the shortest that ever stole over him. The eloquence, the precision, and the accurate knowledge which the professor displayed, will not easily be forgotten by those who had the happiness to hear him.

To enter fully on the merits of such men as Andral, now at the head of the French pathological school, Louis, Rostan, Cruveilhier, Chomel, Broussais, &c. &c., would exceed the limits of a review. Among those who devote themselves exclusively to pathological anatomy, we find the names of Louis, Bouillaud, Gendrin, Raymond. Lallemand and Rostan have particularly directed attention to the brain, whilst to Lænnec we are indebted for the first accurate notions of thoracic disease. The pathological works alone of Andral are superior to all the English works on the same subject. They come to us not merely on the faith of Andral, but he tells us when and where he made his observations; nor are they taken up on the loose inaccurate report of individual practitioners, as is too often the case in England. Abercrombie, in his book on the brain, gives nearly as many cases from the practice of others as he records from his own personal observation. To be sure, in our position, such cases are

better than none at all, but in this respect only are they valuable. It would be unreasonable to hope for an equal share of confidence for the collections of a private note-book and those of a public hospital.

In the department of human physiology, the names of Richerand and Majendie stand out in bold relief on the foreground of medical science—the former as remarkable for the clear and comprehensive view of every subject which he treats, as the latter for the ingenuity and perseverance which he displays in his researches on brute nature. Richerand has, until very lately, supplied us with the only work on physiology which our schools possessed, whilst to Majendie we are indebted for many valuable additions to every branch of the physiological sciences. Broussais's doctrine of localization, though carried, we think, to an unwarrantable length in many cases, is however a great step towards the simplification of treatment. Many gastric and abdominal affections are now treated on this principle with considerable success. The views of this man are not the air-drawn fancies of his own brain; many are the result of correct pathological observation. The study of this particular department (pathology) is now where prosecuted with the same zeal which we find the Parisian doctors bestow on it. Separate and distinct wards are set apart for this purpose. To every patient who dies there, and is unclaimed by friends, a ticket is attached, indicating the ward from which the body came, the number of the bed, the name of the patient, the disease of which he died; so that the relation between the history of the disease and the morbid appearances may be traced and recorded in a general book. In this way, any improvements which are made will rest, as far as is consistent with a science, much of which is still short of demonstration, upon philosophical principles.

France, in the management of her hospitals, has adopted the only course which is at all likely to effect the great object she proposes to herself, by appointing the medical officers solely on the ground of superior qualifications; and by which she proclaims to Europe, the maxim "*Salus populi suprema lex.*" The personal advantages resulting from hospital appointments she never for a moment suffers to disturb her in the selection she is about to make. Questions of such general interest as the treatment of disease, to which the peer and the peasant are alike heirs, are never decided there by the gross amount of a parochial poll, or board, as is unfortunately the case in England, by men whose knowledge of the questions they so often decide is about as accurate as that which they possess of the internal economy of Pekin.

In England, whose resources are equal if not superior to those of any other country in Europe for the cultivation of medicine, we are content to take up at second-hand with the discoveries of our neighbours, rather than originate any of our own. The great addition to private practice, which an hospital appointment is sure to bring, occupies so much time, that all thoughts, if any ever existed, of extending the field of medicine by experiment and observation, are soon lost sight of. We sometimes find some new medicines recommended to our notice, but only after they have been going the round of all the continental periodicals, not as the result of experiment made by ourselves, but on the faith and judgment of our neighbours. Our medical literature is, indeed, at a low ebb. Not that our publishers are not busy in the vocation. Every month supplies us with something in the shape of manual, cyclopædia, or synopsis, which is ushered into notice with the usual flourish of advertisements. We agree so far with the Tories, as to have no objection that writers and publishers should do what they like with their own; yet we cannot help thinking that we have a right to expect something more attractive than the dress in which they appear. Much of what they give us is not new, and what is new is not true.

This may be considered harsh, but we disclaim any intention of being so. We have no passions to gratify; our duty as reviewers is paramount. If we can be instrumental, in any degree, in arousing amongst ourselves a spirit of inquiry in medicine, we shall have attained our fondest wish; and we confess that we are disposed to indulge this hope, when we look at the industrious young men who are so indefatigable in supplying us with translations of all foreign works of merit. There is, however, but one source whence medical truths can emanate with a hope of producing general conviction; that source is an hospital; and as long as our hospital physicians shall remain indifferent to the valuable facts which are constantly passing before them, so long must we be content to follow in the wake of our French colleagues, —*longo intervállo*.

ART. III.—*Tyrol, vom Glockner zum Orteles, und vom Garda zum Bodensee.* (The Tyrol, from Mount Glockner to Mount Orteles, and from the Lake of Garda to the Lake of Constance.) Von August Lewald—1833-34. 2 vols. 8vo. München. 1835.

THIS Tyrolese Tour, if so it may be designated, is of a very different kind from all other tours, French or English, that we have chanced to meet with. In fact, although written in the form of Travels, and consisting of a number of separate excursions into the different valleys of that land of mountains, the publication might perhaps be more justly described as a residence in the Tyrol. The author, a well known German novelist, in a dedication to Julius Cornet, a native Tyrolese, now a singer and opera manager at Brunswick, says,—“To your friendly invitation to pass the summer months at your romantic castle of Fragsburg, in the Etschthal, for the recovery of my impaired health, does this book owe its existence.”

We gather, from scattered and unconnected hints, that Cornet's offer was rather the loan of an abode uninhabited by the owner, than an invitation to join a family circle. The dedication adds,—“In that pure and temperate climate my strength returned.* * * I felt myself perfectly well. This state encouraged me to explore a mountain land that I had already learned to know superficially.”

The book before us appears to be put together from the author's previous transits through the Tyrol and his present sojourn and exploring excursions, giving to the former the benefit of the more perfect knowledge derived from the latter; but without distinct intimations upon which occasion the sights and scenes depicted were beheld. We are merely given to understand that in 1833 the writer traversed the Tyrol to Verona and Venice—it should seem in company of his wife; and that it was the summer of 1834 that he spent amidst its mountains and valleys. The desultory form thus adopted is not the most satisfactory possible, at least to us, who, in our critical capacity, feel a strong desire to see the information given us so classed, grouped, methodized, as to afford a comprehensive view of the whole. As these rambling sketches offer, nevertheless, by far the liveliest picture of the Tyrol and Tyrolese that it has ever been our fortune to light upon, we purpose to present our readers with considerable extracts, and, restraining our methodical propensities, to take them, for the most part, pretty much as we find them, merely adding a few words of explanation or connection.

The temper in which the book is written will sufficiently

appear as we proceed: for the present it will be enough to say that the author is a genuine German,—enthusiastic, genially enjoying, sympathizing with the Tyrolese in their new-born desire for independence—is independence possible for a nation of less than 800,000 souls? are even the Swiss, though 2,000,000 strong, independent?—but untainted, that is to say, Lewald, by the radical antipathy to Austria and Metternich of some of his predecessors. And here, apropos of this Tyrolese hankering after independence, we, as impartial foreigners, may be permitted to observe, that the old privileges of the Tyrolese were confirmed to them at the settlement of Europe in 1814; that the chief causes of the discontent which is said to have supplanted their former ardent loyalty to Austria, are, as we gather from Lewald, regret for the high price they obtained for their wine in Bavaria, during their annexation to that kingdom, and impatience of an excise-duty laid, like the Spanish *Alcabala*, upon sales even of the necessities of life. The discontent arising from the latter cause has, however, been materially allayed at Innsbruck, Botzen, and Trent, in consequence of the tax being farmed by the *bürgermeisters* and *podestàs* (municipal chief magistrates), and, in part, employed upon the improvement of the towns, which gives it the air of a municipal toll. With respect to the former cause, we shrewdly suspect that the feelings of the Tyrol much resemble those of Belgium, where the benefits of Dutch trade are desired, without Dutch union; and that, at all events, the first rumour of a hostile invasion would dissipate every symptom of Tyrolese disloyalty. Still we cannot but regret such an intrusion of the march of intellect into the happy primitive valleys, where men used to think more of shooting game for their family dinner, than of reading newspapers, or criticizing government.

Lewald enters the Tyrol from the north, by Scharnitz, and thus compares this country with Switzerland:—

“The Tyrol is a singular country, a sort of rock fortress. * * * * Switzerland has plains for agriculture; the north-western portion, from Constance to Basle, awakens not a thought of mountains. Not so Tyrol: she denies not her character for a single league, but is throughout mountainous. Therefore is she deficient in corn,—in many places has not bread for her sons, who love her not the less warmly or faithfully. Switzerland has lakes, a pomp of waters, attracting travellers from all quarters of the world. Tyrol has her gushing fountains, her roaring torrents, her delicious mountain rills,—but no ample watery mirrors to reflect the heads and bathe the feet of her rocks. She can only lay claim in the south to a nook of the Lake of Garda, and in the north—if the Vorarlberg be, as it ought to be, held a Tyrolese province—to the lovely Bregentz bay of the Lake of Constance. * * * * All the

plants that grow from Spitzbergen to Spain, inclusively, are to be found here. Upon the Alps, at the foot of the glaciers, summer lasts only five or six weeks, and the most intense winter prevails during the rest of the year. Yet even there blossom the noblest, fairest flowers."

Our traveller brings us directly upon the Inn, and his first station is Innsbruck. This town, standing upon the high road through the Tyrol, is probably among its best known points; but it seems that to have known Innsbruck six years ago is not to know it now. Then it was full of filth and disorder—

"Now it is upon the point of becoming a handsome town, and is already agreeable, clean, and sociable. For this Innsbruck is indebted to her burgomaster, Dr. Maurer, a zealous and energetic man, who has waged war with, and happily conquered, many prejudices, abolished inveterate habits, and everywhere prepared the way for amelioration. Well paved and lighted streets, flags for pedestrians, and subterraneous sewers,—beautiful malls, and quays upon the banks of the Inn—are all the work of this magistrate; and the public buildings that he has begun or projected will be not less useful than ornamental to the rejuvenescent city."

We afterwards learn that Conte Giovanelli, podestà of Trent, emulates Dr. Maurer in municipal improvement. But to return to Innsbruck. Besides its often described monuments, it boasts of two new ones, Hofer's monument and a national museum.

"Among the designs for Hofer's monument, I saw one by an Innsbruck artist, representing Hofer as a hero crowned by Fame. The Emperor (of Austria) himself is said to have rejected this idea, insisting that the *Sandwirth* (Sandlandlord) should be shown to posterity just as he was, plain and unpretending, without allegory. The artist died of vexation. From Professor Schaller, whose design was preferred, a good likeness might have been expected; but the expectation is disappointed. The execution leaves nothing to be desired. The marble is snow white, and of the finest grain; and Schaller has made the most of its advantages. The attitude was scarcely matter of choice: it is too negligent to be called noble; but a more heroic carriage would have been flagrantly out of keeping with the *Passeyer* jacket. In fact, the whole costume, though susceptible of picturesque charm, is very unfavourable to the statuary. The raised head is, however, proportionably favourable to the ample, faithfully portrayed beard. Here a lofty expression and beauty of form were compatible with the required fidelity to nature; and this is the best part of the work of art. The master has happily thrown the broad disfiguring hat sideways. Professor Schaller has, by this performance, placed himself amongst the first living sculptors, and his statue of Hofer will in many respects excite the admiration of the lovers of the arts.

"Another interesting Innsbruck sight is the national museum, called the *Ferdinandeum*, which has hitherto been little noticed by foreigners." This *Ferdinandeum* publishes a magazine entitled *Zeitschrift*

für Tyrol und Vorarlberg (Tyrolese and Vorarlberger Periodical), and, although but of recent establishment, is already rich in all that belongs to a national museum. It displays Tyrolese productions, mineral, zoological, botanical, &c. &c., and likewise mechanical; for, although no great manufacturers—with the exception of some iron works, and silk at Roveredo, of both which there are specimens in the Ferdinandeum—the Tyrolese peasants appear to be proficient in many delicate arts, especially carving, and the making of musical instruments.

"Amongst the objects of mechanical industry I distinguished a beautiful gun, the work of a Pusterthal peasant, named Pachhuber. It is wrought with the most skilful diligence, with inlaid and damasked ornaments in the best taste, with ivory and wood carvings, with cast bronze and turnery, all finished, without any assistance whatever, by this one peasant. * * * * English travellers, who saw this gun whilst in hand, offered the workman whatever sum he chose to ask for it; which he refused, that it might be lodged in the National Museum. When desired to put his own price upon it, he answered drily, 'I have spent a year upon it,—should earn a *gulden* (about two shillings) a day.' He was paid 365 gulden."

In addition to this gun, the Ferdinandeum contains carvings in wood that approach nearly to the fine arts, as well as some pictures by Tyrolese artists, portraits, landscapes, and historical pieces of considerable merit: the subjects of the latter are chiefly taken from the war against Napoleon,—*apropos* whereof we should say, that various memorials of the hero of that war, Hofer, including letters and a portrait, are here preserved. But the carvings appear to us more peculiarly Tyrolese than the paintings, and, before leaving the Ferdinandeum, we must give the history of the most remarkable artist in this line.

"Joseph Kleinmanns, of Nauders, had the misfortune to lose his sight in the fourth year of his age, by the small-pox. He, nevertheless, in his early childhood cut houses and various toys out of wood. In his twelfth year he attempted a crucifix. He took a model, and felt it, till he judged himself able to copy it. The approbation bestowed upon this his first crucifix encouraged him to further attempts. * * * * In his twenty-second year he went to Fügen, in the Zillertal, where he received instruction from the sculptor Franz Nüssl. Thenceforward he needed no model for crucifixes, having, from long practice, the distinct image in his mind. He carves them of any size that may be desired, but succeeds best in large ones. If a model be given him to copy, he will correct its faults. He feels perpetually both his model and his own work, and, as he carves, guides his knife with his finger. During the operation he is absorbed in painful attention. He has carved a kneeling Charles Borromæus, three feet and a half high, for the Prince-Bishop of Brixen, and a two-foot high David for the Prince-Bishop of Chur,

both highly spoken of. * * * Kleinmanns leads a pious and virtuous life at Innsbruck, and is satisfied with his condition, sweetened, as it is, by his artist avocations."

It might be supposed that the fingers of this blind boy had retained their pristine sensibility from his being incapacitated by his infirmity for field labour; but we are assured that the Tyrolese peasant habitually intermingles the coarsest drudgery with the most delicate manual operations, such as working in silver or ivory, mending and making clocks and watches, and more especially constructing musical instruments. This last occupation seems to have been of old a Tyrolese employment, inasmuch as Lewald relates a pretty story, too long unluckily to extract, of a peasant of Absam, named Jacob Stainer, who, two hundred years ago, produced violins of superior excellence, but died mad, and whose memory is, to this day, honoured by his family, in an annual pilgrimage to the hut where he was confined as a lunatic, there to lament his fate, whilst the best musician of his blood plays upon one of his violins. In one of these pilgrimages Lewald accidentally joined.

Before quitting the subject of the mechanical ingenuity of the Tyrolese peasants, we must state that the above mentioned Prince-Bishop of Brixen, a learned and austere, but very benevolent man, is the especial Mæcenas of such rustic genius, and add one more anecdote illustrative of his liberal patronage. Tschugmall, by trade a carpenter, fought under Hofer against the French, and afterwards, having lost all his little property, fled to the woods, where he supported himself for years as a charcoal burner. There he amused his leisure with endeavouring to make automata, brought his first imperfect attempts to this prelate, and was by him so munificently and judiciously assisted, that he has fully developed and cultivated his native talent, and is, at the present time, known throughout Germany as a first-rate maker of automata.

After sufficiently exploring the immediate vicinity of Innsbruck, our author's first excursion leads us down the lower Innthal (valley of the Inn), and into the Zillerthal,—a district of which the sublime and picturesque beauties attract annual swarms of landscape-painters, not only from Munich, but from northern Germany, and even from Denmark. The people of the Zillerthal are reputed the handsomest of the Tyrolese; that is to say, the men, for our traveller denies such praise to the women, who are, he says, too colossal and too coarsely formed in the bust (a fault he finds with Tyrolese women of other valleys) for female beauty. The Tyrolese singing brothers, who visited England, were natives of the Zillerthal; and we learn that the wealth they earned during

their travels has induced one, at least, of the family to set up his gig, and assume an air of superiority. Lewald reached Zell, the chief town, on a festival day, and was much struck by the excellence of the sermon that, in this remote district, he heard after mass. Upon expressing his surprise, he was told that the travelled Zillerthalers often return home infected with Protestantism, even to refusing the Catholic rites of marriage and baptism, though allowed no other; and that government had adopted the wise and paternal course of endeavouring to reclaim them, or at least to prevent the increase of heresy, by supplying the neighbourhood with able and zealous priests. After mass comes dinner.

"The dinner was very noisy. It was served at many separate tables, and the company was as mixed as possible. We were still engaged with our roast, when a hurly-burly, as though the house was tumbling about our ears, broke out over head. 'Aha! the ball is beginning,' observed my neighbour. * * * *

The musicians were only tuning their instruments, and already the dancing couples were in action, stamping, whirling, leaping, and shouting, in a style that impressed a stranger at once with their joyousness and his own incapacity to share it, at least in the same way. What I most especially noted upon this, and other similar occasions, was a violent convulsive trembling that seizes the youths, beginning in the head, thence passing into the arms, and discharging itself by the legs, that stamp with the rapidity of lightning, and a seemingly superhuman force. The whole occupies about a second, yet spreads over the entire man. Every dancer passes through this spasm of delight, before he begins to whirl with his partner. * * * To describe the dancing is scarcely possible. It was a confused mass of whirling, jumping men, each taking his own course, each wanting to storm himself out, each actuated by a blazing flame that must have consumed him had it not found vent. One twirled round like mad, shouting till he was black in the face, and his eyes appeared starting out of his head; another whistled on his finger till it rang again; a third tried his powers of vaulting; a fourth strove to surpass him; and all found room for these exercises and evolutions, none interfering with the others. Amongst them whirled the ample-bosomed maidens with crimsoned faces, on which shone love and present enjoyment; and although no dancer kept his arm round his partner, (we would recommend this delicate Tyrolese waltzing to the patronage of English mothers,) amidst the frenzied throng, uproar, and seeming confusion, every planet knew the sun round which he was to revolve, the couples re-uniting with marvellous accuracy, whenever they thought fit.

* * * *

"At five o'clock this scene of rapturous exhilaration was to end. * * * The assessor of the district tribunal, a little, pale, cracked-voiced man, appeared amongst the dancers, and all was over. The glowing Titans took off their caps, laughed bashfully, and looked down. Our looks petitioned for them; the good-natured assessor drew out his watch, cleared his throat, and said, 'If you will be very orderly you may dance

till mine.' A loud shout was the answer, and at the very instant the whirling began again, so that the grave functionary had some difficulty in escaping with a whole skin."

The favourite, because liveliest, dance tune is vulgarly called *Hosen-aggler* (the shaker of inexpressibles), from the violent commotion produced in those lower garments by the prodigious leaps and bounds to which it impels.

In the Zillertal, Lewald first heard of an extraordinary form of pugilistic combat called *Haggeln*, he says from *hükeln*, to hook, and which is first described as a reciprocal pulling with the middle finger crooked; but which, upon further acquaintance, appears to us more like the Lancashire rough and tumble, or an American gouging match, than any such simple hooking and haling process, which may however serve as a skirmishing preliminary to the more serious encounter. He says:—

"The Zillertaler has an innate passion for these rude battles. Often in a lonely mountain-path the fit seizes him, when it announces and relieves itself by a peculiar ringing cry. If the cry be answered, from whatever distance, he need only follow the sound to find an antagonist. And answered the cry must be, if it reach the ear of mortal who understands its meaning,—so command the laws of honour. * * * My companion related, that one day a handsome lad was on the mountain, in company with an experienced grey-beard, when he heard the cry. He answered it, and his eyes flashed brighter, the colour deepened on his cheek. He followed the guiding sound, and on turning a projecting rock met his dearest friend, his neighbour, the accepted lover of his sister. Had he been alone, it is likely that the *haggeln* frenzy would for once have evaporated innocuously; but the experienced old rustic *Haggeler* was present, and both youths were ashamed to shrink from the conflict. Laughing they began, and, hooking their fingers, dragged each other hither and thither, whilst the old man looked on, encouraging, observing, stimulating, deciding. Thus they gradually became heated; too violent a blow exasperated one of the friends, who grasped the other, flung him on the ground, and stooped over him. The fallen *Haggeler*, exasperated in his turn, seized his adversary's nose with his teeth and strove to bite it off—the sufferer cried out, but the old man decided that biting off the nose is as lawful as digging out the eyes. The combatant who despaired of his nose took the hint, and with his thumb gouged out an eye of the nose-biter. Both parties had now had enough, and rose bleeding from the ground, the one of the future brothers-in-law noseless, the other one-eyed; whilst the old man, with high gratification, pronounced that the laws of pugilism and of honour were fully satisfied."

Next to the pleasure of fighting themselves, the Zillertalers place that of making animals fight, upon which, as too common a pleasure, we have only to remark that the Zillertal selection of dumb gladiators appears to us original.

"The different communities pride themselves in the possession of powerful rams, who wear their horns and beard with due decorum. The butting of rams is here as much the national diversion, as is cock-fighting in England. Last year Zell and Fügen pitted a couple of rams against each other, on which occasion 1400 *gulden* were staked. Neither ram conquered, whereupon a fearful battle between the two communities ensued. A passion for wagers is common to all the Tyrolese. When the dispute is decided by dice, it is called to *aushöpsen*,* and the possession of an Alpine pasture, worth from 800 to 1000 gulden, has been so decided, the rival claimants exclaiming 'Let us *aushöpsen* it.'"

After this excursion to the Zillerthal, we are led across the Brenner mountains and quit the northern for the southern Tyrol. As we proceed towards Brixen we exchange the climate of Germany for that of Italy, and, what is more remarkable, find a spirit of enterprize that resembles our idea of Italy rather in the middle ages than in this current nineteenth century.

"An Italian company undertakes the construction of roads, the making rivers navigable, and would have undertaken the building of the Brixen fortress, had government so pleased. This company has lately purchased considerable woods situated at the foot of the Schlern mountain, in order to fell and convey the trees to Venice. They intend to clear the country, with the exception of the plants of a specific size, which are to be left for after growth. Dykes, dams, and sluices have fitted the rugged rocky bed of the Eisack for floating the timber, and sixteen saw-mills prepare the fallen trees. * * * *

"Much as the enterprizing spirit of this Italian company is admired, the practice of contracting with them for the execution of public works is here condemned. Their object is profit, and their work therefore is apt to prove insufficient. * * * Many vineyard owners on the Eisack have demanded guarantees from the company, that the damming up of this impetuous river shall not injure their vines. But the company has not come to terms with them."

Of the face of nature in the southern Tyrol our traveller speaks with rapture, although the resemblance to Italian life, that he there finds, does not equally captivate him.

"This is one of the loveliest countries in the world, traversed as it is in all directions by mountain ridges, inclosed by chains of glaciers, teeming with innumerable castles, in ruins or inhabited, with towns and villages, with cloisters and churches, connected by roads and mountain paths, leading now through the richest fields, now amidst nature's sublimest horrors, and all bordered with images of saints and votive offerings. * * * *

* This word is utterly untranslatable, and the only approach to its meaning—beyond the context, which indeed is sufficient—that we can find, is *Hopps*, which in the Swiss dialect means, slightly intoxicated.

"At Botzen, in the small square before the Cathedral, are three coffee-houses, in front of which, under a tent-roof, people sit, after the southern fashion, drinking, smoking, and reading the newspapers. * * * The greater part of the town is irregular and dirty. * * * The working classes follow their trades in the street. Coppersmiths hammer away in open sheds; tallow-chandlers and soap-makers pour forth their stench into the street; tailors and shoemakers sit at work in the open door of their respective shops; barbers and hair-dressers equally labour in public; and I often found washerwomen unnumbered, who threatened to scald every passenger with boiling soapuds. This living in public, here for the first time met with, surprises more than it delights. * * * The frightful knitted worsted caps, worn by the women in Northern Tyrol, here begin to give place to caps of black crape or of fur, and to a very becoming broad-brimmed green hat. On Sundays one here sees a gaudy and amusing variety of costumes, every valley sporting its own appropriate colour, besides other peculiar fashions."

As we proceed further south, we gradually exchange the primitive, simple honesty, the light-heartedness, pugnacity, and scrupulous cleanliness of the German Tyrol, for Italian cleverness, dirt, extortion, and, what at first sight seems startling, gloom, or at least absence of mirth.

"In the wine district one expects to find the most extravagant gaiety; but here it is the reverse. Under the magnificent vine-bowers that extend for miles, under the shade of the chesnut and the fig, the joyous *jodeln* (the indigenous name of the peculiar style of Tyrolese singing*) dies away, and seldom, and only as it were by stealth, does the foot dance to the sound of a solitary guitar. This gravity is ascribed, not unjustly, to the unbounded influence of the priesthood, who are inveterate foes to dancing and amusement. The utmost veneration is paid to the priest; the peasant, not content with common tokens of respect, kisses his hand whenever they meet. When the son of a peasant obtains priest's orders, the whole family is exalted, but they no longer consider as their equal the holy man taken from amongst them. His brothers and sisters address him in the terms of formal respect used towards superiors, whilst their eyes sparkle with joy at the sight of him; and, when he enters his father's house after his first mass, his parents receive him on their knees, he giving them his blessing."

But, before plunging into the heart of the Italian Tyrol, our author takes a short mountain-trip from Botzen to Gröden, whither he is principally attracted by recollections of his childhood's delight in the toys there manufactured, and sold at all German fairs. And Gröden, even in its manufacturing character, appears to us singularly primitive and original, whilst the

* For some imperfect explanation of the *jodeln*, see F. Q. R. Vol. XIII. p. 338.

road—can we call it a road?—thither is wilder than any traversed by French and English explorers, pedestrian though the latter be.

“ At an early hour of the morning we set forth in a carriage for Steg, a small place on the Eisack. Here the miller supplied us with strong horses, accustomed to climbing mountains, and we rode up the steep mountain path towards Völs. * * * A new world here opens to our view, surprising us the more, because the traveller on the post-road below, as he passes along the natural porphyry columns, apparently ‘toppling to their fall,’ dreams not of its existence. An extensive plain, broken by hills, thick set with villages and churches, traversed by roads, lies before us, and only here and there, where a mountain-torrent plunges desperately into the Eisack, do we distinguish that river, like a silver ribbon, the white road, which follows all its most capricious windings, glittering by its side; the overhanging split, burst, broken porphyry, that borders it on both sides, and renders the Kunaterweg so notorious for insecurity, looks from above like an elegantly turned red-lacquered pedestal, destined to support a beautiful toy, a landscape *en relief*. At every step we climb, new beauties unfold themselves on the opposite mountain-ridge. A curtain is drawn up from before our eyes; the Ritten and its magnificent Alps, the handsome villas of the Botzen merchants, the grand wooded heights above them, and, rising over all, the chain of the Mendola, the mountains of Val di Non, the craggy Tobal, the rocks of the Vintschgau, and the *glaciers* of the Ortoles, on which hang dark clouds. Such is the road to Gröden. * * * We were indulged with one further glimpse of retired hamlets beyond fruitful fields; then the woods received us, and in their recesses the path became more difficult, more broken; hidden waters roared, solitary birds carolled, occasionally a shot was fired, a cry rang; and whenever I raised my eyes I saw the lofty peaks of the picturesque and enormous Schlern towering high above the giant forest-trees.”

“ Our quarters for the night were at the Ratzes bath-house. There is something very original about these Tyrolese watering-places; indeed, it is peculiar to the natives of this country to possess, even as invalids, the energy requisite to reach them. For those who can neither walk nor ride a *Bändl* is provided. This is a sort of carriage, running upon two fore-wheels, the place of the hind-wheels being supplied by blocks of wood, that drag along the ground, and prevent its rolling resistlessly and precipitately down hill. The seat is cushioned with feather-beds, which cannot save the occupant from jolts and thumps unnumbered. * * * We find here a chalybeate and a sulphureous spring, excellent drinking-water, and the finest trout. Roulette and Faro are indeed wanting, and the Wisbaden toilets are more elegant, but Ratzes is more shady, cheaper, and more sublime.”

The travellers now approach Gröden.

“ The green fields lay like a soft carpet spread over the white rocks, folding itself into their recesses, gracefully floating along the banks of the stream. Only the sharpest crags shoot high out of the soft verdure,

amidst which rise up pretty houses, large and small, high and low, but all white, with glittering windows, yellow or green doors, and red roofs, just as I had formerly admired them in *Meister Vogler's* booth. Yes ; this was indeed Gröden. The valley is about a mile and a half long and a third of a mile across, or narrower, and covered with these gay-looking, scattered dwellings."

Here we find the already-mentioned carving carried on wholesale, but of course not in the artist-like style of Kleinmanns.

"The *Cicerone* of the place was the sexton, in whose house, as in every other, is carried on the wood-carving that has so enriched Gröden, because it so delights good little children. At his invitation we entered one of the small pleasant houses of which the village is composed. In a neat, wainscotted room, a number of old men and women sat round a table, each having a piece of wood in hand, at which they were diligently cutting away. A lively old dame immediately took up a fresh piece, saying she would cut out a fox in our presence ; whereupon another offered her services for a wolf, one man his for a Tyrolese, and a second man his for a smoking Dutchman. It was wonderful to see how boldly they began cutting, how certain was their shaping, how quickly the outlines were apparent. They assured us that they never spoiled a piece of wood, but showed us their hands and fingers covered with scars, and said that many carvers maimed themselves. They spoke with sovereign contempt of the drawing-school established in the valley by government, thinking that he who had it not in his head could never learn their art. They carved as their parents had carved before them, and the young ones who were taught to draw carved no better. They told us that the first person who introduced this wood-carving into the valley was one Johann de Mez, to whom, in the year 1703, it occurred to carve picture-frames of the wood of the pine, which frames, though plain and coarsely wrought, found purchasers. The brothers Martin and Dominik Vinager immediately saw that this occupation might prove a source of profit to the poor valley, in which, from its great elevation, neither wheat nor buck-wheat succeeded, and the scanty crops of rye were insufficient for the support of the inhabitants. The soft ductile pine-wood abounded on the mountain side ; aided only by their native acuteness and talent, the brothers attempted the first figures, succeeded, and found numerous imitators. They then went to Venice for instruction, and returned able artists. Presently the whole valley was carving wood ; and with this new-born activity awoke that peculiar spirit of industry and speculation, which slumbers in almost every Tyrolese valley, awaiting only a favourable moment to start forth into vigorous life.

"Whilst the women carved at home, the men went abroad to sell their wares. * * * Thus was introduced a valuable manufacture and export trade, in which the whole population of the valley was interested. Where, fifty years before, nothing but poverty and privation was to be seen, plenty reigned. * * * But the carvers were improvident. For a century they carved busily away. Pine after pine was felled, converted into images of man and beast, and dispersed throughout the world in ex-

change for money. No one thought of preserving or propagating the beneficent tree; and one fine morning, when the carvers repaired to the mountain to fell a pine, they discovered, to their horror, that not one was left. In vain they explored recesses, ravines, and water-courses, in all directions; not a pine could they see, and despondently they returned home to collect all the despised and rejected fragments, and carve them, as they might, into dwarf puppets and lapdogs. They are now reduced to the hard necessity of sharing their gains with the inhabitants of the neighbouring valleys, by purchasing pine-wood of them, until the seeds they have sown shall have grown into serviceable trees."

Even in this retired, and, as we have seen, not very accessible and therefore unfrequented, valley, commercial gain and intercourse with foreign states seem to have produced their usual romance-destroying consequence, the love of money, although without softening that austerity of manners which seems to be indigenous in all the southern valleys of the Tyrol.

"When a young man goes a-wooing, it is indispensable that he be abundantly provided with rings, earrings, and strings of garnets. The richer he is, the more he can and will spend upon such trinkets, the more likely is he to be accepted. Twenty rings, and the rest in proportion, are nothing extraordinary; thirteen are the common allowance; rich suitors offer fifty, with store of chains, watches, and other valuables. * * * Amusements are banished from this valley. Dancing is what no one ventures to attempt, inasmuch as it is a sin for which absolution is never given."

One word more of the peculiarities of this valley before we finally take leave of it, its carvers, and its nascent pine nursery. Our author says,

"In the midst of Germans, this valley has a language of its own, which seems to be compounded of French, Spanish, Italian, and German words."

And of some we must add, that we can trace to none of these languages. We take a few of his specimens, almost at random. The fox is *volpe*; a bird, *uccell*, pl. *i uccioi* (both Italian); horse, *chiaval*; father, *lper*, pl. *i peresch* (French); king, *l'rae*, pl. *i ruejesch* (Spanish); *gwand*, for garment, may be German: but what shall we say to *omma*, for mother; *ullà*, where; *tlo*, there; *glong*, every where; *l'aurità*, truth; *l'auraedla*, falsehood; and *keschtina bella mutu*,* for, that is a pretty girl? We must observe that we have rather deviated from our author's orthography, as he spells these words by his ear, adapting them to German pronunciation; we have sought to assimilate each word to its original, where that original was apparent.

We will now accompany the tourist to Trent, and extract part

* Since writing this we have discovered that *mutu* comes, through the Basque, from the Spanish *muchacha*.

of his account of the festival of the city patron, St. Vigilius, which he there witnessed ; inasmuch as we hold such public festivals to be very characteristic of national idiosyncrasies and diversities.

" During this night the hotel *all Europa* [where he had taken up his quarters] resembled a caravanserai ; doors and windows remained open all night long ; every where lay sleeping pilgrims, some in the most airy passages, with their heads in the open windows ; a bed, when obtained, was occupied by a partnership of five. * * * Although the storm and accompanying deluge of rain had made the mountain-roads impassable, and thus kept away 7000 of the country people, their numbers were still considerable. Their dresses were not picturesque. The Italian Tyrolese peasant loves to clothe himself in woollen stuff of two colours, shot, generally red and yellow, or green and yellow. Of this stuff he wears large trowsers, and a very short coat, with a gaudy waistcoat, a large round hat, and buckles to his shoes. The women wear gowns of dark, usually blue, stuff, and their long hair laid in a flat circle on the neck, and fastened with a silver pin. The sunburnt, but agreeable, often pretty faces of the girls, attracted our notice. The women from Val Tesino were strangely, but certainly not well, dressed. * * * We seated ourselves in front of a coffee-house, where the variegated groupes, examining, chaffering, buying at the booths, constantly flitted before us.

" The crowd of ambulatory performers, who filled the air with song and instrumental music, was inconceivable. Here, two tolerably corpulent beauties played the harp to the accompaniment of a violinist. There, an old couple, she with a guitar, he with a small stick in his mouth, imitated to deceptive perfection all singing birds, making at the same time such faces that no one could look at them without laughing ; further off, to the tinkling of several guitars, the vagrant artists comically imitated with their mouths an accompaniment of horns and bassoons ; here were sung duets, there single songs, whilst orators, improvisators, jugglers, buffoons, and mountebanks, completed the variegated throng. * * *

" I cannot persuade myself that all these performers, of whom Italy possesses immense multitudes, had come from a distance. Most of them had nothing of the adventurer-look, acquired in such a nomade life. They seemed to me old townsfolk, with shrivelled faces and brushed up holiday clothes, who had crept down from their garrets, in order to benefit rather themselves than their fellow townspeople with their musical scraping and croaking. Of these a fiddler drew my especial attention ; he was a little spare man, whose thin legs, in tight grey pantaloons, almost adjoined a hump, that formed the larger part of his body. A long, large, probably borrowed, blue frock coat fluttered down from it like a flag. His head was bare, not only hatless but hairless ; only his neck was graced with a few scanty and very long locks, drawn over the centre of the skull, like a horse-tail on a warrior's helmet. The eyes were dead, but seemed to have seen better days, judging from their keen expression when he played. The nose was noble, sharp and peaked, as

is usual in famished faces; the mouth wide, with thin lips; the chin not extant. This melancholy head rose out of a loose handkerchief just over the hump. His play showed tuition, but his stroke was feeble; his arms had not strength to give it effect. This deficiency of expression he sought to compensate with his eyes and mouth—those turned tearfully to heaven, this unclosed, the lips quivering; nay the whole body participated in the player's inward emotion; only the thin legs, evidently too feeble to support the man, his fiddle, and his feelings, stood stiff and stark, whilst the shoulders rose and sank like waves, and the hump akip-ped like a dancing mountain, vivified by the music of Orpheus.

"As a counterpart to this fiddler, I may name three boys from Gröden, who had driven comfortably to the festival in their one-horse chaise. They were decorously dressed in grey and green, their hats decked with chamois beards and flowers; and they played the violin, the flute, and the guitar. The violinist was about ten years' old, a pretty, bold-faced boy, with coal-black eyes, who scarcely touched his hat when he received money. He played with an air of fine gentlemanly negligence, as though attending more to the scene around him than to his instrument. But he played surprisingly well and with much expression. He and his companions became the popular groupe, and gathered thrice as much as my poor hump-backed fiddler, who nevertheless was far more of an artist. * * *

"Dinner was eaten to the clang of many everchanging instruments. All the *virtuosi* I have mentioned and many more attended, new comers waiting upon the stairs to take the places of the players already in possession. The afternoon was passed on the parade, amidst gymnastic performers and rope-dancers, or in the gardens, where the peasantry disport them. Every where the noise was great; but the din by which the rope-dancers sought to allure spectators, surpassed every thing I ever heard before or since."

This Trent festival may suffice, we think, as a specimen of the thoroughly Italian nature of the southern Tyrol; we shall therefore confine our remaining extracts from this portion of the work, to a visit to the Tyrolese nook of the Garda Lake. Our author thus describes his arrival at Riva, or rather at the principal Riva hotel:—

"Our *vetturino* stopped in a narrow street, before a gloomy, rambling, irregular building, and springing down told us that we had reached the goal. The place was so unlike my anticipations of a good hotel on the shore of the lake, that I fancied the man was cheating us into the inn of some friend of his own. Silently he pointed with his whip to a gilt sun and the words *Al Sole*; and we alighted.

"A tall dark man, the landlady's son-in-law, received us, and led the way through a darksome door, like that of a fortress of the middle ages, across a court-yard inclosed by walls and galleries, and heaped up with every kind of filth. Amidst all this came, offensively, a mingled smell of food, diffusing itself from the furthest corner of this court-yard, where stood the kitchen. * * * We were led up stairs, along passages,

across large rooms, the shutters of which were closed to exclude the heat, till we reached the back of the house. 'Now sea!' exclaimed the waiter, as he opened a window. And we did indeed see the lake, the rocks, Monte Baldo, Torbole, all we could desire, placed before us, as by a fairy's wand. * * *

"I walked out to see Riva. Steps lead down to the basin of the harbour, which is walled with stone. Few vessels were loading there, and only some little boats were moving about. * * * Before two or three coffee-houses lounged the inhabitants, staring indolently at the water. Here was the Italian 'sweet doing nothing' (*dolce far niente*.) * * * On the other side of the port, a row of houses betrayed the unfragrant trade of the tanner, and a merry groupe of chattering washer-women, like nymphs issuing from the bath, stood half undressed, and with petticoats tucked up, in the water. A projecting rock terminated my walk. Here lay large fragments of stone, which had evidently destroyed several houses and gardens; the overhanging mountain showed traces of a cataract. The situation of Riva lost its charms in my eyes with such formidable neighbours. It was, I was told, about ten years ago, that, during a violent storm, a torrent suddenly poured down from that enormous mountain upon this spot. It swept down large stones and fragments of rock, terrifying every one with their fall. The inhabitants with difficulty saved their lives; their property they abandoned to destruction. A similar fate was anticipated for the whole town, when the fearful phenomenon ceased as suddenly as it had appeared. Nothing of the kind had recurred since; but some old gentlemen coolly added, that they were convinced that frightfully overhanging mountain, which has lakes in its bosom and is undermined by water, must, some day or other, overwhelm the unfortunate Riva."

We give the description of a storm upon the Lake of Garda, the character of which seems peculiar, and will appear doubly impressive to those who recollect the easy way of rowing about alone upon its smooth surface, mentioned by an English tourist as one of his Riva enjoyments:—

"The weather was lovely when we ordered our boat for the afternoon, to take us to the celebrated lemon-gardens. We were hardly two miles from the shore, when our experienced watermen earnestly advised us to turn back. The lower end of the lake was shrouded in a white fog, which, in the lapse of a very few minutes, had advanced considerably. 'Should the storm catch us outside the bay of Riva, it may be a bad job,' said the rowers, and plied their oars with their utmost bodily powers. I am no novice on the water; but I could perceive no danger. I saw no agitation of waves, I heard no murmur of gathering storm; and I thought our boatmen wished to frighten us in order to extort money. * * * On landing, the pale faces and excessive anxiety with which the people of the hotel were standing on the shore looking for us dispelled this suspicion. * * * From our window we watched the coming tempest. Still we saw the same white curtain of fog, now rapidly approaching the eastern shore. It had already shut out from our view

the summits of Baldo, clinging to the lonesome fishing-nest, *Malsiner*, at its foot. In our bay all was still, calm, and clear; the Riva rocks still reared their peaks into a cloudless sky; in the bay small boats still rowed to and fro, and the washerwomen near the mouth of the harbour still sang and prattled merrily at their work.

"Now, in burst the waiter; with one hand he turned my head in the direction of the outstretched finger of his other hand, and exclaimed: 'Look, look! whilst we are talking Torbole gets it. We may hope to escape.'

"And, in truth, I saw a spectacle such as belongs only to an Alpine lake. That which from afar had seemed a curtain of fog now rushed roaring upon Torbole. It was the most intimate blending of cloud and lake. The former had sunk down to about half the height of the mountain, and the mass of waters had risen to meet the cloud. The union showed no hostile mien. These were no broken, foaming, roaring waves, no torn tempest-driven clouds, each exerting its whole might, yet proving inefficient against the rocks that brave them, against the firmly rooted tree and the hut sheltered beneath its branches, dangerous only to the frail skiff, and the bold man who ventures out in it during their uproarious quarrels. But water and air so thoroughly made one, as I here saw them, seemed a union for life and for death. * * * All creatures fled to their lurking-places. * * * Before the onward raging phenomenon a hurricane drove the now foaming waves to break upon the shore. The phenomenon itself seemed impelled by its own will, not by the storm, appearing rather to excite the storm. From itself came all evil; within its own body flashed the lightning; the thunder, instantly following every flash, seemed but a faint echo of the roaring heard within the conglomerated mass. * * *

"The waiter, who kept his head close beside mine at the window, now exclaimed: 'See, see! The wind is driving the whole spectacle hither.'

"For one minute we saw the high-swollen billows, and the two-fold water-fall, that had found anew its old channel from the rock overhanging Riva. In the next it seemed as though a flood had burst over Riva and the Sun hotel; from all corners of the roof it poured down upon us, and in at the windows, which the waiter hastily closed. * * * We went below and looked from the windows of the ground-floor; the whole phenomenon had passed over Riva, up the Sarcathal to Arco, where, breaking on the rocks, it ended in a deluge of rain. The lake now flung high foaming billows over the stone parapet protecting the hotel-garden, and labourers ascended the mountain to remove the fragments of rock, in order that the torrent, unobstructed, might pour down less destructively. * * * At midnight I opened my window; it was pitch-dark, and a soft continuous rain was quietly falling. * * *

"One effect of the deluge had been to wash all inclined planes clean, but to float together masses of filth on level parts. The last was the case in our court-yard, now nearly impassable. This state of things lasted nearly all the morning. After dinner, the youngest daughter of the house came languidly forth with an old broom, and to this inadequate

mixture of youth and age was the task of cleansing our Augean stable assigned. The task was however soon despatched. With a pleasing negligence, that left behind ample gleanings, she swept the unclean mass into corners of the court-yard, there to remain until another deluge shall be so kind as to float it away. * * * Our worthy hostess took advantage of this same deluge for the purification of her own person. In the afternoon she seated herself upon a low stool before the door, where every one could see her, and where, from the broken eaves, trickled slowly the discoloured remains of yesterday's flood. Signora Trasselina lifted her blue cotton gown, turned up its yellow lining to the face of day, held one corner under the dripping eaves, and therewith washed and scrubbed her neck and bosom, till they were red with her exertions. * * * Amidst all this, however, justice requires me to state, that the kitchen is cleaner than might have been supposed. Fish and fowl are killed, and, as well as vegetables, cleaned out of doors; the dressers are covered with white napkins; and it is very possible to eat one's meal with relish, in sight of the open kitchen, or in the kitchen itself."

Enough of Riva and of the Italian Tyrol. We now turn to the western portion of this mountainous region, which is in fact Tyrol proper, the original county of Tyrol, containing the old capital of the counts, Meran, and Castle Tyrol. In this Tyrol proper stands the worthy musician's romantic castle, Fragsburg, the temporary abode of our author; and in its northern division lies the Passeyerthal, the native valley of Andreas Hofer. Lewald first introduces us to the southern, still Italian, part of this western Tyrol, Val di Non, of which he says:—

"Justly have the Germans named Val di Non, Nonsberg, for it far more resembles a chain of mountains and ravines than a valley. * * * There are two well-known sayings respecting this valley. The first is, 'He who would here below taste the joys of heaven must visit Val di Non; 'tis a piece of heaven fallen upon the earth;' the other: 'Should ten devils contend with one native of Val di Non, he would get the better of them.' There is truth in both. * * * Val di Non exceeds in fertility the richest Tyrolese valleys, even the Etschthal. The loftiest mountains here slope so gently down into the valley, that cultivation reaches almost up to their summits. * * * But this superabundance of all the necessities of life, too frequently deficient in the other valleys, has attracted hither a disproportionate population, that cannot find work in the valley. To this must be added, that these Italian mountaineers possess not the cheerful piety, the uprightness, and the love of order, natural to their German neighbours; and that every Italian can settle accounts with his conscience respecting a murder, with an ease of which a German can form no conception. Hence, whenever murder and robbery occur in the adjoining Vintschgau and Etschthal, the perpetrator is sure to be an inhabitant of the Val di Non."

Of the murderous and marauding exploits of the idle natives of this otherwise happy valley, some instances are given, but

hardly interesting enough to extract. The evil, however, though by no means cured, seems to be diminishing under the vigorous administration of the Austrian government; our author thus dismisses the subject:—

“ My own opinion, founded upon experience, is, that by daylight one may travel through all parts of the Nonsberg as in the rest of the Tyrol, without apprehending the least danger: but that by night one should here, as throughout Italy, be prepared for attack, and carry good pistols. A better protection, however, is a plain appearance, and the avoiding all display of rings and chains, or of a full purse in public-houses.”

We now proceed to the Etschthal, better known, probably, in this country as the valley of the Adige:—

“ The upper portion of the Etschthal is still called the mother-country, the *Landl*. Who knows not the song—

Bei uns im Tyrol, und im Landl — —

(literally :) Amongst us, in the Tyrol and in the *Landl* — — ;

and the dance called the *landerl*? Even so Meran, the old capital of the Counts of Tyrol, whose domains comprised only this district and part of Botzen, extending to Pontalto in the Engadin, is still called the town, as Rome was of yore called *Urbs*. * * * It is a fair sight; the spacious valley, crowned with woody heights, studded with villages and castles, full of cornfields and vineyards; the Etsch (Adige), yet but a mountain-stream, roaring along in its flinty bed, and at the head, the lofty Mutt mountain, graced with many smaller crags, extending to the *Ferner* (the Swiss term for unmelting or perennial ice) of the Oetzthal; and the little town of Meran built against it, with its one tall, fair tower, and encircled by numbers of noblemen's mansions and castles, including Castle Tyrol itself. * * * Meran, situate at an elevation of 1187 feet, and exposed to the currents of air from the Vintschgau and the Passeyerthal, cooled by the waters of the Adige and the Passer-brook, enjoys a temperate and healthy climate. The middle of the day is, indeed, very hot there during the summer, but the morning and evening are never without refreshing breezes. During the hottest months, however, here, as every where in Tyrol, the inhabitants remove higher up the mountains, for their summer sojourn. * * *

“ The town is small and insignificant, consisting mainly of one long, narrow street, the houses of which have bowers in front, that serve for footpaths, affording shelter from the sun; all the remainder of the town is unconnected and scattered. The inhabitants are hospitable towards strangers, if not very sociable amongst themselves. Their trade is the cultivation of the vine and fruit. At sun-set the different families repair to ‘the wall,’ a walled mall along the bank of the Passer, to walk in the cool of the evening. But even here each family keeps to itself, and only the carnival is said to produce much friendly intercourse.”

In this original Tyrol are found many Roman remains, for here stood the Roman colonial cities, Teriolis, and Maia. But our

author cares more for the beauties of nature than for Roman antiquities. In fact the Romans are out of fashion in Germany. He says:—

“More interesting are the Etsch, which, roaring and foaming, here forms a fine waterfall, the lovely Algend festooning its vines over the road; the lonely Josephsberg, hidden in the mountain forest; the ivy-mantled ruins of Forst and Aur at the mouth of the narrow lateral valley of Langvall; but above all the beautiful village, Partschins, perched high up on the Töll, against its rugged side, whence a considerable cascade rushes picturesquely down. When we reach the heights, the Etsch flows more tranquilly, and a handsome bridge leads to the *Bädl*; a single house, embosomed in trees, where a sulphureous spring assembles a few watering-place visitors.”

This district abounds in castles, some belonging to nobles, some to government, in right of the old sovereign house of Tyrol; the last of whom, Margaret Maultasch,—so surnamed, no one well knows why, but, as Lewald conjectures, because castle Maultasch was her favourite residence,—having lost her only son, bequeathed her dominions, in 1368, to the Dukes of Austria, her natural heirs, as being the grandsons of her father's sister. Since that time the Tyrol has formed part of the heterogeneously constituted Austrian territories. Amongst these many castles, Castle Tyrol is chiefly remarkable for the mystic symbols, supposed to be Gnostic, that adorn its walls: it is kept in just habitable repair, and is occupied by a cousin of Hofer's, appointed *Schlosshauptmann* (captain of the castle) for the sake of that martyr of loyalty.

“The finest of these castles is Löwenberg, formerly the property of the counts Fuchs, who likewise possessed the Jauffenburg at the end of the Passeyer valley, and were the wealthiest noblemen in the country. The castles are so situated, that from the windows of the one are seen those of the other; and when the old counts banqueted, the seneschal gave a sign, that the healths might be drunk in both at the same moment. Löwenberg stands upon a hill of moderate height, entirely planted with vines. The castle is surrounded by terraces, used as gardens, in which flourish abundance of the finest flowers, with oranges, lemons, figs, and pomegranates. There is nothing here like level ground, and if you would walk in these gardens you must be always going up and down steps. The castle is said to contain eighty rooms, of which above half are unfinished and uninhabitable. * * *

“All in this region of castles bears the character of the middle ages, and of the mountains; rude strength, daring defiance, security, simplicity, are every where apparent. It must be seen to be conceived. An old, massive, square tower, with a low, household building, that is the seat of nobility. Add a few smaller round turrets, a wall and a ditch, and your castle is complete.”

We now come to our author's temporary castle-abode:—

“On the side of the Freiberg some wealthy peasants, called free pea-

sants, possess handsome dwellings, surrounded by fields and meadows. This is the best corn land in the district. The road leads gradually up to the lofty rock from which the old Fragsburg (*Trisagium*), the most elevated of all these castles, looks proudly down upon castles Katzenstein and Neuburg. Fragsburg is still, externally and internally, just what the middle ages made and left it, but thoroughly habitable and trusty looking. In the year 1356 it was granted in fief to the Knight Sir Otho of Aur. The last proprietors, of the noble race of the Counts von Mamming, were obliged to sell this, for centuries the patrimonial home of their fathers; and thus it came into the hands of an excellent man, who, as a born Tyrolese, had ever looked longingly towards his native mountains, seeking amongst them a home for his old age. This man is my friend Cornet, the offspring of a highly respected Tyrolese family, originally, indeed, immigrant from the Netherlands. * * *

"The upper part of the rock on which the castle stands is hard to climb, but the labour is repaid by the splendid view from the brow. An agreeable plain, of an extent unlooked for here, spreads out before us, covered with wheat and Indian corn, and divided into fields by hedges of fruit-trees. In the back-ground rises a magnificently wooded rock, from whose summit rushes down a cascade, and houses are picturesquely scattered all around; here the mill, there the parsonage, the farmhouse, its stabling and barns. Where the rock springs most perpendicularly abrupt from the valley, amidst a wood of gigantic chestnut trees, rises the castle, solidly built of square stones, surrounded by a somewhat broken wall, which nevertheless is no detriment to the picturesque effect of the whole. Having climbed the last height, we pass an ivy-covered, goat-peopled slope, to the entrance gate, and find ourselves in a steepish narrow court-yard, inclosed on two sides by the dwelling-house, on the other two by the broken wall, and to which adjoins a small kitchen-garden, wherein the worthy old *Schlosshauptmann*, brother-in-law to the proprietor, raises asparagus, artichokes, and other edible plants, for his own table. A few wild figs, growing out of the walls, and one Hungarian cherry-tree, complete the botanical wealth of this plateau. An open arcade, with slender Gothic pillars of white marble, connects the older parts of the castle with the newer, which consists of a massive square tower, looking down the Etschthal. Here is one large room, which, as the tower is built on the very summit of the rock, commands a magnificent prospect on all sides. * * *

"Life, in such an old castle, is the simplest possible. We rose early and went early to rest, inasmuch as at 9 o'clock in the evening the castle-gate was closed for the night. A mountain ramble was our only pastime. * * * Sundays were livelier. Early in the morning the castle chaplain, on his pony, rode up from Meran, while lads and lasses, in their gay Sunday apparel, came clambering amongst rocks and trees, looking at a distance like gaudy flowers. They fell into scattered groupes, and gossiped till the bell rang for mass. At its first sound all walked soberly across the court-yard to the opened chapel. The elders of both sexes now appeared, with friendly greetings, and the congregation was often too large for the chapel. After mass the priest break-

fasted with us; and a few neighbours joined us to discuss their several affairs. Then came visitors from Meran, to spend their Sunday on the mountain and share our rural dinner. In the afternoon came the farmer's men and maids begging permission to dance. This was promptly granted, and now appeared two guitars and a Tyrolese pipe, to which all whirled merrily round. * * * At seven o'clock our rustic ball was over. The servants went to supper, and the visitors from Meran returned home.

" * * * In the evening, when the goatherd, with loud shouts and cries, drove down his flock from the mountain forest, and in so doing executed such daring leaps from crag to crag as would have commanded admiration at Franconi's, it cheered the inmates of the old castle to see their silence thus suddenly vivified by an active being. If the herdsman, a good-looking, slim lad, half naked in his picturesque rags, came to the castle-gate to speak with his mother, he appeared as a welcome visitor. The mother was a poor widow, who possessed a cottage at Hasing, so much higher up the mountain, that it took two good hours to scramble thither from Fragsburg. During the winter, she subsisted with her children, upon the produce of a few goats. In summer she went out as a maid-servant and her boys as herdsmen. Her goats' kids she sold in the autumn, and, with the price obtained for them, bought buckwheat, which, with the milk of the old goats, formed the winter food of her family. She was indefatigable, and would carry heavy loads down the steepest part of the rock—a path that shortened, by one-half, the distance to Meran. * * * Our poor Midl (*anglicè* Mary) had still one younger child at home, a six-year-old boy, whom she kept regularly supplied with three days' provision of buckwheat, porridge and milk. At the end of the three days she visited him to renew his provisions. If the little fellow was imprudent, or unusually hungry, and ate up his stock too soon, or if any thing delayed his mother, he had nothing for it but to starve till she came, for his neighbours were too poor to feed him. But there he must stay, or who should tend the goats? One evening the poor child took fright: he wanted to see his mother; and came late one evening to Fragsburg—a two hours' stroll in the dark, amidst rocks and woods, for a frightened brat of six years old—to get to his mother!"

In the *Etachthal*, agriculture—a most arduous occupation upon the steep and rugged mountain sides—is diligently practised; and the peasantry are supported under the fatigue by good, or at least abundant, living.

"All the flesh meat they eat is smoked, and their bread, resembling ship-biscuit, is baked in quantities to supply several weeks' consumption. They take five meals a day, at dinner and supper eating this smoked meat, and drinking wine freely. Even the servants are allowed two quarts of wine daily, and more in mowing time and harvest. Their other meals consist chiefly of chestnuts, other nuts and excellent fruit, in which they carry on an active trade. Vegetables are little used, with the exception of salad and garlic. * * *"

"The chief diversion of the Tyrolese here, as throughout the whole

country, is shooting. From childhood it is their delight. Young boys are seen running about with loaded fire-arms, and it is wonderful that accidents are not more frequent. On Sundays the lads, instead of repairing to the wine-house, climb the mountains with their guns to shoot birds and squirrels. Their love for this sport has here nearly extirpated the larger game, but in the higher *glacier* valleys there is no lack of wolves and bears. The frequent shooting holidays have here more the character of a serious exercise than of a popular amusement—so different is the character of the Southern from that of the Northern Tyrolese.*

We are now in the immediate vicinity of the home of the peasant-hero, Hofer, who fills two chapters, to German readers, and eke, we must say, to ourselves, interesting chapters of the book before us. But, as we apprehend the warm sympathy once awakened by the Tyrolese episode in the Napoleon wars has, in this country, long since died away, we shall restrain our inclination to extract, and briefly mention what appears to us newest and most remarkable.

The men of the Passeyerthal, which opens into the Etschthal, are, we are told, the tallest, stoutest, and handsomest of the Tyrolese.* But they are rude, and not industrious; preferring the occupations of herdsmen and carriers to the labours of the field. What work of the latter kind they do perform is seasoned by danger, being the cutting of grass for their cattle upon inaccessible points of the mountain, to which they are let down by ropes; in this operation death by a fall is neither an uncommon occurrence, nor much thought of.

One of these Passeyerthalers was Andreas Hofer, who dwelt with his wife and family in his patrimonial public-house *Am Sand*, (meaning, on the stony bank of the Passer,) whence his title of the *Sandwirth* or Sand-landlord. But a wine-house in this remote valley is most unlike a London gin-palace. Hofer found it little profitable, and, buying a couple of horses, added the business of a carrier to that of a publican. He was, we are told, an honest and devout man, not very intelligent, and much addicted to eccentricity, one mark of which was letting his beard grow; and he was not much thought of in the valley. At the moment of the general rising against French invasion Hofer was forty years of age, and we regret to add that his old neighbours attribute much of the alacrity with which he took the lead in an enterprise avowedly almost desperate to the circumstance of his own affairs being equally desperate. His success as a military commander Lewald ascribes, seemingly upon Tyrolese authority, solely to his frank courage, disinterested zeal, simplicity of heart,

* A somewhat similar superlative character is previously given to the Zillerthalers.

and striking appearance, to which last his flowing beard mainly contributed.

We here find a new version of the betrayal of Hofer to the French, in the Alpine shealing where, for weeks after the complete subjugation of his country, he lurked, resisting advice of friends and imperial invitations to fly from the neighbourhood of his all-powerful enemies to the safety, the kindness, and the rewards awaiting him at Vienna. All writers upon the subject have imputed this act of base, of not to be palliated, treachery to the priest Donay. Lewald says, that in the Tyrol he is unanimously acquitted; the most received opinion being, that a Passeyerer, Hofer's private enemy, having accidentally discovered his retreat, betrayed him. Others however, as a herdsman and a beggar, lie under some suspicion; and the journal of a well-educated man, who acted as secretary to Hofer during his brief period of authority, names Joseph Raffel, a peasant, not of the best repute, as the traitor. As the writer was with Hofer at the time of his capture, this should be conclusive authority. We regret the necessity we are under of briefly dismissing this journal, which is interesting from the strong affection it discovers on the part of the journalist to his peasant-chief, and its record of his own anguish from the moment he was separated from Hofer, upon the announcement of the latter's doom, until its execution. But to give it due effect would require ample extracts, and for such, the length to which this article has already run allows us no scope.

Hofer's family was ennobled and liberally pensioned by the Emperor of Austria. But the widow, now Frau von Hofer, still, in honour of her husband's memory, keeps his Sand public-house, which, out of her pension, she has redeemed from his creditors, and manages by means of her son-in-law. There Lewald saw her.

The grand new military road from the Tyrol into the Valteline, which passes over a higher mountain than any other European road, and compared to which Lewald deems the Simplon road insignificant, has been already described;* wherefore, although our author's be the liveliest and most graphic description of it that we have seen, we shall content ourselves with saying that it is now completed in such a substantial manner as promises utility and durability; and that its creation has brought the county of Bormio, with its romantic beauties and its mineral springs, into the living world.

We do not know that, in the whole of these sketches of the

* See F. Q. R. Vol. XII. p. 153.

Tyrol, we have found any thing more characteristic of its natives, more clearly indicating for what military purposes they are, and for what they are not, fit, than the following picture of the spirit, demeanour, and discipline of the national guard.

"During the evening promenade we saw the Mals national guard exercise—it was a comical affair. The poor commandant could not maintain any sort of order. Whilst marching, the men would, whenever the fancy took them, make the most extraordinary leaps and springs, hurraing, and cracking their fingers as all Tyrolese do to express joy. So, when all the valleys sent their companies of sharp-shooters to defile before the Emperor at Innsbruck, it was impossible to restrain the gambols, waving of hats, and hurraing in the ranks. The troops marched with unobjectionable propriety till they came under the castle balcony, where stood the Emperor: but then a vertigo of rapture seized them all. The commandant, who was usually a stately old gentleman, cut the first caprioles; his men followed his example. No one who has not seen their leaps right up into the air, can conceive the effect of the scene; the legs, automaton-like, yet with incredible rapidity, drawn up close to the upper part of the body, then striking out behind, whilst the hands are clapped, first below the hips, then above the head, or else swing the hats on high. This, performed in military array in lieu of presenting arms, cannot but be irresistibly comic. Luckily, the good-natured fellows, instead of taking it amiss if you laugh at them, laugh heartily with you."

We perceive that we must hasten to conclude; yet two more Alpine characteristics irresistibly seize our fancy and urge on our pen. The first we will narrate with all convenient brevity. It is the tale of an *avalanche* that buried five brothers and sisters, in their cottage, under a mass of snow. The monks of Stams, whose servants they were, sent another brother to provide for the deliverance of his family. During three days, incessantly recurring snow-storms and *avalanches* foiled every effort. At length, after lying eighty-two hours in this cold tomb, three of the five sufferers were dug out alive. They seem not to have been much frightened or distressed, nor to have found the time long; in fact to have been almost constantly asleep. The brother said he could have lain so for ever. But he was frozen to a degree that produced mortification, of which within a few days he died. Two sisters recovered, and, for aught we know, are still alive.

The other is a very simple account of the first founding, in 1386, of the first fraternity and hospital for the rescue of travellers lost in Alpine snows; and in very truth we cannot forbear giving part of the single-hearted founder's own statement, in spite of its not always being perfectly logical.

"I, Heinrich Fündelkind (Foundling). My father, he who found

me, was the Mayor of Kempten and was ruined by suretiship. He had nine children, of whom I, Heinrich Fündelkind, was the tenth. Then he proposed to us to go to service * * * * Then I, Heinrich Fündelkind, was hired by Jaklein ober Rein to herd cattle, and the first year they gave me two *gulden*. There did I live with this Jaklein ten years; and there did I go with him to church in the winter, and carry his sword. And there were brought in the bodies of many people who had perished in the snow on the Arlberg, whose eyes and throats the birds had eaten. And that moved me, Heinrich Fündelkind, so deeply, that, as I had earned fifteen *gulden*, there did I cry out and spoke, Would any body take my fifteen *gulden* and make a beginning on the Arlberg, to try to save people from being lost in the snow? That would nobody do—and then did I take Almighty God for my helper, and the dear Lord, St. Christopher, who is a great help in time of need, and I began with the fifteen *gulden* that I had earned with the shepherd's crook in the service of Jaklein ober Rein; and there, the very first winter, did I save seven men's lives with these blessed alms. Since this oftentimes have God and honourable men helped me, and I have saved fifty people's lives. And this beginning did I make *Anno Dei MCCC octuagesimo VIto in die Johannis Baptiste.*"

This unpretending humanity met with the encouragement it deserved. Duke Leopold of Austria and other princes afforded Henry Foundling the requisite aid, associated themselves with him in his philanthropic schemes, and an hospital similar to—rather the prototype of—St. Bernard's was founded for the preservation of human life.

Since this article was written, and even printed, we have received another work upon the Tyrol, or, to speak more correctly, two works, the one being a translation of the other. They are, *Ansichten von (Views of) Tyrol, nach Original Skizzen der Frau von Isser, gezeichnet von T. Allom,—and Vues du Tyrol, dessinées par T. Allom d'après les esquisses de Madame von Isser*, both published in this country by Messrs. Black and Armstrong. One chief reason for adding a mention of these two volumes, really is the beauty of the views, which might tempt any one to follow the example of our friend Lewald, and beg, borrow, or hire a Tyrolese castle for a summer's sojourn. Among the views is one of Fragsburg. In other respects the Views are not works of such ambitious pretensions as Lewald's *Tyrol*. They do not in the same manner introduce us to intimate companionship with the Tyrolese, as they fight and dance, and live and breathe; but besides exemplifying, graphically, many of Lewald's descriptions, the works afford much historical and statistical information concerning that mountain-land, and are calculated to guide the Tyrolese tourist agreeably and usefully upon his way, by not only pointing out and describing what he is to see, but recording the historical associations appertaining to the different scenes.

ART. IV.—1. *Der Begleiter auf der Donaufahrt von Wien bis zum schwarzen Meere; mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die bestehende Dampfschiff-fahrt auf diesem Flusse.* Von Johann Hehl. (The Companion in a Voyage down the Danube, from Vienna to the Black Sea, with particular Reference to the Steam Navigation on that River). Wien, 1836.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on Steam Navigation to India, with the Minutes of Evidence. Appendix and Index.*

THE following paragraph, extracted from the *Times* of November the 10th, will at once demonstrate the pressing importance of the subject we have taken in hand, and constitute a text or key-note to the tenor of the arguments, by which we mean to be guided in pursuing this investigation.

“STEAM NAVIGATION TO INDIA.

“The Kyle takes home 1539 additional signatures to declarations in favour of the steam petition, from twenty-seven places in the Mofussil, making in all 4090 signatures from 83 places, of which 2823 are the signatures of Europeans, and 1267 of natives. Adding these to the names on the petition, we have a total number of 7632—a pretty good testimony of the general feeling on this side of India. *Calcutta Paper*, June 10.

“The overland conveyance that left England June 1st, arrived at Bombay about July 16th, or in somewhere about forty-five days; and the Parkfield, which left Bombay July 28th, has brought home answers to the letters forwarded hence June 1st.”

From the *Literary Gazette* of November the 5th.

“Grain, Coast of Arabia, Persian Gulf, July 27, 1836.

“The last place that I had the pleasure of addressing you from was Annah on the Euphrates, which then derived a melancholy interest from the recent loss of the Tigris. I had the misfortune to be left behind at the departure of the steamer, and, being without arms, was robbed and maltreated. In the Semloon we met with thieves upon a small scale, and ingenious thieves too. I regret that I have neither time nor space to relate some of their exploits, and the watchful night-work which they gave us. We had an unfortunate rencontre with the natives not far below the marshes of Semloon; there is reason to hope, without much injury being done, although it is surmised that some of them fell victims to their savage obstinacy. We arrived at Bassorah June 15th.”

A very few words by way of preface to the inquiry are necessary. The report of the committee on steam navigation to India, which heads the present paper, was published at the end of 1834. It is admirable in every respect, and unites a well-digested amount of political and commercial information, with an extent of scientific and antiquarian disquisition, which readers, who are not

in the habit of perusing the various bulky documents published by Mr. Hansard in the form of parliamentary reports, would not be likely to anticipate. We may indeed say of this parliamentary report, that it is most *unique* in one respect, for it unites the "*utile et dulce*;" amusement with information. Since the publication of the above report, the subject has by no means slept; the consequences of the report may indeed be said to be in operation up to the very time that we are writing. One of its results was the steam expedition of Captain Chesney, who appears, by the most recent accounts, to have arrived at Bassorah, and thereby proved the practicability of reaching India by the line of the Euphrates. The subject has been farther kept alive by the ocular testimony and reports of recent travellers in the East. Petitions from the various presidencies of India, comprehending 4 or 5000 signatures, consisting of British residents as well as of native merchants, with a view of being laid before parliament during the last session, reached this country a few days after its prorogation. The subject was subsequently to that period again brought before the public in an efficient manner by Dr. Lardner, at the recent meeting at Bristol of the "British Scientific Association." The speech of the learned doctor was luminous and argumentative. It was at once erudite and business-like; and, although we do not concur with all the inferences of the learned doctor, we regret that the public has not been enabled to form a proper judgment of the merits of his speech, from a corrected report of it* in the form of a pamphlet. The two paragraphs with which we have designedly commenced this article—inasmuch as one relates to the Euphrates line, the other to the Red Sea line of steam communication with India—bring the history of this important inquiry, and of the first fruits of its practical application, down to the most recent period; we may indeed say down to the period when we write. A practical result has already attended the experiment on both lines; although we believe, and shall have to show, that grave and important distinctions must be drawn between the actual and eventual results which have attended, or are likely to attend, the experimental employment of each. The *status quo*, as regards the circumstances of the double experiment, may thus be briefly stated. Captain Chesney, for the first time since the era of Queen Elizabeth, when the Euphrates line was the common route of British merchandize to India, has, with considerable delay, and with the loss of one of the two steamers (the Tigris) employed in the expedition, re-opened the ancient

* The report of the speech in the morning papers was so slovenly as greatly to deteriorate from its effect, especially as regarded some of its topographical details.

communication, and descended "the great river" to the Persian Gulf. So much for the Euphrates line. The success of the communication by the Egyptian line is clearly and succinctly stated by the editor of the paper, from which we have copied the other report. It is briefly this, that communications from England to Bombay have been made in forty-five days; and answers have been returned from Bombay to England in one-third more than the same short period, allowing twelve days for the local distribution of packages or letters, and for the replies of the party to whom they were consigned. When we reflect that ten months have been consumed in the same alternate communication, which has been here effected in 120 days, (and it must be borne in mind that adequate organization would limit the passage both ways to 90 days), we need not add another word in order to demonstrate the success of the experiment by the Egyptian route, or to enforce the concluding commentary of the writer, from whom we have borrowed the report, by expressing our conviction that something must be immediately done, either by the East India Company, by the government, or by both. The subject must, at all events, form one of the earliest questions for discussion at the opening of the next session of parliament. The petitioners have a case of the strongest kind made out for them, by the very circumstances which characterized the delayed conveyance of their petitions to this country. The accelerated conveyance of forty-five days to Bombay was principally caused by a steamer being ready at Suez, to receive the communications which quitted this country on June 1st. The delay of the above-named petitions to parliament till after its prorogation arose from there being no steamer ready on the Mediterranean side of the line, to keep up the unbroken chain of communication with this country. We should add to the preceding brief statement of facts the additional fact, that all the petitions from India recommend the communication through Egypt.

The reader will be aware that the above recorded short steam communication of forty-five days is, in one part of the route, retarded by an overland conveyance. The report we have copied does not state whether the overland portion of the communication was made by crossing the desert from Cosseir to Kenneh, on the Nile, and afterwards descending that river to Alexandria and the Mediterranean, or whether it was made by crossing the desert from Suez, on the Red Sea, to Cairo, and thence by the canal of Alexandria, or by the western branch of the Nile, to the same Mediterranean point. Whether the one or the other route was selected is not material, since by both routes across the desert accelerated means of conveyance, by railroad or canal, have been

recommended, and are even now under the consideration of the appropriate government authorities. The question, however, is very material in one respect. It brings us, in fact, to the gordian knot of the whole inquiry; namely, the paramount question—which is the most practicable route for steam communication to India, and what are the best means for imparting additional celebrity and security to the superior advantages predicable or demonstrable of that route?

There are three available routes for steam communication with India; the first by the Cape of Good Hope, the second by the Euphrates, the third by the Red Sea. We believe we may fairly facilitate the inquiry by disencumbering it of any comparative investigation of the route by the Cape of Good Hope. The only voyage attempted by steam round the Cape must be pronounced a failure, as regards acceleration, but not as regards mere practicability. It was made by the *Enterprize* steamer; 113 days were consumed in the attempt, but of those only sixty-four were worked by steam. The Cape communication may, therefore, be for the facilitation of this comparative inquiry placed *hors du combat*. We must, however, in justice, qualify the above sentence, since the undertaking of the *Enterprize* was made eleven years ago, when steam vessels were not so much improved as they are now. Much might be said even in favour of the Cape communication by steam, (using some other propelling power in conjunction with it,*) provided we had no other route submitted to our choice; and we are willing to admit that, if it were only a question between the relative success of Captain Chesney's experimental expedition in the *Euphrates*, and that of Lieutenant Johnson in the *Enterprize*, a fair battle might be maintained in favour of the Cape. But the general issue of the question rests upon very different merits; and, the first experimental expedition by steam round the Cape having failed, we consider ourselves fairly at liberty, in the absence of any second experiment during eleven years, to exclude the problematical prospect of a Cape communication from the present practically comparative evidence and cautiously considered inference.

We shall begin by an investigation of the route through Egypt, overland from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. The only impediment which exists in the way of navigating by steam the whole way from Bombay, or Madras and Calcutta, on the opposite sides of the Indian peninsula, consists in the interval of desert land between the Red Sea and the Nile, or between the

* It is to this object that the Earl of Dundonald (Lord Cochrane) has chiefly directed his attention.

Red Sea and the Mediterranean. This impediment subsists in two places, as far as the actual and practical communication through Egypt between England and India, is at present concerned. The two portions of the communications, whether as regards the conveyance of passengers, letters, or both, is either overland from Cosseir on the Red Sea to Kenneh on the Nile, in the vicinity of ancient Thebes, or from Suez, at the extreme northern point of the Red Sea, across the desert to Cairo.

Now the practical question which arises on thus opening the subject is this: Can the difficulties which naturally attend one or both of those overland routes be obviated or removed? Can the communication be accelerated on one or both points by applying to them the power and results of modern discovery—by the canal, the steam-boat, or the railroad? We believe that a satisfactory answer might be given on both heads. It is probable that, in process of time, improvements for accelerating the communications with India will take place on both lines of route,—from Cosseir and from Suez. Nevertheless, as the route from Suez to Cairo possesses far superior facilities and advantages in comparison with that from Cosseir to Kenneh, we shall, for the accommodation of the inquiry, which, with every degree of pruning, can scarcely be intelligibly compressed into a narrow space, limit ourselves to a consideration of the principal point of land transit, dismissing the minor point (the route to Kenneh) with a brief notice of its bearings upon the main subject.

The extent of the journey across the desert is about 120 miles. This was the track by which “hundred-gated Thebes” carried on her commercial communication with India, and by which, beyond a question, she acquired that enormous wealth, the description of which would appear all but fabulous, were it not that some of the evidences of its employment remain in the magnificent and gigantic, but mutilated or dilapidated, monuments, which still bestrew the site of

“The world’s proud empress on the Egyptian plain.”

Cosseir, on the Red Sea, may be considered as the sea-port of that ancient metropolis of the Pharaohs. It was called by the ancients *Myos Hormus*. But Thebes, in times subsequent to those of the Pharaohs,—at the period of the Greek or Roman government of Egypt,—had a port at Berenice, which the late Belzoni visited and interestingly described, and which is 200 miles to the south of Cosseir, on the Red Sea. This route has never been used since the times to which we have referred, although Berenice appears from Belzoni’s description to be one of the best harbours on the Red Sea; and although the route across the

desert from this port anciently possessed the advantage of sufficient water; it moreover had the advantage of being 200 miles lower down, and of thus avoiding a large tract of the difficult navigation of the Red Sea during the periodical south-east monsoons. Berenice is, however, now in complete ruin; and the problematical feasibility of restoring the route connected with it does not enter into the present inquiry. Cosseir, the route from which is still used, is not a good harbour; and, during some winds, vessels cannot lie in the port. The road now used for transit from this port to Thebes and Kenneh, on the Nile, claims some observations at our hands. The road seems to be excellent the whole way, and indeed so unobstructed, that Mrs. Lushington, who crossed it in the depth of winter, records, with high glee, the gratification of enjoying an excellent Christmas dinner at the middle resting-stage of the journey, and describes the weather and the atmosphere, both during the night and day, as bland, cheering, and salubrious. Wells of good water have always subsisted about midway on the route; it has, moreover, been stated, in recent letters from Egypt, that English engineers, under the auspices of the Pasha, have been lately employed in boring for water upon other points of the same route, and that they have succeeded in several places in finding water of excellent quality.

There are some features of this ancient "high road" of nations to the wealthy commercial metropolis of the old world, which may well excuse passing observation. There is the strongest reason to surmise, as it has been affirmed in this Review in the papers on Egyptian Antiquities, that the Egyptian men of science who were acquainted with many arts which we have now lost, were not unacquainted with the principle of the railroad, although in minor details they may not have employed that principle in the same manner as the moderns. Indeed, a single glance at Herodotus's account of the level causeway which they constructed in order to convey by machinery blocks of stone from distant quarries to the pyramids, while in the act of erecting those gigantic structures, is quite sufficient to prove their familiarity with the mechanical principle. Now we have ourselves learnt from an enlightened friend who has been upon the spot, that "there are evidences along a considerable portion of the route from Cosseir to old Thebes, of the principle of the railroad having been applied there by the ancient Egyptian engineers." Mrs. Lushington, and other travellers, without seeming to be aware of the cause, expressed their surprise at the obvious artificiality of the level which the road occasionally assumes. The following evidence from the report on "*Steam navigation to India*" will be found to corroborate the view which we have just taken.

JAMES BIRD, Esq. examined.

"Could the road from Cosseir to Kenneh be made practicable for large waggons employed in the transport of commercial articles between the Red Sea and the Nile?—It is almost practicable at the present time for wheeled carriages.

"What is the distance?—The road, which is generally composed of firm gravel, situated between hills of lime or sand stone, would only require a little alteration here and there at some of the narrow defiles. The distance is a little more than 100 miles.

"How did you proceed to Kenneh?—On camels.

"Did you go by land or water?—I went from Cosseir to Kenneh by camels, and from Kenneh I went up to Nubia, following the course of the Nile."

THOMAS WYSE, Esq. examined.

"Is it your opinion that a communication might be more easily established between Cosseir and Cairo?—I consider that as one of the best lines of communication; it is generally preferred by all the western tribes in their annual pilgrimage to Mecca. I believe it is only two days' journey from Kenneh to Cosseir."

MAJOR HEAD examined.

"Have you been along the distance from Cosseir to Kenneh?—Yes.

"Is that practicable for a railroad?—I went from Cosseir to Legayta, and from thence I turned off and visited the ruins of Thebes, and afterwards I went down to Kenneh.

"Is that practicable for a railroad?—It might be made so; it is not so at the present moment, because the rocks come across the road to a great extent; they would have to be cut through; it might be made so; I am quite certain that the Manchester railroad overcomes much greater difficulties than there are there."

It must be remarked that Mr. Wyse is here referring to a considerably protracted overland journey from Cosseir to Cairo; and, our object being rather to contract, than protract, the land portion of communication with India through Egypt, it is out of our province to enter into the reasons which he adduces for recommending the above route.

The remaining route through Egypt, which it falls within the purview of this article to examine, is the route from Suez on the Red Sea to Cairo. It will prove, like the route from Cosseir to Thebes, that the ancient Egyptians were not so ignorant as it may be hastily surmised of the application of the great powers of scientific mechanics to accelerate commercial transit, which is the peculiar boast of modern times. On the contrary, before we have finished our present investigation, we apprehend that it will be made apparent, that upon this important subject of communication with India we have little to do but to imitate their example,

to tread in their steps, and to recover the acquisitions which they possessed, and which we have lost.

If there be presumptive evidences of the railway principle on the route from Cosseir to Thebes, there are unquestionable ocular evidences of a ship canal on the remaining route, which we are about to investigate, from Suez to Cairo. Each metropolis of the country—that is to say, of Upper and Lower Egypt, Thebes and Memphis—had thus, it appears, an artificial communication with India. The canal in question is ascribed to Sesostris, but without doubt it is traceable to the remotest eras of the Egyptian monarchy. The history of this canal is curious and important, not less as a subject of scientific and antiquarian, than of political and commercial investigation. A few words with reference to its ancient history may with propriety and usefulness precede the more practical inquiry as to its modern condition and present capabilities.

Aristotle, Strabo, and Pliny, attribute the canal to Sesostris, who is now proved by the inscriptions to have been called Rameses, conformably to the tenor of the information given by the Egyptian priests to Germanicus, according to Tacitus. He has been designated by Champollion and others as the second, third, and even fourth, Rameses of the 18th and 19th dynasty of Theban kings. They supply no sufficient authority for the inference. To our view, Sesostris was the first who bore that name. But, setting aside that minor train of problematical inquiry, let us repeat, that it is to the great Sesostris that the distinguished authors above quoted ascribe the origination of the canal. Pliny and Aristotle state that the canal was abandoned in consequence of the Red Sea being found to have a superior level to the Delta, and consequently to the Mediterranean. Strabo notices the same opinion, but discredits it; however, surveys which have been not long since commenced, and which, we believe, at the time we write, are in the act of being made, prove that this ancient opinion was founded upon fact. Herodotus gives an account of the same canal in his book of *Euterpe*, (page 158), to which Larcher, his annotator, has attached a learned and elaborate, but inaccurate, note. Herodotus attributes the undertaking to the son of Psammiticus-Necos, (the Pharaoh Necho of scripture), who lived 600 years before Christ, and not less than 900 years after Sesostris. It may be fairly inferred, therefore, that it was to the re-establishment of the canal by Necos that Herodotus, probably misled by an inaccurate report, must have referred. He, however, adds, that it was not finished by Necos; but he ascribes its completion to Darius Hystaspes—that is to say, while Egypt was in a state of vassalage

to the Persians. This statement is confirmed by the testimony of Diodorus the Sicilian. The latter says that, in consequence of fears being entertained that the difference of the levels above stated between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean might occasion the inundation of Egypt, the canal was again abandoned. He adds that it was completed, or rather re-opened, under the dynasty of the Greek princes of Egypt; and Strabo corroborates his evidence by ascribing the renewed or completed work to Ptolemy Philadelphus. After this period it appears to have been suffered to fall into decay or to have been abandoned. But the canal was again opened in modern times. The Caliph Omar, who lived A.D. 644, re-opened the canal, and greatly improved it. He introduced into it another branch, called the canal of Cairo, which still subsists, and is even used to a considerable extent. From Omar's time, the navigation from the Mediterranean by the Nile to the Red Sea, and consequently to India, remained open for 120 years. This is a striking historical fact, which cannot be too much insisted on. It at once meets the question—can a water communication be established between the Mediterranean and India? by the response,—it has been effected in modern times for 120 years, and can be effected again.

If this great work since the time in question again relapsed into decay, the circumstance has not arisen from its incompetency to produce the communication proposed, nor from any realized demonstration of danger from the different levels of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. The canal, in fact, was purposely obstructed and blocked up by the Caliph Motassem, successor of Omar, in order to prevent the supply of corn and warlike stores to a formidable rebellion on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, which had possessed itself of Mecca, and threatened to occupy the principal holy places fanatically revered by the new Mahomedan faith. The work of obstruction made at the time in question appears to have been so effectual, that the canal has never been opened since, although proposals have been repeatedly made to the Turkish government for its re-establishment, and surveys have been even made by that government with a view to carry that proposal into effect. The report that Mohammed Pasha, the present governor of Egypt, has intended to re-open it, is a matter of notoriety. Whether he seriously means to re-open it is another question. We believe, however, that some preliminary steps have been taken, and indeed are in the act of being taken at the present time, under the auspices of Galloway Bey, the son of Mr. Galloway, the well-known commercial councilman and engineer.

We resume the ancient account of the canal. Having given

our authorities for its ancient existence, and for the periods either when it was established or re-opened, a brief report of its ancient characteristics and condition will be advantageous to this practical inquiry. The facts supplied by the same ancient authorities on this head are few and meagre, but they are curious and useful; and they are worth the trouble of gleanings, sifting, and compressing. Herodotus says, that the canal was filled with the water of the Nile; that it commenced at Bubastes, on the Pelusiatic branch, and terminated at the city of Patumos (Suez),—perhaps the Hebrew Pithom—on the Red Sea. Diodorus says that it extended from the Pelusiatic bay to the Red Sea, and that it had gates, ingeniously constructed, (query, were not these gates locks?), which opened for the purpose of allowing ships to pass, and quickly closed after they had passed. (Book 1, sect. 1.) Strabo says that when Ptolemy Philadelphus re-opened the canal, he added to it a double gate, or lock, (*Euripus*, Book 17,) which afforded facility of transit from the canal to the sea, and from the sea to the canal. According to Pliny, who of course refers only to the time when he wrote, the canal, which commenced at the Nile, did not extend farther than the *Lacus Amari* (the bitter lakes), as they are now termed. (Book 16, chap. 29.) The canal in his time was made to terminate here, in consequence of the above stated dread of inundation connected with the superior level of the Red Sea. It is worthy of remark, that Strabo says distinctly, that the waters of the lakes, which, in conformity with their name, had been originally bitter, were sweetened by the introduction of the Nile waters brought by the canal.

Let us proceed from the above ancient history of its formation to the record left by the same ancient authorities of its dimensions and structure. The canal, according to Herodotus, was large enough to admit two large ships of war (*triremes*) abreast. Strabo confirms this testimony by stating that it was navigable for the largest sailing vessels (*myriaphoroi*). In another passage, he estimates its breadth at 100 cubits, that is to say, 150 feet. Its breadth is estimated by Pliny at 100 feet; but these two writers were speaking of two different points of the canal; and the extant remains of it show that it did in reality vary from 100 to 150 feet. As to the depth of this ship canal, it may be readily inferred from the size of the large sailing vessels which the above authorities state to have navigated its waters. Pliny, however, leaves no doubt respecting this depth, stating precisely that it was thirty feet. This fact proves that the engineer who constructed the canal knew the true level which the Nile would assume in following the course of it during high water; namely, twenty-eight feet above the level of the Mediterranean. As to the length of the canal, Herodotus is as precise as Pliny and Strabo in recording

its width and depth. He says that it required four days for a vessel to sail through it; and the canal, according to modern measurement, being ninety-two miles from Bubastes to Patumos, this would give twenty-three miles for a day's sail, which is not inconformable with modern practice. Pliny is even more explicit. He states that the length of the canal from Bubastes to the bitter lakes was 37,500 paces, or about thirty-seven English miles. Modern measurement makes the same interval thirty-nine miles; but it is probable that the basin of the bitter lakes may have extended two miles farther than it now appears to reach, into the valley of Wadi Tomylat. (Book 16, chap. 29.)

Having now gleaned and brought together all the information which can be obtained from ancient authorities respecting the canal in question, and given a brief history of its early construction and of its successive restorations, down to the time of its final abandonment under the Caliphate in 644, our next province will be to lay before the reader, in an equally brief form, the most authentic account we can obtain with respect to its actual appearance and condition at the present day. The most authentic and the most correct account which we have seen of it, is an abstract of the survey of the whole line by the French engineers, when their countrymen were in possession of Egypt. It appears in conjunction with a geography of the Isthmus, in the great French work published under the auspices of Napoleon, entitled "*Description de l'Egypte*," on the resources of which we have often had occasion to draw, in treating of the general subject of Egyptian antiquities in this Review. The report of the survey is at once ample and minute, and appears to have been prepared with great zeal, fidelity, and care. Practical engineers and surveyors, who have been upon the spot, have informed us that there are a few inaccuracies in some of its subordinate details; but we believe that we are fully justified in asserting that, although since the period of the French survey in 1799, much has been said, and much written, respecting this canal, little or no fresh light has been thrown upon the subject since then, and nothing additional of substantial importance has been supplied in the way of new facts or more correct details. We shall endeavour therefore to lay before our readers, in the briefest possible form, the substance of the interesting survey,—authenticated and corroborated as we have described it to be,—contained in the official report of the French engineers to which we have referred. We gather from it the following particulars.

The isthmus of Suez, calculating its width in a direct line from Suez to the Mediterranean, is about seventy-five English miles. To the north of Suez the isthmus consists of a low barren plain,

slightly broken by hillocks of drift sand and pools. The plain rises towards the south, till it terminates in mountainous land, which shuts in the gulf of Suez on the east and west. Between these ridges of mountainous land, there extends directly north from Suez a valley consisting of a hollow trough, which bears all the marks of having been once the continued bed of the Red Sea. This valley extends directly north to the bitter lakes, which, although nearly dry at present, bear equally obvious marks of having once constituted the extreme northern limits of the Red Sea. The traveller going northward from Suez passes in the first instance over about one mile and a half of high ground, which averages about three or four feet above the level of the Red Sea. Having passed this natural or artificial mound, which confines the waters of the Red Sea, and which interposes between them and the commencement of the canal, he comes to the first vestiges of that great ancient work, which extend in a direct line due north, through the trough or valley we have described, for thirteen English miles and a half. The remains of the walls of the canal may be distinctly traced, with few exceptions, through the whole extent of these thirteen miles. These walls are from 5 or 6 to 15 feet in height, and the space between them is as Strabo describes, as nearly as can be, 150 feet. But the bed of the canal has been raised by sand and earth, washed into it by the torrents, and a new and higher bed has been curiously consolidated by natural means, from the effect of calcareous infiltrations. But the French engineers dug through this fictitious bed, and found the real bed four or five feet beneath it. They there detected the artificial composition employed by the ancient engineers for retaining the waters, which was found to consist of a combination of moist saline sand, earthy clay, and gypsum. The following evidence, which we extract from the minutes taken before the select committee on steam navigation, will interestingly corroborate, as we think, the preceding somewhat picturesque description of the appearance of the isthmus and its curious anti-quarian relics.

MAJOR HEAD examined.

“ Have you been from Suez towards the Mediterranean?—Not to any very great extent; I went down the bed of the old canal for some miles.

“ But you did not continue towards the Mediterranean?—No.

“ Have you a plan of the old canal?—I made a section of it. It is very determinately marked as being the bed of the canal. The centre of it is filled up with pure sand, without any pebbles; and the country and the banks are covered with pebbles.

“ At what distance from Suez was that section taken?—I should think ten miles. I rode five or six hours in that direction.

"Did a European engineer survey the ground for the railroad?—Yes, an English engineer.

"Is there ground for a railroad there?—There is no difficulty in making a railroad; the railroad is in progress so far, that I am told it is notified to our minister there for the information of his government.

"What steps have been going on?—A house in the city has been corresponded with, and the estimates are in progress.

"Who is it to be done by?—The Pacha of Egypt. It must be considered that coals will be carried from Alexandria to Suez for ten shillings a ton probably; I have been over the ground, and it is remarkably well adapted for a railroad, much better than for a canal.

"This plan is founded upon the recommendation of European engineers, is it?—It has been some time talked of, and it is now, I believe, positively decided upon."

The above mentioned vestiges of the canal disappear entirely at the point, where it enters the basin of the bitter lakes, which we have described. The surface of the level of the canal, throughout the thirteen miles already described, is fifteen feet below the high water level of the Red Sea at Suez. It would be quite clear that it would fill at any time from the Red Sea, by merely cutting a passage of a few feet in depth through the artificial mound, or dyke, of a mile and a half long, and three feet above the level of the sea, which at present interposes between the extreme northern point of the gulf and the mouth of the canal. The result of this trifling operation, which might be effected at any time in a few days, would be that the waters of the Red Sea would flow instantly into the bed of the canal, fill it, and restore it for thirteen miles and a half of its length; and not only do that, but fill the entire bed of the bitter lakes, which is considerably lower than the canal, and having in some instances a depth of fifty feet, which is in fact commensurate to the depth of the Red Sea itself at Suez. By this trivial operation, therefore, one-third of the ancient canal might be at once, or at any time, restored to a state of practical completion. Let us proceed with the next division of the canal.

The traveller, in following the vestiges of its ancient course from the bitter lakes, thirteen miles due north of Suez, to which we have conducted him, turns abruptly due west, and enters a valley, which may in many respects be pronounced a region of wonders,—we were about to say a region of historical and antiquarian romance. From the picturesque antiquities which characterize the course of the northern branch of the canal, and which remain at the present day nearly in the state in which they were left by the great Sesostris, and proceeding from the basin of the bitter lakes (the declivities of which, marked by shells and marine debris at the high-water mark of the Red Sea

beach, record an equally striking fact of geological antiquity), the traveller enters a region which not improbably gave the first idea of the "Happy Valley." It is a valley thirty-nine miles in length by two in width, shut in and guarded from inclement winds, and from the sands of the deserts, on the north and south, by two parallel mountainous ranges; through the middle of this a navigable branch of the Nile was anciently conducted, the vestiges of which, and some of the aqueducts with which it was connected, are employed at the present day for the purposes of communication and irrigation. The soil of this valley, continually deepened and improved by fresh accessions from the northern and southern acclivities of the two mountainous ranges, is rich and productive, though it is encroached upon on the south by sands from the desert, which the rocky rampart is not sufficient at present entirely to exclude. What the productiveness of this valley, therefore, must have been in ancient times, when the navigable canal which runs through its centre was complete, may be readily conceived. In the centre of the northern portion of the valley, between the vestiges of the canal and the rocky parapet which protected it on the north, are still seen the ruins of an ancient and large Egyptian city. The French savans employed in drawing up the antiquarian memoir, that accompanies the topographical survey to which we have referred, bring together into one focus a mass of antiquarian evidence, which leaves no part of the subject of their inquiry in shadow or in doubt, in order to prove that these ruins, which still bear the name of Aboukeshed, are the remains of the celebrated ancient city Heroopolis. No farther evidence, indeed, need be adduced to establish this point, which is as well established as any antiquarian hypothesis has ever been, or need be. We have described the main features of the valley; the western portion of it, as far as Heroopolis, is at present called Wadi Tomylat; the eastern portion is called Wadi Sababyar; the town of Abaceh occupies its extreme western boundary, at the point where the canal of Cairo reaches the valley; the towns of Mouksar and Thaubastum, where there are the ruins of an ancient Serapeum, occupy the eastern limits of the valley; Mouksar, Thaubastum, and the Serapeum, constitute a series of separate eminences, which form an eastern bulwark to the valley on the sides of the bitter lakes and the Red Sea. The western mouth of the valley is unimpeded by any range, and opens on a level flat of well irrigated and productive country, as far as the banks of the Nile, the Delta, and its numerous canals. The valley itself may be said to constitute a rectangle, thirty-nine miles in length and two in width, enclosed by ramparts of

rock due north, east, and south, and opening due west. The French engineers calculate that it contains 20,000 acres (*arpents*) of rich and productive soil. They state also that it produces an exuberant growth of shrubs and copse wood.

Let us follow the track of the vestiges of the canal through this valley. This second section of the ancient canal runs the whole length of the valley, and is therefore about thirty-nine English miles long. The canal is entire in the whole western half of the valley; in the eastern half the greater part of its traces, except irregular intervals, have been obliterated by the accumulation of the sands. Where its vestiges are fully detectable, it exhibits a great increase in width, the breadth extending to 260 English feet. In its bottom, and at various points throughout its length, the Arab farmers of the district raise corn, and some portions they employ as reservoirs for rain-water. The bottom of the canal is about thirty feet below the high-water level of the Arabian Gulph, consequently it is exactly the same level as the Mediterranean, and thirty feet beneath the level of the high Nile at Cairo. It is quite clear, therefore, that water conducted into this valley, either from the high Nile on the west, or the Red Sea on the east, would inundate it, unless regulated or conducted by a canal. In order to prevent this obvious result, three dykes, possibly of ancient construction, traverse the canal in lines due north and south, at Abaceh and the Serapeum, which are its eastern and western points, and at the ruins of Heroopolis, which occupy its centre.

There are the best and strongest reasons for inferring that the valley which we have just described was the valley or land of Goshen, sometimes called the land of Rameses in the Hebrew scriptures: it is affirmed to be so both by the Septuagint and by Josephus. The latter affirms, as a matter that required no argument, and was beyond dispute, the identity of Heroopolis with the "Treasure City" Pithom, built by his countrymen in the land of Rameses or Goshen, according to scriptural authority. The hypothesis, independent of these evidences, carries with it the strongest probability, on account of its productiveness, its dimensions, and its topographical location. According to the Hebrew narrative, therefore, thus illustrated and corroborated, we are to infer that it was this valley which, during the premiership of Joseph, one of the earliest sovereigns of Egypt bestowed upon a colony of the premier's brethren, who were shepherds. The reason for bestowing so munificent a gift upon the favourite's relatives is clearly explained, both by the biblical historian and by Manetho. This region, extending on one hand to Arabia, and on the other to the rich plains of the

Nile, as far as Abaris, at the extreme southern point of the Delta, had been the favourite seat of empire of the just expelled Arabian shepherds, during the time they held Egypt in cruel and despotic subjection. They were therefore naturally an "abomination to the Egyptians." So also, on account of their pastoral customs, which were perfectly hostile to the sacred and agricultural customs of the Egyptians, was the land which they had occupied, including, of course, its richest gem, the Wadi or valley, to which we have been referring. But the Jews were also a pastoral family, and a branch of the same race, and on them it was therefore natural to bestow this rich gift, since in the first place it was unprofaned in their eyes by the "abomination" of a shepherd residence; and, in the second, there was this stroke of policy in the gift, that by this means a branch of the same family as the expelled ravagers,—becoming lieges by every tie of gratitude and interest to Egypt,—were placed as frontier guards of the mother country, at one of the most vulnerable gates and least easily defensible ramparts on the side of Arabia. It was in this valley, therefore, that, when reduced to slavery by the first Rameses, they built the city of Rameses, naturally called after his name, and Pithom or Heroopolis, the ruins of which remain; they also probably assisted in the construction of the great canal of Sesostris, who, according to most concurrent opinions and curious classical evidences,—(that, drawn from the death of the brother* of Sesostris at "Heroopolis, struck by a thunderbolt," his name itself implying an *inundation*, is most singular,)—was the Pharaoh who, whether he perished himself the accounts leave doubtful, pursued his rebellious Jewish colony across the Red Sea.

It was over this valley, therefore, that the destroying angel stayed his sword, when all the rest of Egypt was immersed in darkness and in mourning for the first-born. It was hence, also, that the Jews departed, in order to establish a new empire at Jerusalem. Even the brief scriptural narrative seems to point out the very spot, as well as the exclamation of the pursuing king,—“they are entangled by the land and shut in by the wilderness.” Both parties would follow the course of the canal from Memphis. But, while the Pharaoh would possibly turn the left flank of the Jews by a short cut by the side of the mountainous

* The blood of Typhon, according to mythology, flowed into the Red Sea from this spot. The Serapeum close at hand points to the first establishment of the hero-worship of his brother, a king drowned by an inundation. Sesostris, who assumed the name and insignia of Osiris or Serapis, is recorded to have been struck blind in his old age; and his son Pheron is said to have perished through darting a javelin, that is (attempting to force) the symbol of an inundation of the sea.

range of the Wadi, the Jews would have no resource but to follow the canal to the Serapeum at the western exit of the valley. It is almost clear from this statement, and this is the especial object at which we are driving, that the bitter lakes, which traverse the western mouth of the Wadi, constituted, at the time in question, a *portion of the Red Sea*; otherwise the Jews, by turning abruptly to the south for ten or fifteen miles, would have reached the canal, and have easily, by that means, crossed into the desert, without the intervention of a miracle. Our argument is, that they must have crossed that portion of the sea now called the bitter lakes, close to the Serapeum; and, although it is not necessary for the argument, it may have remained dry from the time of the miraculous return of the Red Sea tide, caused, as it would appear from the statement and from the time (Exodus, chap. 14, ver. 21), by an intenser power, given for the occasion, to the south-east monsoons; a "strong east wind," according to that statement, "blew all night," dividing the northern waters from the southern waters, and making the midst dry ground. This description seems to depict the actual topography of the spot, in the vicinity of which, it may be added, that the south-east monsoons still cause occasionally, on a small scale, similar recesses and returns of the tide. The former existence of a northern portion of the Red Sea at the bitter lakes is most important, it will be seen, in a practical view, since it affects the whole consideration of levels, and consequently the feasibility of the modern entire undertaking. A brief additional antiquarian argument may, therefore, be justifiable.

The Red Sea may have extended from Suez to the bitter lakes. The country, as we have remarked in describing it, exhibits the appearance of a hollow trough throughout the whole interval of thirteen miles and a half, through the midst of which trough the almost perfect vestiges of the ancient canal of Sesostris are traced. But the probability is, that this must have been at a far more remote epoch than that to which we are referring,—an epoch during which we shall have little difficulty in showing, as we shall proceed with the inquiry, that the Red Sea extended as far as the Sea of Menzaleh, through a chain of lakes, the basins of which are now dry, thereby rendering Africa an island. But there is every probability that, at the epoch in question, the canal of Sesostris united the northern portion of the Red Sea at Thaubastum with the Red Sea at Magdolo, in the vicinity of Suez. If the colony of Jewish slaves, escaping from Egyptian bondage, therefore, according to scriptural account, started at midnight from Pithom or Heroopolis, in the centre of the land of Rameses, which they occupied, they would

in six hours, about six o'clock in the morning, obtain the first sight of the Red Sea through an opening in the defiles of the valley, between the promontory of Thaubastum on one side, and the rocky eminence on which the Serapeum is seated on the other. The sea clearly filled up the interval, which is now land, between those promontories, or they would not have had the slightest difficulty of passing at once into the desert. They might have gone from the western mouth of the valley, following the course of the Nile through the direct road to Pelusium, to El Arish, the southernmost town of Palestine. But this course their leader opposed, for reasons explicitly stated. They had, therefore, the only alternative, by starting at midnight from some central point of assemblage in the valley of Rameses, which is thirty-nine miles in extent, to endeavour, by forced marches, to gain that point of the sea-shore where it joins the canal of Sesostria, and where, of course, it was readily passable. In order to effect this object they must, after marching due east for twenty miles, turn due south at the Serapeum, and follow the course of the bitter lakes for twenty-three miles: but, in order to do this, it must be evident that they would be compelled to make a full day's forced march. It was however morning, according to the scriptural account, when, "lifting up their eyes," they beheld the pursuing armament of Pharaoh and his war chariots. Now, when he hurried their departure, which it appears that they instantly took, it is clear that no idea of pursuing them was entertained. The inference is, that he must have taken a short cut for the purpose of intercepting them, of "turning their flank," as the military phrase is, and preventing them from making their escape by reaching the banks of the canal. The distance of their first march, by the banks of it through the valley of Rameses, cannot be averaged at less than twenty miles. Their march must have been slow, because they were heavily burdened, and because, it may be added, the east monsoon blowing directly in their teeth during the whole time of their march, they could not avail themselves of the navigable facilities of the canal in transporting a portion of their baggage. They could not be presumed, therefore, to have got further at day-break than the gorge of the valley, between the high grounds of the Serapeum and Thaubastum, which, supposing the basin of the bitter lakes to have been then filled, would give them the formidable view of an expanse of sea from five to seven miles broad. They were thus, as the scriptural account describes, "entangled in the wilderness." The sea was before them, and mountainous eminences were on either hand. The object of Sesostria, or the pursuing Pharaoh, whoever he might be, was

to prevent their reaching the canal, and to place them in the alternative, of either being "driven into the sea" or forced to return through the opening of the valley of Rameses to the chains and the scourges of the "house of bondage." The skill of the manoeuvre was worthy of the military tactics anciently ascribed to Sesostriis, and corroborated by modern discovery. But, whether the pursuing Pharaoh was he or not, the course he took was precisely the same which a skilful modern general would take in order to effect the same purpose. He may have marched across the desert from Bubastes to the Serapeum, or from Memphis (opposite to the modern Cairo) to the same point.

We have now said all that is requisite to adduce respecting three divisions of the canal, viz., that extending from Suez to the bitter lakes,—that comprehending the basin of the bitter lakes,—and that which runs due east and west through the Wadi Tomyat, or ancient land of Rameses. The fourth and last section of this canal extended from the western mouth of the Wadi to Bubastes, on the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile; it was about twelve miles long, and must have run upon an unobstructed level. But few relics of this portion of the canal are visible, the country being covered with annual floods of the Nile, and with the redundant cultivation which is their natural result. It is, however, traversed by several ancient aqueducts, still used for the purposes of irrigation, and which, in all probability, either constituted portions of the old canal, or were connected with its line. But there is a perfect branch of the canal still used, which extends from Cairo to the Wadi Tomyat at Abaceh, falling into the channel of the old canal a little beyond the point from which the branch to Bubastes was anciently carried in a north-westerly direction. When the Caliph Omar re-opened the canal, he added the last branch, called the canal of Cairo, to it, and the branch to Bubastes was suffered to fall into decay. There was this advantage gained by the change,—the Nile at Cairo was eight feet higher than at Bubastes, and consequently the navigation could be kept open for a much longer period. Our opinion is, however, that, instead of being the originator of this canal, he merely re-opened it, and that this last section is traceable to the time of some of the ancient sovereigns of Egypt, Greek, Persian, Roman, or native. The reader will now be able to form for himself a tolerably complete idea of the structure and direction of the ancient canal and of its present condition. Following the line of its four sections which we have traced out, he will perceive that it assumes the form of a complete semicircle; the northern arc of that semicircle traversing the Wadi Tomyat,

or valley of Goshen, and the two extreme points of its horizontal diameter resting on Cairo and on Suez.

The French *savans* who drew up the Survey published in the "*Antiquités de l'Égypte*," conclude their accurate report of the present condition of the canal with a report of their suggestions for re-establishing it. They proposed to follow exactly the ancient line, forming three levels in the four sections which we have described. The first section, according to their plan, extends from Bubastes to Abaceh; the distance is about twelve miles. They propose that its bottom shall be on a level with the low water of the Nile, or ten feet above the Mediterranean, and its depth twenty-two feet, in order to receive safely the full rise of the inundation of the Nile, which is here equal to eighteen feet. They propose that the second section shall follow the whole line of the Wadi as far as the Serapeum; they propose the connection of the two by a lock, through which a branch of the restored canal from Cairo is to be united with the main line. One object of this branch is to cleanse the first two sections by letting in a current from the Nile. The third section consists of the basin of the bitter lakes. They propose that this should be filled, like the two former, from the Nile in the first instance, and when the inundation of that river begins to fail, from the Red Sea. Another lock would connect this third section with the second. The lock is to answer two purposes; the water of the second section, while the Nile is at its height, would be two or three feet above that of the third section, which would of course have the level of the low Red Sea at Suez; at other times, as the Nile sunk, the third section would be from one to nine feet above it. Another object of the lock, according to the proposal of the French engineers, is to prevent the salt water of the bitter lakes from mingling with the fresh waters of the Nile; the basinfuls of water, employed in the passing of vessels, are for the same purpose to be discharged into the desert by a sluice. The fourth section would merely be a restoration of the ancient canal which, as we have described, proceeds in a northerly direction for fourteen miles from Suez to the bitter lakes. Finally, they propose that this section shall communicate by one lock with those lakes, and by another with the Red Sea. The French engineers do not calculate that the canal, thus restored, would be navigable above seven or eight months; and they estimate the expense of the re-construction, setting aside the expense which would attend the construction of a new, and still more important branch of it (to which we shall by-and-by have occasion to advert), at about £700,000 sterling. There is

little doubt that, if the French had remained in Egypt, and especially with Napoleon Bonaparte at the head of the government, they would have carried their project into effect. The expense, compared with the magnificent result, is so trifling, that the wonder is that it has not been carried into effect before now, either by a company having the support of Mohammed Pacha, or by the Pacha on his own account. That the latter has not carried it into effect before now, is generally understood to have rather resulted from scruples as to its policy, (as concerns his own position,) than from any absence of feasibility from the undertaking itself.

To our view, the French estimate of the expense is considerably too high; the operations at the canals of Farounah and Alexandria, are not necessary: they take branch canals into that estimate (namely, from Bubastes), which may not be considered requisite, and which, being the only part of the line where there are no relics of the ancient canal, will be accompanied with the greatest expense in re-construction. Again, according to their own showing, and with no farther view than that of keeping the canal navigable during the eight months of Nile inundation, one lock and one sluice, instead of three or four of each, appear to be necessary. It may appear a startling and paradoxical assertion to make, but it is our deliberate opinion, that this was in fact the structure and condition of the ancient canal; and all that is wanted is to restore the canal to its ancient, cheap, and practical form. The expense of doing so would indeed be trifling. We foresee the objection that may be made, that the ancients were not acquainted with locks and sluices. It is easy to say that they were not *acquainted* with this and with that; it is easy to gratify modern vanity with this presumption; but we have had occasion before to recapitulate a long list of Egyptian *artes perditæ*; and, among the rest, are some *mechanical* powers which we have never been able to recover up to the present day. We doubt the common-place objection, that they were unacquainted with the mechanical structure of locks and sluices, and we shall have occasion to adduce arguments for this inference, which is experimentally connected both with the economy and the practicability of the undertaking. The ancient engineers appear to have sought for a perfect level through the greater part of the line, and to have *fully succeeded in that object*. We may add another assertion to the foregoing, respecting the ancient knowledge of locks, which may appear at first sight as paradoxical as the former. So well chosen is the ground, that a *slight effort of nature*, or a slight expense, at any time, would open the communication in question. *In fact the communication has been opened,*

in an irregular manner, between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean by this line, within the lapse of a few years past. In 1800 the floods of the Nile filled the canal of Cairo, submerged the whole length of the Wadi, penetrated to the Serapeum, and reached within a few miles of the Red Sea. Indeed it must be quite clear, from the preceding investigation, that, were a channel at any time cut to the depth of four or five feet through the mound, three feet high and a mile and a half long, which interposes between the Red Sea at Suez and the northern and perfect portion of the ancient canal, the waters of the Red Sea would flow into the basins of those lakes, and pass through the Wadi, till they reached the Nile; nothing could prevent it.

The water communication between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean was thus recently opened by a mere effort of nature alone; neither indeed is there anything to prevent the communication being made permanent, either by the periodical floods of the Nile passing through the Wadi, and thence through the basin of the bitter lakes to the Red Sea; or, on the other hand, by the high tide of the Red Sea, after re-filling the basin of the bitter lakes, traversing the Wadi, and submerging the low lands in the neighbourhood of the Nile. There are only two impediments to either result,—the three transverse dykes of the Wadi, which prevent the high waters of the Nile from flowing towards the Red Sea—and the mound (artificial or natural) at Suez, of three feet above the level of the Red Sea, and about one mile and a half in length. Remove those dykes, make an incision a few feet deep into that mound, and an irregular communication would annually be established between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, during the time of the high water of the Nile and the high tide of the Red Sea. All that is requisite for a canal is to render that regular which is at present irregular,—to guide, control, limit, and regulate the communication.

We have said quite enough to show with what scientific skill the ancient engineers of Egypt selected the circuitous line of their canal. Their presumed ignorance of locks is worth a few brief words of examination. We perceive that a very clever man, Mr. T. L. Peacock, when examined before the Select Committee of Steam Navigation to India, takes this view: he says, in reply to the question—

“If the canal of Suez were opened, and there were no risk of interruptions, would you still prefer the line of the Euphrates?—The difficulty of the monsoons would still remain if the canal were opened. The ancient canal appears, by the best idea we can get of it, to have been available only while the Nile was at high water; then the high water of the Nile was higher than the water of the Red Sea, which is

of itself thirty feet and a half higher than the water of the Mediterranean, and the water ran out of the Pelusiæ branch of the Nile into the Red Sea by that canal during four or five months of high water.

"Can you account for that canal having been stopped, when you state there was so great a difference in the levels?—I account for it simply by the sand; it was available only during the high water, it ran only during the high water, and the drifting of the sand would fill up the channel when it was neglected.

"Would not the Red Sea have run into the Nile in the low water, if there was so great a difference?—No; the high water of the Nile was higher than that of the Red Sea, but it would not run into the canal when the water of the Nile was lower than the Red Sea; the flow then ceased altogether; the depth was not such as to allow the water of the Red Sea to run into the Nile; it was a canal cut at that depth that the high water of the Nile would run into it, but not as deep as the lower of the Nile."*

The opinion here expressed arises entirely from the erroneous presumption which Mr. T. L. Peacock expresses elsewhere. It will be seen what a vague and unsatisfactory answer the witness gives to the acute and straightforward query put to him respecting the difference of the level of the two seas. This is the effect of people mystifying themselves by taking unexamined or unproved postulates for axioms. The answer of Mr. Peacock is no answer: most assuredly the waters of the Red Sea *would run into the Nile* at low water, were it not for the easily removable obstruction which we have described, and which, as we have before hinted, we believe to be an artificial obstruction, thrown up expressly for the purpose of stopping the communication by the Caliph Motassem, who succeeded Omar. The ancients were perfectly aware, as much as any modern engineers can be, of the difference of levels between the two seas. This fact being substantiated, and the fact of the existence of a water communication by canal being also demonstrated, is it probable that the *admirable mechanists* of ancient Egypt (as they have *proved themselves to be*) should be ignorant of the practical

* It will be seen that Mr. T. L. Peacock and Major Head, from whose evidence we have previously made an extract, both refer to the design of a rail-road proposed by the present Pacha of Egypt, to be either undertaken in conjunction with the design of the canal, or separately. We believe, notwithstanding the sanguine assertion of Major Head, that no progress has been made in it farther than the survey of the ground. It was originally intended that it should follow the line of the ancient canal, which appears to present such extraordinary facilities for the undertaking, by the natural level of the ground. But the plan which we have seen takes a different line, proceeding in a northerly direction to Tynah or Pelusium, on the Mediterranean; that is to say, from Suez to the Serapeum, and thence by Ras El Moyeh, along the sandy level by the side of the bitter lakes to Deuwader, and thence to Pelusium.

means of regulating that difference of level? To us the proposition appears so incredible, as to amount to a contradiction in terms. But how stands the fact? Pliny and Strabo both explicitly assert that the waters of the Red Sea were known to be higher than those of Egypt, and that the design of cutting the canal was at specific periods abandoned, on account of that specific knowledge. "It was feared," says Pliny, "that they would inundate Egypt, the soil of which is three cubits lower than the waters of the sea" (book xvi. ch. 29). Diodorus Siculus confirms the fact of the existence of the same scientific knowledge; he says that Darius abandoned the completion of the work through fear of Lower Egypt being inundated by the Red Sea. The inference of these scientific writers is as accurate as their statement of the fact; it constitutes an additional admonition to those who, in the pride of modern wisdom, are too ready to reject their other statements respecting Egypt as fabulous, because they are extraordinary. In fact, the waters of the Red Sea gulph, if irregularly admitted in any large quantity through the Wadi at the present day, would inevitably submerge the Delta: it was in consequence of the just fear entertained by Darius of this result that he abandoned it. Ptolemy Philadelphus, according to the same statement, resumed it (book i. sect. 1.) In what manner? "*By sluices and gates,*" says the historian, "ingeniously constructed, which were opened to afford ships a passage, and quickly shut again." We should be glad to know what better ancient description of a lock the historian could have given. If Diodorus Siculus is precise in his description of a *lock*, Strabo (book xvii.) is still more precise in his verbal definition of it. He says that Ptolemy constructed a *curiplus*, or double gate, for the purpose of affording an easy communication between the sea and the canal. The French engineers propose a sluice as well as locks; their object is to prevent a mixture of the salt water of the sea with the fresh water of the Nile. It does not appear certain that the ancients aimed at this object, since Strabo says that the waters of the bitter lakes, which were originally salt, like those of the Red Sea, had become sweetened by the introduction of the fresh water of the Nile. Some intermixture of this kind could hardly be prevented. But the ancient engineers would be impelled by double motives to the acquisition of the same object as the French,—religious susceptibility as well as domestic necessity. Now this object they could not obtain, except by means of a sluice. On this head we cannot do better than quote from a paper published by an able engineer, Mr. Charles Maclaren, in the *Edinburgh Philosophical*

Journal, substantially founded on the French survey in Egypt, to which we are referring :—

"It is scarcely necessary to state, that the plan of bringing a navigable stream of salt water from the Red Sea to the Nile must have been at all times exposed to one insuperable objection. In the Delta, the inhabitants have no other water, either for irrigation or domestic use, but that of the river, which would have been rendered totally unfit for both purposes by an admixture with the brine of the ocean. A modification of this plan, however, might be, and probably was, adopted at some period of the history of the canal. A navigable current of salt water could have been carried through the desert to Pelusium, and thrown into the bay without touching the Nile; it would of course have a fall of twenty-five feet from the low-water level at Arsinoe. Now, by giving the bed of the canal, from the Red Sea to the bitter lakes, a descent little greater than three inches in the mile, and by discharging the surplus waters of the lakes into the desert by a regulating sluice placed at the level or mound, which intersects the valley near Thaubastum, the waters in the bitter lakes could be kept at any level, from two or three above low water in the gulph to four feet under it. If, then, the fresh water cut from the Nile was made to terminate at the north end of the bitter lakes (the Serapeum) instead of Arsinoe, a very obvious advantage would be gained. Assuming that the water of the Nile, when it reached Arsinoe, at the extreme height of the inundation, was two feet above the low-tide level, it is plain that the communication with the sea could be kept open only during the time the Nile rose and fell through these two feet, that is probably six weeks. But, as the level of the lakes, by means of the regulating sluice, would be fixed at any point, from two or three feet above to four feet under the low tide—that is, from the extreme height of the Nile to a point six or seven feet below it—it is plain that, if the fresh-water canal terminated in the lakes, the communication with the sea could be open four months instead of six weeks. The marine current could occasion no serious difficulty; it would be merely a salt river, like the Hellespont, in which ships could sail as easily as in the fresh-water current of the Nile. This hypothesis is submitted without any intention of denying that the fresh water was carried at one period to Arsinoe, as the French engineers suppose. That the plan here sketched was adopted at another period is not improbable; that it would suggest itself seems scarcely disputable; and it is certain that there is nothing in it either inconsistent with existing appearances or beyond the reach of the mechanical resources which the ancients possessed."

Under the preceding caution as to the accuracy, as far as expense is concerned, of the estimate of the French engineers, we now subject that estimate to the notice of our readers; we must premise, that the estimate includes a branch canal, to the consideration of which we shall thus naturally be led in concluding this preliminary part of the inquiry.

CANAL FROM THE LINE TO SUEZ.

	Francs.
Digging, banking, transport of implements, &c.	7,868,000
Branch canal from the Bitter Lakes to the Mediterranean	2,500,000
Basins, sluices, piers, bridges, including 1,500,000 f. for military works .	5,600,000
Expenses of encampments, including 10,000 labourers, transport of provisions during four years, price of ground, superintendence, &c. . . }	1,300,000
	<hr/> 17,268,000
In English money	£ 691,000

ADJUNCT WORKS.

	Francs.
Canal of Cairo—expense of re-establishing	4,500,000
Canals of Farounah and Chebynel Kouen	900,000
Works on the bed and mouths of the Nile	632,000
Canal of Alexandria—expense of re-establishing	6,800,000

Total sum required to complete the navigation from Suez to Alexandria . 30,000,000

Equal in English money to £1,200,000

It will be seen from this estimate that, besides the reduction we have before made on account of unnecessary adjuncts, as regards works at the canal of Cairo, Alexandria, and Farounah, another large deduction of full one-third must be made on account of the branch canal from the bitter lakes to the Mediterranean. The whole expense of both branches is set down at £691,000. There are greater facilities in constructing the canal at the northern branch than even the western ancient branch, the details of which we have been examining. We give the particulars of this portion of the proposed canal briefly and substantially from the survey published by the French engineers in the *Antiquités de l'Égypte*. We have described the appearance of the trough or valley extending northwards from Suez to the basin of the bitter lakes. This trough or hollow may be traced nearly the whole way towards Lake Menzaleh and the Mediterranean, and has all the appearance, as we have before stated, of a cavity occupied at one time by the waters of the Red Sea. It is not improbable that, at some very distant period, Africa was thus rendered an island, by the junction of the two seas. The facilities of constructing a ship canal in this direction must be obvious, from the mere *prima facie* announcement of this topographical fact: in fact, from the basin of the bitter lakes, which terminates at the Serapeum, and the gorge of the Wadi Tomylat, a series of lagoons, commencing at Thaubastum, the opposite eminence of that gorge, succeed one another in a northerly direction through the whole interval, as far as Lake Menzaleh and the Mediterranean. Very little cutting of ground would be requisite to put the series of lagoons, as far as the Mediterra-

nean, in communication with waters from the Red Sea. A glance at the map, which accompanies the topographical survey of the French engineers, is quite sufficient to demonstrate with what facility, and at what moderate expense, a ship canal might be constructed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. There is no natural barrier interposed anywhere between the chain of lagoons we have described from Suez to the Mediterranean. The French engineers, however, in the survey to which we are adverting, did not propose to follow this line precisely in forming a branch navigable communication extending due north and south between the two seas : they, on the contrary, follow a line very nearly concurring with that of the projected railroad to which we have before adverted. We confess that we are by no means convinced by the reasons which they offer for taking this line, which extends from the basin of the bitter lakes, at the Serapeum, by Moukfar, Ras el Moyeh, and Dowader, to Pelusium. The section which they give, in order to exhibit the levels between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean by this line, is any thing but promising. If it be correct, the series of formidable hollows and eminences which characterize three parts of the line would lead the common observer at once to pronounce it impracticable. But the section, which exhibits a line of 100 miles, is incorrect ; the length of the line being given upon one scale, and the profile of the hollows and the eminences on another scale. The inaccuracy may be conceived, when we state that the disproportion of the two scales is in the ratio of fifty feet to eight miles. We retain our opinion that the other line, through the series of lagoons, is at once the most practicable and economical.

We mean to reserve our remarks on the political advantages or disadvantages connected with the projects for opening a steam communication with India till we have examined the rival scheme of steam communication with India by the line of the Euphrates. Considerations of grave political importance are indeed connected with the establishment of both lines, whether comparatively or conjunctively. These considerations are, beyond a doubt, as important as those which are purely of a commercial character ; they may therefore be appropriately left till we reach the conclusion of this paper. *En passant*, however, there will be no irregularity in instituting a brief comparison between the relative advantages of the two branches, western or northern, of the proposed Egyptian ship canal. We give some extracts from the evidence on "Steam Navigation to India" which will be found to throw an interesting light on this part of the subject ; and for the present we shall quit it,

with the following summary statement of the judgment to which we have been induced, by a careful examination of the evidence;—namely, that if the balance of commercial advantages is in favour of the western line through the Wadi to Cairo, the balance of political advantages is equally in favour of a line proceeding from Suez to Pelusium, in a direction due north and south across the desert. Its obvious advantage would be, that it might be rendered perfectly independent of vexatious interference by the government of Egypt, whether present or to come. We give the evidence of Captain Chesney first, since he corroborates, from an eye-sight survey, the practicability of this line.

“CAPTAIN CHESNEY, examined.

“What is the nature of the soil between Suez and the Mediterranean?—A hard pebbly soil forms the substratum, and on the surface there is a slight portion of light sand.

“Is there any verdure?—Where water is underneath, you see a very little; and water has since been found near Suez.

“Did you see any traces of the ancient canal?—Yes, for two or three miles from Suez it is sufficiently distinct.

“In what direction is it?—The direction is about north-west from Suez to Lake Menzaleh. This direction I take to be as well as I can remember about west; the canal probably joined the Nile higher than where Lake Menzaleh is at present.

“It is a hollow valley, is it?—Yes, it is a hollow valley, evidently artificial, but, the earth having worked down to a natural slope, it requires some examination to be sure that it is not a natural one.

“What width would it have been, do you suppose?—I did not measure it, but I think the width would be forty or fifty feet, perhaps more.

“Can you trace the old canal for no more than three miles of the entire distance?—I do not know, it was my object to ascertain the possibility of cutting a canal straight to Lake Menzaleh.

“Did you anticipate any difficulty from the nature of the soil in cutting that canal?—Not the least. I think it would not require walls; the soil is firm enough to remain.”

Were the ancient canal opened according to the plan above proposed, with or without its northern branch, it would be open all the year round. In that case, the advantage gained would amount to this,—*the communication between England and Bombay, which now occupies a period, varying from four to six months, would then be accomplished in six weeks.*

It will now be requisite to consider, what other obstacles stand in the way of the accomplishment of a project which is at once advantageous and magnificent; since it will have the effect of bringing the “awful dependency,” of British India, three times nearer to the mother country than it is at present. We shall confine ourselves, for the purpose of simplifying the argument, to

the interval of the passage between Bombay and Suez. With this object we detach, at present, from the consideration, the subordinate inquiry as to the most effectual mode of establishing a branch steam communication between Calcutta and Bengal, on the eastern side of the Indian peninsula; and Bombay and Madras on the western. The practicability of the communication may be fairly taken for granted, since it has been already experimentally proved. Again, for the same reason, we avoid going into any inquiry as to the advantage or disadvantage of the land-route from Cosseir to the Nile. That route will probably, at no distant time, come into conjoint operation with the grand route of British communication through Egypt with India. But there is no immediate probability of the rail-road, which has been talked of, being accomplished in that direction; and, at all events, the communication of steam navigation by a ship canal, the proper object of this inquiry, is in this case out of the question. Neither is it requisite for us to examine, at any great length, the feasibility of another water-communication between Bombay and the Mediterranean through the Red Sea, which came under the notice of the Select Committee on steam-navigation. We refer to the gulph of Akaba, which constitutes, as our geographical readers are aware, the eastern tongue of the Red Sea, as the gulph of Suez constitutes the western; both including within their embrace the peninsula of ancient Edom, and the sacred localities of Mount Sinai and Horeb. At the northern extremity of the gulph of Akaba stands the remnant of the ancient port of Ezion-Geber, that commercial sea-port, which the Pharaoh Shishak gave with his daughter in dowry to his son-in-law, Solomon. When Jerusalem was in its high and palmy state, this was its sea-port on the Red Sea;—this its commercial *entrepot* for communicating with the wealth of India. It was hence that Solomon's fleets, manned by Tyrian sailors, made their three years' voyages to the banks of the Indus and Ganges. It was hence that he derived that commercial wealth which enabled him to make "gold and silver as plentiful as the stones in Jerusalem." This port it has been proposed to restore. One of the most curious and interesting features of the present inquiry is the circumstance of the singular disposition of the moderns to desert the modern route to India, and return into the ancient channels of communication. It seems to be connected with one of the existing characteristics of the age, which cannot be more graphically described than in the language of the prophecy: "the restoration of the old high-ways; the repairing of the breaches; and the building up of the foundations of many generations." Thus we have the Indian route, employed by Zenobia and Semiramis, contending

for preference with the Indian route, employed by Sesostriis, Solomon, and the "merchant princes" of Tyre. We give some extracts from the evidence of a ripe scholar and traveller, Mr. William Banks, who personally examined the line in question between Ezion-Geber and the Syrian fortified sea-port of El-Arish. Having prefixed to them the testimony of Mr. James Bird, as to its important impracticability, we may with these short quotations dismiss the present department of this inquiry:—

"JAMES BIRD, Esq., examined.

"Who made the report (of the gulph of Akaba)?—Lieutenant Wellstead, who has been employed under Lieutenant Moorsby, I think. He was sent up there, and his report has been transmitted to the branch Geographical Society at Bombay.

"What would be the port in the Mediterranean?—El-Arish. This is the ancient line of route from Ezion-Geber near Akaba to El-Arish or Rhinocubara.

"If this route were followed, what port on the Mediterranean offers most advantages as a coal-depot for the steamer employed in carrying on the communication between the Syrian coast and Malta?—El-Arish or Rhinocubara would be perhaps the most advantageous depot by this route to the Mediterranean; but I have no certain information regarding the convenience of it as a port. The town itself stands on an eminence among sand-hills and clumps of palm-trees, distant from the sea about half a mile."

"W. J. BANKS, Esq., examined.

"Have you been at El-Arish?—Yes, I went to the port there; I went to look and see what sort of a place it was, and I found there was no lying there at all."

Having thus freed the argument from all divergency, abstraction, or impediment, which might be disadvantageous to its simplicity or its cogency, we proceed at once to a consideration of the voyage by steam-vessel from Bombay to Suez, reminding the reader that, if the canal be opened, as we suggest, there will be no land whatever to traverse during the six weeks' voyage to England. But difficulties subsist in the communication between Bombay and Suez. Let us examine the real character of those difficulties.

At the time when the evidence was given before the Select Committee on Steam-navigation to India, one class of these difficulties occupied a considerable portion of the time of the Committee. The difficulty suggested was, as to the practicability of supplying coal with sufficient economy and in sufficient quantities to the steam-vessels employed in the intermediate station between Bombay and Suez. The distance between Suez and Bombay is two thousand nine hundred and ninety miles, Steam-vessels built

effectively for the voyage ought to have at least two hundred horse-power, and the best engineers concur in proportioning the amount of power to the amount of tonnage, in the ratio of one to three. A vessel of this class would consume a ton an hour. Without a station midway it would be impossible to build a vessel capable of containing the requisite quantity of coal. Stations midway were therefore proposed, one at Socotra, at the mouth of the Red Sea, the other at Aden, one hundred miles from the straits of Babel Mandel. Coals were to be sent to these depots from England.

Such was the nature of the inquiry before the Committee. We have stated it substantially, because it is not requisite to resume the inquiry, since it has been decided more effectually by practical experiment. The *Hugh Lindsey*, the *Falcon*, the *Forbes*, the *Parkhurst*, and other vessels, have cut the knot of the difficulty, by making repeated voyages between Bombay and Suez. To the last we have referred at the commencement of this article. This was one difficulty; the second class of the difficulties which occupied a large proportion of the time of the Committee was the practicability of establishing a permanent line of steam-navigation during the whole year on the Red Sea. The prevalence of the south-east monsoons, during a third of the year, was pleaded as one of those difficulties. The existence of coral-reefs, which abound on each side of the Red Sea, was pleaded as another. The last class of difficulty may be now said, by the continual voyage of steamers, to be partially obviated. We shall show, before we conclude the investigation, from trustworthy evidence, that the difficulty is merely imaginary. The objection drawn from the prevalence of the south-west monsoons is of a more formidable character, and consequently deserves a more prolonged investigation. We believe, however, that it will be found to be as baseless as the preceding. It is important, however, inasmuch as out of its supposed validity have grown the three counter-projects to which we have adverted;—and one of the most important of which remains to be examined by us in detail. We refer to the projected routes by Cosseir, by Akaba, and by the Euphrates. The routes by Cosseir and Akaba are suggested, as means of evading the formidable bugbear of the south-west monsoons; and one of the strongest pleas in favour of the Euphrates line is, that it will be available precisely during the four months when these monsoons render the navigation of the Red Sea impracticable.

Our belief is, that this supposed impracticability will be found to rest upon a presumption scarcely better founded than that which has taken for granted that the old canal of Sesostriis could

only be employed during six weeks or two months in the year. We find that the Egyptians, Scythians, and Jews, navigated the Red Sea in spite of the monsoons, and in spite of the coral-reefs; and why should not the moderns do so with their superior knowledge of navigation? It is our arrogance, we fear, and not our knowledge, which too often speaks in drawing these hasty conclusions. Upon a practical point, like this, there is nothing like the evidence of fact, of ocular testimony, or of sound information. Mr. T. L. Peacock, referring to this subject in the course of his evidence before the Select Committee of Steam-Navigation to India, gives the following unfavourable view of the Red Sea navigation between Bombay and Suez:—

“MR. T. L. PEACOCK examined.

“Is the navigation by sailing vessels practicable both ways in all seasons?—There is no evidence of any sailing vessels going from Bombay to the Red Sea in the south-west monsoon that I have been able to find; the only instance I find of a departure for the Red Sea from Bombay was the 31st of July last, when the Company's surveying vessel, the *Tigris*, sailed for the Red Sea.

“What is the prevalence of the south-west monsoons?—From May to October; the difficult time from Bombay, according to Captain Wilson, is July, August, and September; he thinks May and part of June practicable, but not July, August, and September; others think that May and June are not practicable. The Arab vessels, that trade from the Red Sea to Bombay, go only in July, August, and September; they leave the Red Sea at those times, they generally make a round voyage; going to Calcutta, and elsewhere: they return with the north-east monsoon. I have asked many nautical men, and others, about the practicability of sailing vessels getting to the Red Sea in the south-west monsoon, and I have heard many assert, that it is very practicable, and has been often done; but I have never been able to get the name and date; I have heard it asserted, but never have been able to get a single instance. I remember a person exceedingly conversant with these things, when Captain Wilson's pamphlet was first received here, saying that it is an erroneous opinion that you cannot get to the Red Sea in the south-west monsoon. I will bring you half a dozen instances to the contrary in half an hour; he came to me in half an hour and said, that all the instances that he could find were to the Persian Gulf.”

Having opened the subject by giving this unfavourable testimony, we will now oppose to it evidence of contrary character, which may be fairly allowed to confute it, whether we look to the number of concurring testimonies, to the weight and respectability of the witnesses, or to the fact, that the most valid of these witnesses are, unlike Mr. T. L. Peacock, eye-witnesses—travelers who have been on the spot, to which their evidence refers. We will take the evidence of Major Head:—

" MAJOR HEAD examined.

" What has been enumerated makes a total of 40,800*l.* for the entire annual expense for a monthly communication between England and India?—At Malta they will be connected with the government packets.

" Do you propose the vessels to go all the year round?—There is nothing, in my opinion, to prevent it, if it is required.

" During the monsoon?—In my opinion *there is nothing to prevent it*. I have looked into the correspondence in India upon the subject, and also into the best authorities upon the subject, such as Horsburgh. I will show that it is the opinion of certain persons who have cruized in those seas that there is nothing to prevent it.

" Did you ever make the voyage against the monsoon?—I never did.

" Do you think the vessel could go from Bombay to the Red Sea against the monsoons?—Decidedly I do.

" Will you give the Committee the names of the navigators who have done it?—It is the evidence of Captain Richards, who was examined before the Bengal Steam Committee. He had experience of steamers in several parts of the world, and had been in the Indian seas in the south-west monsoon; he saw no hazard in a steam-vessel making a voyage in the south-west monsoon. Then Captain Johnston, who commanded the *Enterprize*, and may be considered a good judge on this occasion, says, as far as his experience went, a good steamer would be able to make three miles and a half or four miles an hour against the monsoon: he believed the *Forbes*, or sea-going vessels of her description, would average six knots or six knots and a half throughout the year. Now, it may be explained to the Committee that the *Forbes* is not built or adapted for this voyage which she is to undertake in the south-west monsoon, as steamers provided for the express service would be.

" You have no doubt of the practicability of the voyage, have you?—*Not the least.*

" You have no difficulty in putting a sufficient quantity of coals on board a vessel for sixteen days, if it is required and thought necessary?—*Not at all.*

" MR. T. WAGHORN examined.

" Having given the subject of steam-navigation your consideration for some years, which in your opinion is the best mode of communication?—The Red Sea is the quickest.

" In giving your opinion, are the Committee to understand that you have personally surveyed the route by the Red Sea, and also the route by the Euphrates, or any other route?—I have surveyed an eye-sketch of the whole route by the Cape of Good Hope, and also of the Red Sea in all its bearings, but of the Euphrates I know nothing, and can offer nothing.

" Are the committee to understand by the expression 'eye-sketch' that you have yourself made the passage by the Cape of Good Hope?—I have made it five times.

" Have you ever known the passage made direct from Bombay to the

Red Sea in the south-west monsoon?—No, not in the south-west monsoon, because the steamers in India are not calculated for it.

“Do you believe, taking into consideration the wear and tear which any steamer would be subjected to in that passage, it would ever be considered a desirable passage to contemplate as part of the permanent communication between India and Europe?—I have been in the king's steamers five trips up the Mediterranean in winter and in summer, and I think that no part of the south-west monsoon is to be found as bad as the weather of the winter in the Bay of Biscay or the British Channel. The *Enterprize* steam-vessel in the first year she arrived from England was employed part of the south-west monsoon in constant voyages between Calcutta and Rangoon, and upon referring to the records of the East India House this fact may be proved, which, beyond all doubt, shows that steam-vessels could go at any time.

“Do you steam all the way from Bengal to Rangoon, or do you depend partly upon your sails?—Westeam there without sails, except a trysail to steady the ship, and sheeted amidships; but this trysail is only made use of when the weather is very tempestuous; at all other times no difficulty is found in going direct ahead against it.

You say that this was in the *south-west monsoon*?—*Yes.*”

Captain Chesney himself (a hostile evidence) expresses (Select Committee Report, p. 39, sect. 161, 162) a similar opinion. Captain Wilson, who has published a pamphlet on this subject, and who has been himself in a steamer in the Red Sea, says in that work, “It is not contended that the weather is so very bad in the south-west monsoon that a steamer cannot go to Suez against it;”—this is Captain Wilson's opinion—but that the having to go so great a distance against strong breezes and a heavy sea would make the performance of the voyage as a regular thing productive of effects on vessels and engines rendering constant repairs necessary, *unless they be constructed of adequate strength and capacity for that especial purpose.*

Admiral Sir P. Malcolm (p. 152, sect. 1778, Minutes of Evidence) concurs with Captain Wilson.

Our readers will, we apprehend, have read quite enough of evidence now to make up their mind. In summing up the evidence before the public jury we have thus constituted, we make no hesitation in coming to this conclusion, that the opinions that have been entertained respecting the difficulties of the Red Sea navigation, have, if they are not entirely fallacious, been inordinately exaggerated. For our part, we have no doubt that whatever difficulties there may be in the navigation would be readily conquered, by employing steam-vessels of adequate force and construction for the purpose, and by the ordinary skill, well-known science, and practised discipline, of British seamanship. It would be a libel on our countrymen to suppose that they would

be found inferior to French seamen in navigating the Red Sea. We have not the slightest doubt that it may be rendered navigable the whole year. This, in fact, is the result to which the scientific men employed in drawing up the survey of Suez in the *Antiquités de l'Égypte* are led by pursuing the investigation to its result, namely, a modern communication between the Mediterranean and India. The most eminent men in the study and practice of nautical science whom France could select, were employed in drawing up the report in question. Admiral Rosilly was commissioned, in the frigate *Venus*, to examine the sea throughout its whole extent, and his report was, that trading vessels navigating the gulf were not exposed to more difficulties than are common to all narrow seas. Facts are better than arguments, and we can refer to facts upon this subject. The south-west monsoon blows from the end of May to October. Now any of our readers who are in the habit of reading papers, must have seen perpetual accounts in the French journals of intelligence brought to Marseilles from India to Suez, by steamers, during that very period. We have before us, while we write, a report in the *Courier Français*, November 24, reporting the arrival of the *San Spiridione*, from Alexandria. A steamer had arrived in October (about the time she quitted) at Suez, from Bombay; she reported that there were several steamers then in the Red Sea.

From Alexandria, or Tineh, on the Mediterranean, the steam communication between England and Bombay presents no difficulties whatever. The line of steam-packets between Falmouth and Malta might be with great ease extended to Alexandria. In estimating the expense of the communication on both lines between England and Suez, and Suez and Bombay, the funds derivable from passengers must always constitute an essential ingredient in the calculation. We are satisfied that the facility of seeing the wonders of Egypt from India to this country, or *vice versa*, would soon bring in a considerable and augmenting return; and it is here worthy of remark, that all the opinions of the witnesses is; that a steam-boat established between Alexandria and Malta would, even in the first instance, pay its own expenses. The following is Mr. T. L. Peacock's estimate of the whole expense, whether to be defrayed by government or by company; and we have already stated in the commencement of this paper, that large subscriptions have been raised in India towards effecting the great and paramount object, whether set on foot by one means or by the other.

Mr. T. L. PEACOCK examined.

“What do you suppose would be the expense of adopting this plan?— I should think it would cost 100,000*l.* a year to maintain four steam-ves-

sels, supposing we did every thing in our power in this country, and it were done in the most economical manner; if it were left to the governments in India, I think it would cost double that sum.

"Have you a calculation of the expense with you?—No, I have not; but I believe I can state the particulars. A vessel of 600 tons measurement might be built, completely fit for sea, at about 22*l.* a ton; that would be 13,200*l.*; engines of 160 horse power, with copper boilers, which they ought to have at that distance from this country, would cost 12,000*l.*, the establishment and provisions of the vessel would be 400*l.* a month; according to the Indian plan, they require a greater number of persons than in this country. The vessels require highly confidential men, men of naval rank to command them. The establishments and provisions would be 4800*l.* a year. The coals of the *Hugh Lindsey* have cost in every one of her voyages 5000*l.* on the average.

"What power is she?—160 horse power. Then there is the amount to be allowed as an annual charge for capital sunk, and interest and insurance and repairs and renewals, that is to say, an annual amount calculated to create and perpetuate the property. I have consulted many practical engineers upon the subject, and they are of opinion that this charge must be at least twenty-five per cent. on the cost of the vessels and engines; that it could not be less than that: twenty-five per cent. on 25,000*l.* would be 6250*l.*; if you put these annual charges together, 6250*l.*, 4800*l.*, and 5000*l.*, for each voyage, which, supposing each of those vessels to make two voyages, is 10,000*l.* for coals, the total would be 21,000*l.*; that is less than I said; but I should take a higher power, in the proportion of one to three: 200 horse power would add about 3,000*l.* to the cost of the engines. The expense of sending out the vessel under sail to India would be 1200*l.* Then there are agencies and incidental expenses of many kinds. It would not, therefore, be safe to assume less than 25,000*l.* per annum for the cost of each vessel; 100,000*l.* a year for four vessels."

With regard to this estimate of the expense, one only additional remark is necessary. It will have been seen that Major Head, in the course of that part of his evidence which we have extracted, estimates the whole annual expense of a permanent and regular monthly communication between London and Bombay at 41,000*l.* He moreover calculates that letters might be sent from London to Bombay by this channel, and answered in less than 100 days. Finally, our own opinion, founded on the evidence, is that the whole expense of the communication by the Egyptian route would be entirely refunded by returns from postage, freight, and passengers.

The German work which we have placed at the head of our article, which treats of steam navigation down the Danube from Vienna to the Black Sea, is interesting on account of the recent and practical information which it supplies on this head. We

notice it principally because the line of steam navigation already effected on the Rhine and Danube may be readily continued to Constantinople, between which city there is already a steam communication by way of Smyrna with Trieste. The line might be advantageously made to extend from Constantinople to Suez, and thus continue, by means of the ship canals—southern or south-eastern—which we have proposed, an unbroken chain of water communication to India.*

If, as we have argued, on the authority of very sufficing evidence, the line from Malta to Suez would be likely to pay more than its expenses, by means of passengers who would be inclined to take advantage of the facilities offered for visiting the wonders of Egypt on their way to India; the financial argument of full return for outlay applies with still greater force to the extension of a line of steam packets from Vienna to Constantinople, and thence to the isthmus of Suez. The plan of a more interesting voyage could not be sketched. It may be fairly anticipated that foreigners going from the continent to India, and making Vienna a starting point, would avail themselves of the advantages and attractions of the Egyptian route, and thus contribute to the financial success of opening that line of communication. This route, moreover, we may pointedly say, would be Austrian, or rather *anti-Russian*. We make the following extracts from the work in question, since they throw a strong light on the practical character of this suggestion, and, moreover, supply some facts as to the present condition of steam navigation on the Danube, in the Adriatic, and the Levant, under the auspices of Austria, with which English readers are not generally familiar.

"Since the year 1818, a steam-vessel has kept up a regular communication between Trieste and Venice; and, in 1823, a vessel of this kind going up the Danube from Pest exhibited the yet unknown spectacle

* Considering that there are great objections in the way of its accomplishment, we have said nothing hitherto respecting a proposal made some years ago by the Right Honourable John Sullivan, for a branch route to steam up the Rhine, down the Danube, and so across to Trebizond, and thence to Bir, on the Euphrates. There are peculiar objections to this branch line, and all the objections which are fatal to the Euphrates line are of course fatal to this. It is, however, fair to say, that Mr. Sullivan's plan contemplates a branch steam communication from the Lower Danube to Constantinople. The following is Mr. Sullivan's calculation as to time.

Up the Rhine by the Danube to Vienna	12 days
To the Lower Danube and Black Sea	7
Across to Trebizond	2
Land journey to the Euphrates at Malatia	10
Descent to Bir	1
Ditto Bassora	6 or 8
Bassora to Bombay	10
London to Bombay	50

of steam navigation. Local, and partly technical, difficulties prevented the successful prosecution of steam navigation on that river, till Messrs. Andrews and Pritchard, English ship-builders at Venice, having obtained an exclusive privilege for three years for their improvement in ship building, and especially in building steam-vessels, launched in 1830 the *Francis I.*, of sixty horse power, which at present plies between Pest and Moldavia. In the sequel, a company of shareholders took the privilege from the former holders, and prosecuted the matter with greater activity. By means of two steam-boats built for the purpose, of which the *Pannonia*, of thirty-six horse power, keeps up the communication between Presburg and Pest, and the *Argo*, of fifty horse power, that between Orsova and Gallacz, the company was enabled, in the beginning of 1835, to traverse the whole distance between Vienna and Gallacz.

"Important as is the introduction of steam navigation thus far only to commerce and industry; Austria, so rich in manufactures, and Hungary, so fertile in natural produce, may look forward to a still more prosperous period, so soon as the extension of steam navigation to the mouth of the Danube, and thence to Constantinople, determined upon by the above-mentioned society, is carried into effect. In unison with this plan, the steam-boat *Maria Dorothea* already navigates between Trieste and Constantinople by way of Smyrna."

We shall now proceed, without preface or circumlocution, to investigate the practicability of the rival route by the Euphrates. As in the Egyptian case, the investigation will render some preliminary antiquarian research necessary. The fact being substantiated of the ancient employment of either route, supplies a *prima facie* and experimental argument, that it is capable of being again employed for the same purpose by the moderns. Herodotus states that Babylon derived the greater part of its supplies by means of the navigation of the Euphrates from Armenia. He describes the vessels which conveyed those supplies down the river, states that they were very numerous, and estimates their average freight at about 5000 talents. Beloe translates the passage as if it meant 5000 talents in value, which, supposing the talents to be silver only, and not gold, would raise the value of the freight of each vessel to a million sterling; an interpretation, which, whatever views may be taken of the inordinate commercial wealth of ancient Babylon, then the *entrepot* of India, is too exaggerated to be accepted. The historian must unquestionably have meant talents in weight, and not in value, which would make the tonnage of the vessels equal to that of the largest sized barges on the Thames, namely, 128 tons. The historian adds in his most accurate narrative, and it will be found most scrupulously accurate as we proceed, that these boats were only constructed for the single voyage to Babylon. He states that it was *impossible* to return by Thapsacus (Deir), Racca (Ragga), and Bira (Bir) to Armenia, in consequence of the strength of the

stream. These boats were either coracles on a large scale, or rafts floated on inflated skins. The coracle is described by Herodotus as a round boat, about ten feet in diameter, constructed of osiers or reeds, covered with bitumen, and impelled or guided by a single oar. When these vessels brought their cargo to Babylon, according to Herodotus, the wood of which they were constructed was sold in the markets of that city, and the skins carried back by land on asses, which were conveyed in the boats for that especial object. Below Babylon, the river Euphrates was always sufficiently navigable to maintain a continual communication between that city, the Persian Gulf, and India.

The next classical account of the ancient navigation of the river to which we shall advert concerns an expedition on a large scale, and of a warlike, rather than of a commercial, character. The Emperor Trajan, having built his fleet at Nisibis, in Armenia, floated it down the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf. The Emperor Julian followed precisely in the track of Trajan. According to Ammianus Marcellinus, his fleet consisted of not fewer than 1100 vessels; of these, 1000 were vessels of burden; and of the remaining 100, 50 were vessels of war, and 50 were to be employed in constructing bridges. The historian, speaking of this great armament, graphically depicts it as "narrowing the bed of that widest of rivers, the Euphrates—*Classis latissimum flumen Euphratem arctabat.*" Beyond a doubt this statement, standing alone, would go far to show the facility of the navigation in ancient times, up to the sources of the river in Armenia. But that inference will be immediately checked by the statement, that it is equally navigable now from the high point in question, but only during a short interval of the year, namely, in May, when the river has risen to its full height of annual inundation. It was in May that the expeditions of Julian and Trajan began; and it is then that the river, which is ordinarily as broad at Babylon as the Thames at Lambeth, deserves the historian's designation of the broadest of rivers. But its depth, unfortunately, is never proportionate to its breadth; and in its declining and low season, it is not more, in forty or fifty places, than from two feet to a foot in depth, producing in some places fords, easily passed by men, horses, and camels; and in others whirlpools, rapids, and rocky shallows, which vessels having the slightest draught of water could not, without imminent danger, pass. To the foregoing ancient account of the navigation of the Euphrates we may add two brief facts; first, that the tower of Giaber, built by Alexander, still attests a qualified navigation of the Euphrates, from that point down to Babylon, in the time of that conqueror; while the ruins of Zelebe, which still remain, near the point where

Zenobia attempted to cross the fords of the river in her flight to Sapor from Aurelian, attest the channel by which Palmyra anciently opened to herself that communication with the wealth of India, to which her gorgeous architectural relics of ancient greatness may be legitimately traced.

We come next to accounts, which modern historians have left, of the route from England to India, employed by merchants previously to the discovery of the passage by the Cape. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it was the high road for travellers to India. There was a regular fleet of boats kept at Bir for the purpose of effecting that route; and it is on record, that many English merchants went by that route. It appears that the course they pursued was from England by the Mediterranean, to Latikea, on the coast of Syria. From Latikea they went across the desert 100 miles, to Bir, on the Euphrates, carrying their merchandize on the backs of camels, as is the case now. That merchandize they put on board the vessels at Bir, whence they went down the Euphrates to Felugia, thence to Bagdad, and thence by way of the Persian Gulf to India. The statements placed on record by some of the merchants of the 16th century, are curious and little known, and therefore worth a brief notice.

In 1579, Gasparo Balbi, a rich jeweller of Venice, travelled by caravan from Aleppo to Bir, and thence proceeded down the Euphrates to Bagdad, on his way to the East Indies. He embarked at Bir on the 16th of December, and reached Bagdad in forty-nine days, arriving at Bussorah on the 21st of March. He gives a particular description of the Arab towns on each side of the river, and especially describes the ruinous castle Zelebe, built by Zenobia for the purpose of commanding the navigation of the river; the ruined walls of the great tower of Babylon; the fountains of boiling pitch at Hit, and the water-wheels, provided with skin bottles, in the neighbourhood of Babylon, as well as water-mills worked by oxen, "like in the water house in London, which empty themselves into water passages." It is curious that all these features of the banks of the Euphrates exist precisely in the same condition at the present day, and probably have done so from time immemorial. The other travellers of the 16th century, whether Italian or English, corroborate entirely the preceding curious narrative of the Venetian jeweller.

In 1574, Rauwolf proceeded down the Euphrates from Bir to Babylon. He left Bir on the 30th of August, and reached Babylon on the 24th of October. According to him, the continental merchants, at that time trading with India, proceeded down the Euphrates from Bir to Bagdad, landed their goods at Orpha, and thence went by land to Carahemit, on the Tigris, which was then the great depot of merchandize, and thence it was transported into

the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. His troublesome voyage down the Euphrates to Babylon was infested the whole way by Arab robbers, of whose ingenuity and vigilance in the trade of plunder he gives a half-ludicrous and half-melancholy account. He also describes the ancient water-wheels employed for the purposes of irrigation, which exist now on the banks of the river, the same as they were in the time of Herodotus and the prophet Ezekiel. According to him, they were so numerous, that, when they were over against one another, they hemmed in the river, so as to make the mid-channel difficult of navigation. It appears that Rauwolf was as unfortunate with his three trading vessels in descending the Euphrates, as Captain Chesney has lately been; and the obstructions to the expedition of the former appeared to have arisen from the same cause; namely, shallows, rapids, and *stainklippen*,—sunken rocks. After the foremost ship had passed the shallows at Lemnun, the next ship, that of Rauwolf, which followed, struck upon a shoal. He says "that she not only remained stuck there, but the stream (which was striking with violence obliquely on their ship) caught us in such a way, that we also, being too near to the other vessel, and, from the rapidity of the stream being unable to change our course, were driven on the same shoal. Our ship consequently came with such violence against their's, that their side planks were forced in by the shock, the water came into the vessel, and she was still deeper aground than before. But our ship, though she had received no damage, could not get forward, but stuck still faster than the other, and there remained just above." After considerable difficulty they succeeded in unlading the vessel, landing the goods, and getting both vessels afloat and under-weight again. They were, however, obliged to keep guard over the goods thus landed, with loaded rifles, and they were attacked in this position by a considerable force of Arabs, horse and foot, who attempted to seize the merchandize, and were only prevented by considerable resistance from effecting that purpose. The same process was repeated several times during their descent of the river. Whenever the continued series of shallows obliged them to land their goods in order to lighten their vessels, they were compelled to maintain the possession of them against large bodies of plundering Arabs by force of arms. Such is Rauwolf's description of the navigation of the Euphrates in his time; and we are sorry to say, that the evidence taken before the committee demonstrates that it is not in the least improved at the present day, either with regard to the dangerous shallows of the river, or to the plundering faithlessness and violence of the Arab tribes.

Ralph Fitch, a merchant of London, accompanied by two other merchants, descended the Euphrates, from Bir to Bagdad, and

thence to Bussorah, in 1583. They reached Bir by one of the usual modern routes from Tripolis through Aleppo. They bought a boat at Bir, and agreed with the master bargeman to go down to Babylon. The accounts of Fitch agree precisely with the preceding, as to the difficulty of the navigation and the continual molestation from the Arabs, who, says Fitch, are "great thieves, will come swimming to your vessel, steal your goods, and flee away." He says that it is dangerous to go without the company of other boats; "for, in such a case, you would have much ado to save your goods from the Arabs;" and that it is necessary to keep watch round the goods and boats all night. One of the most remarkable points of Fitch's description is his account of the rafts employed for conveying provisions from Armenia to Babylon. They are precisely those described by Herodotus; and the most recent travellers attest their employment up to the present day—a remarkable proof of the tenacity of customs in the primitive regions of the East, where the Arabs still dwell in the same black "tents of Kedar," poetically depicted by Solomon in "the Song of Songs." The pitched coracles of Babylon, and water "wheels with many eyes," have been before noticed. Fitch says that provisions are carried down the river upon rafts made of great skins, blown full of wind, with boards laid upon them. "On these they lay their goods, which being discharged at Babylon, they sell the timber, and open the skins, and carry them back on camels to serve another time."

John Eldrid, another English merchant, who, with six or seven other "honest merchants," followed the same route in 1583, concurs in almost every particular with the statements made by Fitch, Balbi, and Rauwolf. He also mentions a peculiar mode of bringing provisions "from Mosul upon rafts, formed of inflated goat-skins. At Bagdad they use the rafts for fire-wood, let the wind out of their goat-skins, and carry them home by land." Manudrell, who was at Bir in 1699, confirms the preceding accounts on the two main points—the obstruction caused by the navigation, and the obstruction caused by the irreclaimable propensities of the plundering Arabs.

Warned by the narrowing limits of our space, we shall proceed at once to the most authentic accounts of modern travellers, as regards the feasibility of the projected navigation with reference to both those most essential points. For this purpose, without wasting time or space with unnecessary circumlocution or intermediate argument, we shall at once lay before the reader the evidence of eye-witnesses,—both members of our legislature—and shall give it in its most authentic form, as extracted from their statements made before the Select Committee on Steam Navigation:—

" WILLIAM JOHN BANKS examined.

" Had you much intercourse with the Arab tribes?—A good deal.

" What is your impression of their character?—Till Mahommed Ali was in possession of the country I think the navigation of the Euphrates would have been very dangerous from the great Anayee tribes, and some of the inferior tribes on the banks.

" Should you think it would be easy to make arrangements with those tribes for security?—I should imagine, from what I hear of the present state of the country, it would, as long as the present strong government exists.

" You are speaking now with respect of the strong existing government, are you not?—Yes, I speak of the government of Mohammed Ali.

" While you were there, should you have supposed it possible to make any previous stipulation with the Arab tribes along the banks?—I think very likely you might, by paying a tribute or custom, or whatever it might be. I do not know how far another hostile tribe might hold the engagement binding. The advantage of a strong government is, that you would treat with one person only, and he might secure you all the way.

" You would treat in this case with the ruling power, being a strong one?—Yes.

" The Turks' power is not strong, is it?—No, it is not strong on the Euphrates; all that district is nominally belonging to Turkey; the pashalic of Bagdad is comparatively a modern and precarious possession of Turkey.

" You spoke generally of all the Arab tribes, that are nominally under the Turks?—I speak of the Bedouins. It is of course easier to treat with any of the settled tribes, because, if they violate their engagement, they can be punished, but that is not the case with the wandering tribes.

" Could you trust the faith of the Arabs, after having made an engagement?—I think, as long as their interest goes hand in hand with their engagement, I could; but I am not sure I could answer for them much beyond that."

" JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, Esq., examined.

" The Committee understand you have been on the Red Sea and on the Euphrates?—I have.

" What is your view respecting those two routes?—My impression is, that the route by the Red Sea would be attended with less difficulty than that by the Euphrates, to which any traffic actually carried through Egypt would be more or less subject. The difficulties by the way strike me as two-fold; the chief of these would be the predatory character of the Arabs on either side of that river. They are much more hostile and powerful on the western bank than on the other; but I believe there is no part of the Euphrates, from Bir all the way down to Bussorah, that is not more or less inhabited by tribes of Arabs, who make a point of attacking every boat or group of persons travelling by sea or land, where there is the least hope of booty. I remember particularly commanding a

ship from Bombay to Bussorah upon the Euphrates; she measured nearly a thousand tons. There was no difficulty whatever in the navigation, but even in that large ship it was necessary to keep a strict double watch by night; and to exercise very great vigilance indeed to prevent the boats coming off and even pillaging the ship.

"How far did you go?—Only to Bussorah, and that is the safest part. I was going to add that, during my stay at Bussorah, which occupied between three and four months, I lived in the house of Mr. Colquhoun. The freight which we were to take to Bombay being chiefly treasure, the boats that came from Bagdad down the stream were every one of them attacked, and some twice or thrice in the way. Several men were killed belonging to these boats, and the assailing parties were also wounded. My impression was, during my stay there, that the insecurity on the Euphrates was greater than any other stream I remember to have been upon.

"What year was that?—It was the year 1817: then, besides the difficulty in that route from those causes, the land-journey from Bir to Aleppo, and from Aleppo to either of these three places, Scanderoon, Antioch, or Latakia, would be exceeding difficult for a rail-road, because of the very hilly nature of the tract throughout. From Bir to Aleppo is hilly all the way; from Aleppo to Scanderoon is less hilly than from Aleppo to Antioch, or to Latakia. I should say that either of those routes would be quite impracticable for a rail-road, and if a rail-road be not established, there is no other mode for the conveyance of goods, except on camels or on horses, which of course is both slow and expensive.

"Have you been by the Euphrates above Bussorah?—I have crossed it at Bir. I remained at Bir several days. I should observe, that the rapidity of the Euphrates in its upper part would be very detrimental to steam-navigation. The current, I remember distinctly, at Bir went at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

"What time of the year was it?—In summer, about May and June, that was in the dry season. In the autumn, the floods were more violent: I remember we started in a boat with passengers from the western bank, and made every exertion to get across in a straight line, and we were carried at least a mile from the town of Bir before we reached the eastern bank.

"To which of the two routes do you think the political and commercial advantage is inclined?—I should not think there was much difference in that respect; all the commercial advantages of the Euphrates are already attainable by the trade between India, Bussorah, and Bagdad, as far as the sale of British merchandize is concerned. The difficult and expensive route for conveying merchandize by the way of Scanderoon to Bir would, I think, offer very little opportunity for the introduction of British manufactures; and the returns of the country, being all bulky articles, would also incur a disproportionate expense in their conveyance. It is found that the traffic from Calcutta and Bombay to Bussorah and Bagdad, in British manufactures, is considerable, these points being depots to which purchasers from the surrounding country repair to buy what they need.

"Do the boats go safely upon the river?—No, they are continually attacked.

"Are they considerable in numbers?—They are very considerable in numbers.

"Supposing a steam-communication established on the Euphrates, do you think that families returning to Europe from India, if accompanied with ladies and children, would be induced to take that route, or to prefer the voyage by Egypt?—I should think that they would prefer the voyage by Egypt to that by the Euphrates."

All the witnesses examined before the Committee take a similar view of the scarcely superable difficulties which beset the line of the Euphrates. Mr. Buckingham's evidence leads us at once to a consideration of the commercial advantages derivable from the establishment of the Euphrates line. Captain Chesney, and the advocates for the line, admitting its difficulties, have argued much in its favour, on the score of its commercial as well as political advantages. With an examination of these, as compared with the Red Sea route, we shall be thus enabled, in adherence to the line we have chalked out in commencing this paper, to bring the investigation to a complete and, perhaps we may add, a satisfactory conclusion.

Captain Chesney does not pretend that, even should the present experimental expedition be found sufficiently successful, the communication of this line between England and India will be quicker than by the Red Sea. The expenses are calculated as pretty nearly the same, in order to keep up a monthly communication on the Euphrates line, by means of steamers adapted for the river and the sea, as in the case of the Egyptian line. Captain Chesney also, like Mr. T. Waghorn, calculates that the return from postage, passengers, freightage, &c. will pretty nearly, under good management, pay the expenses. We, however, have the same doubt as Mr. Buckingham, whether female, or even male, passengers would be found to run the gauntlet of the Euphrates line, (even supposing that the obstructions of the river may be mastered by adequately built steamers,) through the various intractable tribes of Arab thieves.

On the other hand, the Egyptian line presents great features of attraction even to female travellers. Mrs. Lushington's testimony shows the agreeable facility of the Egyptian line, even when there are one hundred miles of desert to traverse. Were the ancient canal opened, as we have suggested, we cannot conceive any voyage more agreeable or more attractive than the voyage through Egypt either to female or male passengers. There would be no occasion to land, except for the pleasure of the parties, between Bombay and London. No more than a transit commerce can be expected from the opening of either line, and we agree with Mr. Peacock, in thinking that no great increase of commer-

cial advantage, as far as the trade of intermediate countries is concerned, can reasonably be expected. There is a great trade carried on now between India, Bussorah, and Bagdad, which is not likely to be increased by the mere transit of packet-steamers. Such is the opinion of Mr. Gideon Colquhoun, who long resided at Bussorah, and no one is more competent to give an opinion on the subject. To expect any great advantage to our commerce from the Arab tribes, which line both sides of the river from Hit to Bir, is an absolute chimera; they always have considered, and probably always will consider it a point of religious duty to maintain their right of plunder.

Now, comparing the Euphrates line with the Egyptian line, there appears to be much greater probability of opening new or advantageous vents for our commerce, either by a passage through the heart of the Pasha's dominions, or through the more independent line, which proposes to traverse the isthmus of Suez in a northerly direction to Lake Menzaleh. And here, by the way, one part of the comparison between the two lines must never be lost sight of. There are two feasible proposals for getting rid of land-transit by ship-canal on the Egyptian line. On the Euphrates line there must always be one hundred and twenty miles of mountainous land-transit from Scanderoon to Bir, and passengers must submit to the inconvenience of four days travelling on the backs of camels and mules, unless the project of a rail-road or canal for uniting the Orontes with the Euphrates—of which there is not the slightest probability at present—should be accomplished. Mr. Banks moreover attests danger to exist as well as obstruction on this line from the Kurds.

It is requisite, also, in drawing the above comparison, that as far as the Red Sea is concerned there is great probability of opening new and increasing vents for our commerce, both on the African and the Arabian shore of that sea. As a proof of this we need do no more than make the following extract from a portion of the evidence of Major Head, on this peculiar department of the subject, merely remarking, that Admiral Sir P. Malcolm concurs with Major Head, (p. 159, sect. 1804.) Mr. James Bird, of the Bombay medical establishment, also speaks of the advantages to be derived by spreading our traffic with the inhabitants of Barbara and Ajam:—

"Do you conceive there would be much commerce by steam in the Red Sea?—Yes, at the depot at Adan, Socotra, and Camoran, it would be very great; we know that in former days not less than ten to twelve European vessels went annually up the Red Sea, and in the present day there are none at all.

"What do you mean by former days?—At the time we had a resident there.

"How long ago is that?—Probably twenty years ago. I should wish, upon that subject, to give an opinion from what I consider the best authority, which is Mr. Salt. In reference to Abyssinia, he considers that Massoua, which is immediately opposite to the island of Camoran, is the inlet to that country, and that, if the natives came in contact with Europeans to traffic, a considerable demand would shortly arise for both English and Indian commodities, which, though not in the first instance of any great importance, might still form a valuable appendage to the trade of Mocha, but it is necessary to mention here, that Mocha is now an emporium for trade, because Sohera, near Camoran, is entirely given up by Europeans, and the barter would, to a great extent, go to Camoran, in case we established a depot of trade there. Mr. Salt also observes, it would be of incalculable advantage to the Abyssinians themselves; it would open the means of improvement and civilization, and might lead to a diffusion of civilization, if not of Christianity, through a great portion of Africa. At Massoua the duties were, in Mr. Salt's time, in 1809, 20,000 or 30,000 dollars annually, which at 10 per cent. made the value of imports 250,000 dollars annually. This, he thought, would undoubtedly admit of considerable increase. A ship might arrive at the end of May, and leave the Red Sea in August. Mr. Salt also gives a manifest of the cargo of a ship which he came home in from Mocha, and which, from a rough estimate, is valued at about 40,000 pounds, the articles were principally gums, coffee, senna leaves, indigo, frankincense, gall-nuts, barilla, hides, and skins.

"With reference to the trade of Abyssinia would not a station on the other coast be more advantageous?—When I was at Camoran I found a considerable trade from Africa to that place; they were coming there to endeavour to pick up, which they did with great difficulty, such articles of cutlery and light clothing as they could.

"Is the navigation good?—Yes, the navigation must be good, for the vessels that sail in those seas are most miserably constructed for bad weather; they have an immense sail, with a yard the length of the vessel, and of course, if there is the least bad weather, it is totally unmanageable.

"Provided there be periodical visits by steamers to the Arabian Gulf, a considerable trade will arise upon the Abyssinian and the Arabian coast?—I have entered, in the course of the journal I have made, that there was a great desire, indeed, for trade, and the people were suffering under the greatest difficulties for want of European articles. I should wish to mention that what comes to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and to the borders of the Indus, is carried by overland routes from the north. You would, in a great degree, change the nature of things, and withdraw an immense deal of influence that is now existing between the northern powers and our possessions in India."

We have the more insisted on the singular coherency of the accounts of all travellers of the Euphrates route, because it tends to demonstrate that, even under the most favourable circumstances,—including the overcoloured description of the great fleet of Julian,—the navigation of the Euphrates has never been an upward but only a downward navigation. The vessels

were constructed only for a single voyage; the rapids in the high flood, and the shallows in the low flood of the river, preventing a return. Its traffic must remain physically and morally restricted.

We are quite willing to admit that, provided a canal or railway-communication could be accomplished between the Orontes and the Euphrates, the comparison between the two routes would become more equal. It is probable that at some distant time a design of that kind may be accomplished: in that case both the ancient routes to India would be contemporaneously employed, and would, doubtless, entirely supersede the present circuitous route by the Cape. We are also quite willing to admit that there is a period of the year, during May, June, July, and August, when the Red Sea navigation, though not impracticable, is less practicable than during the other months. Now, it is a most curious natural fact, that the four months during which the Red Sea is less practicable are precisely the four months during which the Euphrates is most practicable. There appears no reason, therefore,—provided there were a parity between all the advantages and disadvantages of both routes,—why both routes should not be used at the same time; the advantages of one compensating for the disadvantages of the other, and thus rendering an accelerated communication between England and India unobstructed and permanent during all the months of the year.

To this ultimate decision, founded on a commercial comparison between the two routes, we should, for the reasons aforesaid, therefore, be induced to come—in conjunction with the recommendation of Dr. Lardner and others. But there remains that comparison between the political advantages of the two routes which we have professed to leave for our conclusion; and we fear that the political comparison will be still more disadvantageous to the Euphrates' route than the commercial. It is indeed doubtful to us, and we think it will appear so to the reader, whether a candid examination of the Euphrates' route, under a political point of view, may not be condemnatory of the employment of the Euphrates' route altogether.

We thus come to the last division of the comparison we have instituted between the two routes to India,—namely, their relative political advantages; and we feel ourselves at liberty to dismiss that investigation in a few sentences. Mr. T. L. Peacock, in his examination before the committee, uses the following argument in favour of the Euphrates' line:—

“Would there be any political or other advantages in our opening the line of the Euphrates?—I think it would be highly serviceable, if possible, to prevent Russia pre-occupying it and excluding us; it would be exceedingly easy for Russia to follow the steps of Trajan

and Julian,—construct fleets in Armenia and float them to Bassorah : they have the possession, at least the command, of the Armenian part of the Euphrates now.

“ Would there not be more danger to be apprehended from the Russians, from their making use of the Oxus and Caspian, than by making use of Bussorah, where they would be met by the nation which happens to have the pre-eminence at sea?—But the pre-eminence at sea is not a talisman, it is to be kept up by constant watchfulness and the exertion of adequate force. I know there is danger by the Oxus, but there is also danger by the Euphrates, and I would stop both doors if I could.

“ You adverted to that subject in your examination before the East India Committee, have you turned your attention to it since?—Yes; I see no reason to alter the opinion I then gave. The first thing the Russians do when they get possession of, or connexion with, any country, is to exclude all other nations from navigating its waters. I think, therefore, it is of great importance that we should get prior possession of this river.”

It is indispensable to state, that the above views of Mr. T. L. Peacock derive their weight from the value of his own opinion solely as it thus stands in the evidence. But the opinion of Mr. Peacock is obviously suggested or founded on an opinion which Captain Chesney had developed with more complete detail in a memoir upon the subject presented to the House of Commons. In that memoir he urges the necessity of counteracting the designs of Russia in the East, as his chief argument for opening the line of the Euphrates. But in that memoir he has the tact and sagacity to perceive that the argument which he employs is two-edged,—that it cuts both ways,—and that, in fact, it cuts the main ground from under his own proposition. It is clear that he saw that the expedition would at once furnish a clue to Russia, and easy means of employing it in accomplishing her desired route to India. He trembled, and justly, for the consequences of drawing her attention to a gate to India, the keys and fastenings of which were in her own hand, and which she had nothing to do at any convenient moment but to push open and take advantage of the prepared access. These are his words:—

“ I declined the favourable offers I had to publish an account of my voyage down this most interesting stream, endeavouring instead to place the subject exclusively before government in such a way as would give ministers the free opinion either to open the navigation or to leave matters pretty much as they were, without telling too much to the world about the real state of this interesting stream, which, in fact, presents the easiest possible route for a Russian force to threaten India.”

The drift of this statement is to demonstrate the advantage of anticipating Russia, by opening the line of the Euphrates. According to our own view, it would precisely have the opposite

tendency to that which is proposed. Does it follow that we should exclude Russia from using the line of the Euphrates by employing it ourselves? Should we not rather suggest to her the use of that line, or prompt her to exclude us? If, indeed, we could exclude her from the line, with a view to prevent her employing it as a means of Indian aggression,—blindly suggested by Captain Chesney, and by a much abler man, Mr. T. L. Peacock,—of what avail would that be, while she has a line of communication equally good and equally ready by the Caspian and the Oxus? It would be useless closing one gate, if both gates could not be closed. But are we likely to close the one gate by the Euphrates' expedition? We doubt it extremely; on the contrary, the tendency of that expedition is to clear the way for some future expedition down the Euphrates on the part of Russia. It is perfectly well known that Napoleon, in collusion with Alexander, meditated the conquest of India, by pursuing this track. Russia has succeeded now to the designs of Napoleon upon India, and it is not probable she will relinquish her rights of heirship. But there is a consideration connected with our Euphrates' expedition, which is of grave and pressing importance. She possesses the forests of Armenia, and the sources of the Euphrates—the very means employed by the Emperors Trajan and Julian for invading India. She is already preparing to take advantage of those means. It is when the Euphrates is at its height that an armament can be easily floated down the river into the Indian sea. What is to hinder her next May, or any subsequent May, from following the track of the powerful and successful expedition of Julian from Nisibis? The classical reader will recollect Marcellinus's description of it, which we have previously quoted. The armament might well be said to compress the bed of the river, since it consisted of 1100 vessels, comprising vessels of war and vessels of burden.* What is to hinder Russia at any time from taking advantage of the new gate to India, which Captain Chesney's abortive and miscalculated expedition has so accommodately opened for her, and establishing herself at Cape Jaske, on the eastern point of the Persian Gulf? It is known that in 1812 the Russian war alone prevented Napoleon from descending the river and occupying Bussorah as a pivot of operations against India. "Bussorah is a good port, and would make an excellent dock-yard and *place d'armes*, whence an enemy might easily extend himself to Cape Jaske, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Indies. It

* *Classis latissimum flumen Euphratem arcebat, in qua mille erant onerariæ naves, ex diversâ trabe contextæ, commœtus abunde ferentes, et tela, et obsidionales machinæ; quinquaginta aliæ bellatrices; totidemque ad compaginandos necessariæ pontes.*—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, lib. xxiii. cap. 3.

should moreover be borne in mind, that Mohammed Ben Kassim did in fact reach India by this direction in the year 1677 of the Hegira." We quote Captain Chesney.

This is an important consideration, even in a speculative point of view, but we refer to it now in a practical point of view. *We can inform those whom it may concern, that Russia is already preparing to turn Captain Chesney's experiments, and her own superior means, to account.* Napoleon, with the combined sagacity of a man of genius and a man of business, when speaking of Russian encroachments, in the Isle of St. Helena, predicted that in thirty years Europe would become either Calmuc or Republican. Those years are rapidly elapsing, and every day of their lapse proves the consummate foresight of the imperial prophet. We are daily drawing nearer to that period of crisis, when there must be a second Cheronean conflict between Scythian despotism on the one hand, and European civilization on the other. May it terminate more auspiciously—may it terminate differently—from that great struggle in which Demosthenes was on one side, with all the Republican institutions of the world,—with all the intellect of intellectual Greece,—and with all the aspirations of the human race; on the other, a barbarian despot from the north, with his army of military serfs,—with his chains of unconditional submission both for body and mind,—and with his desigus of one universal empire of military oppression. We have better auguries of the result.

ART. V.—*Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise, et Considérations sur le Génie des Hommes, des Temps, et des Révolutions.*

Par M. de Chateaubriand. 2 tomes, 8vo. Paris, 1836.

THE Viscount de Chateaubriand is a very considerable man. His rank, his literature, his adventures, and his occupations, render him an object of interest. They would have rendered him an object of interest in the court of Francis I. He there would have filled the bosoms of the warriors with Italian gallantry, and of the dames with Italian sentiment. In the train of St. Louis, he would have been foremost among the chivalry of the crusades. Returning from the Holy Land, he would have made the most glowing of troubadours. Thrown into the world a century or two after our own, he would deify the steam-engine, rove in sublime solitude over land and sea, steering his own balloon, chaunt a voyage to the moon, and write a captivating novel on the fate of two lovers in the evening-star. His life, his feelings, and his pen are essentially romantic. He sees all things through Claude Lorraine glasses. Earth, sea, and sky, must be

all one purple. All must be dazzling, intense, brilliant,—or all solemn, mysterious, and profound. His heaven must have neither sunrise nor twilight. All must be the blaze of noon, or the depth of that hour which goblins make their own. He is a man “of imagination all compact.” Yet he adds a class beyond Shakespeare’s. He is neither “the lover, nor the poet, nor the lunatic,” but the Frenchman.

M. de Chateaubriand, if he could submit to the restraints of history, ought to write his own. Yet his history would not be in fetters. It would be the narrative of a vivid spirit, thrown into a strange career, first floating over the ruins of a great monarchy,—then buried in the obscure toils of life,—then speeding its way to the wilderness, until the hour when it returned to take its share in the most magnificent of all illusions; and at last, when that illusion vanished, like shadows lost in night, calmly folding its wings, and resting in philosophic retirement, with its eyes fixed on the remote and lofty stars of literature.

M. de Chateaubriand seems to be sensible that he owes his memoirs to the world. The man by whose wisdom his fellow men can be taught, or by whose weakness they may be warned, whose successes can give courage to the timid, or whose failures can administer prudence to the bold, should feel that his experience is a tribute due to posterity. M. de Chateaubriand has from time to time allowed some sketches of his career to come into the world’s hands; but they have been less given, than suffered to escape, have less displayed the willingness of a full memory to disburthen itself for the pleasure of mankind, than the negligence of a mind unconsciously telling its own secrets, and then lapsing into silence as unconsciously once more. From those fragments we may glean that he is now about sixty years of age;—that he has wandered over half the world, reaping many a lesson of sweet and bitter experience; and that he is at length withdrawn from all the struggles of ambition; looking to books for the tranquillity which he has been unable to find among men; and taking a philosophic refuge from the darkening prospects of the French monarchy in the exercise of a pen fertile, vivid, and eloquent beyond that of any other living writer of his country.

M. de Chateaubriand is the representative, we hope not the final representative, of an ancient French family. A noble by birth, and still more so by nature, he came into public life at the commencement of the Revolution. There, like every manly and generous spirit of his order, he took the side of the throne. But that throne was no longer to be upheld by man. The hour-glass of the Bourbon monarchy had long been turned; and the brief

period that was to elapse before its last sands ran out was to exhibit only the waste of loyal blood, the infatuation of a court destined to be undone, and the fury to which a people may be stirred by the hot poison of revolution. When will the writer arise, to whom is to be delegated the great duty of giving the true picture of that Revolution to the world? We acknowledge with pleasure the force and fidelity of Mr. Alison's work on the subject. It is by far the ablest historical performance of the century; exhibiting remarkable diligence, without loss of spirit, and doing impartial justice, on higher principles than have hitherto been announced in history. While Hume writes like the man of the world, Gibbon like the infidel of the closet, Robertson like the Scottish professor, and Hallam like the lawyer's clerk, Alison writes like the *Christian* scholar, orator, and philosopher. But the subject is of such vastness and variety, so capable of being illustrated by minds of all degrees of vigour, and still so dependent on elucidations, themselves hidden deep in local character, in personal recollection, and in native sensibilities, that we shall not be satisfied, until we see the whole subject again shaped by some powerful mind of France. We desire, like the old Greek travellers in Egypt, to see not merely the magnitude and pomp of the temples, but the depths of the tombs within; not merely to hear the voices from the oracles, but to tread the secret passages, and witness the actual speakers of the words, which from the shrine struck the hearts of the people. France, nationally, should undertake this work. Men of talent in any country may gather the fragments, and compound them into an imposing figure; but the truth of likeness will still be unattainable. The articulations of the frame may be all complete; but all that we shall have can be no more than a semblance of life. Like the prophet's vision, the valley of the dead may be uncovered by the hand of labour; but something higher still must be invoked before they can be more than skeletons, and come up, instinct with life, bone to his bone.

If M. de Chateaubriand could chastise the effervescence of his style, extinguish the Bourbon lamp, which throws its coloured flame over his paper, let in the light of day upon his study, and resolve to see things by the eyes of his understanding, he, of all men living, would be the writer whom France should send forth as the historian of her last half century. He has feeling, ardour, and eloquence for the task. He might have knowledge. He ought to have inclination. But, to fit himself for this noble effort, he must abjure the besetting sins of his style and of his country. He must be neither the Democritus nor the Heracitus; he must abandon the gaiety which in the Frenchman so

simply glides into grimace, and the love for sorrow, which as simply glides into torture. He must forswear his magic lantern, abandon the delight of developing monsters on the wall, and disdain to fill his sheet with picturesque extravagance. His English discipline should teach him the value of soberness, tranquillity, and truth. And, thus prepared, let him throw aside critiques and essays, scorn to waste his faculties on either the strength or feebleness of centuries dead and gone, start on his feet, and gird himself up for the race of historic immortality.

When the unfortunate Louis perished, M. de Chateaubriand followed the course of the French nobles, and took service in the army of Condé. Why has he neglected so fine a subject for his pen? The anxieties, the unhappy intrigues, the hereditary jealousies, the indefatigable courage, the desperate battles, and the final ruin of that most disastrous, brave, and ill-used *élite* of the French nobility, demand and deserve such an historian.

On the dispersion of the army, he wandered through Germany; and from Germany came to England, then the common refuge of the broken fortunes of France. The national hospitality at that period was suitable to the national character,—wise, liberal, and comprehensive; but what liberality can extend to every case of misfortune, where that misfortune extends to a people? There must be some neglected, from want of knowledge, and some from narrowness of means;—some who disdain to solicit, and some who, in the importunities of others, are forgotten. This portion of the exile's history must be left to his own pen. How the man of genius subsists in adversity should be told only by himself. But the abilities by which he has signalized himself in his days of prosperous fortune could scarcely have been suffered to lie dormant in his day of necessity; and we may fairly conjecture that his authorship, however secret, was not inactive. Some time before his residence in this country, he crossed the Atlantic to the United States. Whether he found the popular dreams of republican perfection realized in the government, or not, he seems to have found little to charm him in his reception by the people. The man whose sensibilities shrink from Europe will probably not find much to soothe them in any other region of the globe; and the Frenchman, soon satisfied with the raptures of a democracy, turned his steps to the forests. Power and grandeur are the offspring of nature, before she has been disturbed by man. In the untamed majesty of those solitudes his imagination expanded, and perhaps even his taste was refined. The lesson which could be taught by neither the gaieties of the court, nor the struggles of the field, was unconsciously impressed by silence and self-communion. And in the wilderness were formed those

faculties which were destined yet to restore the fallen loyalty of France; to combine ardour of invention with moral dignity; and to adorn the literature of his country with works, of whose brilliancy she might boast, without raising a blush on the cheek of her virtue.

At length the announcement that the throne was restored in France drew the eyes of all her exiles to a land whose enjoyments and elegancies appear to fix an indelible impress on the memory of the Frenchman. The character of Napoleon was forgotten in the rapidity of his elevation. The means by which he rose were not suffered to divert the eye from the dazzling evidence that France had been raised along with him. If the foundation of his throne was built of the wrecks of the monarchy and the republic, incapable of uniting, and sure to give way to the first hostile hand; they were covered with the folds of a royal mantle so vast and so splendid, that, between those who admired and those who were blinded, between the worshippers of success and the slaves of fear, Europe, for the time, forgot its resistance in its homage.

The emigrants, summoned to return by the wise policy of the Emperor, crowded back to France. The court of Louis the Sixteenth had been revived, with still more imposing splendour. The old life of the noblesse was restored, but only with more vigorous excitement and manlier demands on their individual faculties. The men who, in the days of the monarchy, would have wasted their lives in the languid pursuits of overwrought pleasure, were now stimulated to salutary effort by public employments; by the demands made upon their energy in the midst of a generation reared in struggle; and by the prospects of that military and diplomatic ambition, which found a high-road made from the Tuileries to every capital and cabinet of Europe.

In those days all were enthusiasts who were not philosophers, and how small a portion have been philosophers in any age? Chateaubriand followed the stream of the French nobility in this return to its old channels. For a while his imagination betrayed him into the general allegiance to the extraordinary man who governed France. But he did not bow ignobly. Napoleon's habits held out a powerful attraction for the mind of a poet. Remote, stern, and solitary, he suffered nothing of his grandeur to be diminished by the common-place intercourse of mankind. Hidden from public view in a circle of statesmen and soldiers of high fame, he was almost wholly invisible to the popular eye, except on some great and chosen occasion, when he emerged from this living cloud, prepared to dazzle and perplex all minor curiosity by his full splendours. His private life was shrouded in mystery. His

public life consisted of those overwhelming bursts and profound obscurations which heightened each other's effect, and alike bewildered the general mind. One great purpose of his conduct was evidently to make the feeling universal that he was not a man like other men; that he was gifted with other and loftier faculties, and made to accomplish bolder and more extended designs—that he was less a statesman than a governing mind; less a general than a genius of war; less a man than a destiny. His idea of a Napoleon “star,” even if it originated in charlatanism, may have grown upon such a mind, and shaped such a destiny. There is no stimulant of human powers so vivid as the belief that some high achievement is yet to be wrought by those powers. The mind which thinks itself made only to creep on the ground will never start upon its feet. All men of capacious intellects instinctively love to think that those intellects are given for more than the common career of life. They delight to believe themselves urged on by some resistless hand to the labours and triumphs of greatness; to rank themselves, in some sense, with those high agencies which, invisible in their nature, yet palpably mould and urge the course of human things; to have some associate nature and kindred impulse with those resistless beings who “ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm.” Napoleon's mind was less European than Oriental. His singular subtlety, his remorseless vindictiveness, his disregard of human life, were as Oriental as his passion for pomp, his haughty abstraction, and his rage of absolute power. He always had the vastness of Oriental conquest before his eye. The triumphs of European war were trivial to him; his genius of battles was a colossus, with one foot on Europe and one on Asia; Tamerlane and Jenghiz Khan, sweeping half the world with their tempest of cavalry, were his models; and, at the first moment in which he found himself at the head of an independent army, in the invasion of Egypt, he sketched a plan of conquest stretching from Africa over Asia Minor on the one hand, and Hindostan on the other; his banner was to concentrate the horsemen of the South and the North, and then, with his trumpet sounding at once to the Nubian and the Tatar chivalry, he was to march his unnumbered columns on Europe and unite Paris with Calcutta and Peking.

No man can ever inflame the imaginations of others without first inflaming his own. The blood must glow in the heart, before it can kindle the extremities. If France was made an enthusiast by Napoleon, it was because her inspirer believed in his own inspiration. They all drank of the same mingled cup of fire and blood, and all were alike maddened by the libation. But this was for the later periods of their career. In the beginning all was

triumph without toil. France was a temple of victory, to whose high altar nothing approached but the tributes and tributary kings of rival empires. The nation were the joyous gazers on a perpetual succession of the perpetual fruits of victories crowding on each other. The trumpet and the shout which proclaimed the coming of one glittering pageant were scarcely heard from one quarter of the horizon, when they were followed and eclipsed by the acclamations of another from the opposite region. But of this it was our fortune to see the catastrophe. The day of pageants was to be fearfully recompensed by the day of sacrifices. The lightnings which France, at once emulating and contemning the powers of Heaven, had launched at all nations, were at length gathered for vengeance, and launched from a loftier hand and with a more unerring aim. The popular passions by which she had conquered in the commencement of the revolutionary war were turned against her; the plunder of the people, the infinite insults to domestic life, the pauperism, bankruptcy, and wretchedness which had followed her track through Europe, like attendant fiends on the steps of some mighty minister of evil, consummating the havoc of war, all rose in retribution. With the fate of the necromancer in the Arabian tale, the spirits by which she had so long domineered rebelled against her, threw off their slavery for shapes of strength and terror, and, driving her into the last retreat of her splendid but demon palace, showered her with penal fire.

M. de Chateaubriand, after an interval of leisure, applied himself vigorously to literature, and produced the principal of those works which have founded his fame. But times were at hand which required exertions of a more hazardous, yet a more effective, order. The armies of Europe were pressing on the French frontier. Their war was against Napoleon; their peace was for France. The nation was weary of bearing, like an elephant, the war trappings and arms of a chieftain who drove it madly through the field, careless alike of trampling down friends and enemies. Long forgotten recollections revived. France remembered with returning loyalty the days of peace and opulence which she had enjoyed before she was seized with the frenzy of revolution. But Napoleon, though broken, was still powerful; the hook was in the nostrils of the Leviathan, yet he was not to be approached without danger from his dying strength. In this crisis, the Viscount de Chateaubriand gallantly defied the hazard, threw himself forward at the head of public opinion, and in his eloquent and powerful pamphlet, "*Bonaparte and the Bourbons*," proclaimed the ancient line of the monarchy.

Another revolution has followed. The Bourbons, relying on the priesthood, in a country where the priesthood itself had fallen:

into scorn; counting on the noblesse, whom they had coldly neglected; and taking the voice of courtiers and chamberlains for the voice of the nation; suddenly found themselves enveloped in a new state of things. Political peril was every where round them. Rash advisers, alienated friends, a perplexed ministry, and a pauperized priesthood, were the last elements of their strength. Those giddy voyagers in the political balloon of their own luckless inflation had floated on, with clouds above and clouds below, the one confusing the light of day, the other hiding the earth from their eyes, until they suddenly found the atmosphere cleared round them, only to show that they hung over a region of which they knew nothing. To reach the ground in safety was discovered to be altogether beyond their skill; to remain where they were was only to expose themselves to the first flash of the storm; and their only alternative was, to give way to the chance of the time, and be swept into returnless exile.

With the ruin of the Bourbon cause, their ablest champion felt that his political career was involved. M. de Chateaubriand retired to his study; and, declaring himself alike weary of the toils of public life and contemptuous of its rewards, thenceforth devoted his accomplished mind to the duty of at once illustrating his country by his personal labours, and stimulating her noblest ambition by a knowledge of the rival genius of Europe.

The title of these volumes tolerably expresses their nature. They contain a variety of rather rambling and disjointed, yet ingenious and interesting, remarks upon English authorship. Those remarks are largely interspersed with recollections, maxims, theories, and visions of other times, other lands, and other literatures. But, if the connexion is feeble, the materials are vivid. If the learning makes but few pretensions to profundity, none will deny its claims to elegance; and the mind must be singularly fastidious, or singularly furnished, which can lay down these volumes without having derived pleasure from their grace, and information from their knowledge. The author thus details their contents; the whole being originally intended as introductory to his translation of Milton.

1st. "Some detached pieces of my early studies, corrected in style, and rectified with regard to opinions, &c.

2d. "Various extracts from my memoirs, happening to be connected with the translation.

3d. "Recent researches relative to the subject of these volumes.

"I have visited the United States; I have lived eight years an exile in England. After residing in London as an emigrant, I have returned thither as an ambassador. I believe, that I am as thoroughly acquainted with English as any man can be with a language foreign to his own."

After some general remarks on his authorities, he reverts to his performance,

"In this review of English literature I have treated, at considerable length, of Milton, because it was written expressly on account of the *Paradise Lost*. I show that revolutions have approximated Milton to us; that he is become a man of our times; that he was as great a writer in prose as in verse; prose conferred celebrity on him during his life, poetry after his death. But the renown of the prose writer is lost in the glory of the poet."

He then touches on those eccentric views, which form the most singular, yet much the most amusing, part of his performance.

"In this historical glance I have not stuck close to my subject. I have treated of every thing: the present, the past, and the future. I digress hither and thither. When I meet with the middle ages, I talk of them;—when I run foul of the Reformation, I talk of it. When I come to the English revolution, it reminds me of our own; and I advert to the events and the actors of the latter."

Personal recollections give pungency to those retired thoughts; and the noble sufferer in the cause of the Bourbons is fully entitled to take advantage of his experience.

"If an English royalist is thrown into jail, I think of the cell which I occupied at the prefecture of police. The English poets lead me to the French poets. Lord Byron brings to my recollection my exile in England, my walks to Harrow-on-the-Hill, and my travels to Venice. The book is composed of miscellanies, which have all tones. They pass from literary criticism, lofty or familiar, to historical observations, narratives, portraits, and remembrances, general and personal."

In a work of this order, nothing could be easier than to criticise. It embraces the whole progress of the human mind for a thousand years. What eye can trace every step of that immense march through the heights and depths of centuries, through the convulsions of empires, and the clouds of war, without leaving long intervals, which every man may fill up at his chance of error? It is unquestionably much more productive to the reader, to lay before him the conceptions of a vivid, keen, and philosophical mind investigating this boundless region of human change; if sometimes bewildered, yet bewildered by its own vigour; plunging into darkness by its passion for difficulty; and vanquished only, like Milo in his oak, by attempting too bold a mastery over things not made to be overcome; but at other times displaying the triumphs of talent; throwing an eagle-glance on those colossal revolutions, whose shapes were forgotten in the darkness of ages; and, even where the glance is too rapid for knowledge, delighting us by the eagle breadth and power of wing, which bears it from promontory to promontory, over the vast and misty valley below.

We have thus, in a brief space, a painter's and poet's sketch of the most picturesque of all periods—the middle ages :—

“ Those ages might seem the work of imagination. In antiquity, each nation springs from its own stock. The primitive spirit, insinuating itself everywhere, renders manners and institutions alike. The middle ages seem to be composed of the wrecks of a thousand societies. Roman civilization, even Paganism, had left their vestiges in it. Christianity gave it a faith and solemnities. The Gothic, Burgundian, Danish, and Norman barbarians retained the character of their races. All kinds of property, all kinds of law, all forms of liberty, and all degrees of slavery, were blended. You would almost take them to be the work of different nations, who merely agreed to have one common master and one common altar.”

The architecture formed a remarkable distinction from all the past and all the future.

“ The first Christian churches in the West were only temples turned inside out. The Pagan worship was external, and the decoration of the temple was external; the Christian worship was internal, and the decoration of the church was internal. The pillars were transferred from the outside to the inside. The church surpassed in dimensions the temple, because the Christians sat beneath the roof of the church, but the Pagans under the peristyle of the temple. But when the Christians became masters, they also adorned their buildings on the side towards the landscape and the sky * * * *. The tombs were of the Gothic fashion, and the church, which covered them like an immense canopy, seemed to be moulded on their form. The arts of design shared in this composite style, and the walls and windows were covered with painted landscapes, scripture subjects, and scenes of national history.”

It might be added, too, that the tombs exhibited in their magnitude and decoration a striking change of religious feeling. Paganism expended but little decoration in general on the tomb. It was only Christianity that learned to honour the body, as destined to be again summoned from the grave. The Egyptians alone, of all the heathen world, paid honour to the body; and this was from the same, though perverted, idea of the re-union of body and soul. The Pagan world in general treated it with neglect, and either consumed it on the funeral pile, or flung it into an unmarked grave. A few of the Roman tombs are noble monuments, but the infinite multitude were mingled with the dust without a memorial. The Christian alone feels the sacredness of death, regards the body as a deposit to be again resumed, and marks its place in the earth as the spot where lies an inheritor of glory.

A singular and powerful propensity to cover the land with building was a characteristic of the later portion of the middle

ages. This arose from the state of the times. Large sums were amassed by the monks, through the bequests of those who could neither keep nor expend their wealth. The monks, unable to employ those treasures to advantage, or retain them unemployed in security, expended them in enlarging their monasteries, building cathedrals, and decorating both in the most luxuriant style of the arts. The nobles, who aimed at being independent of their kings, and were thus exposed to perpetual inroads, found no resource but in fortifying their own dwellings. "In the short space of eighteen years, from 1136 to 1154, no fewer than eleven hundred castles were built in England alone." The *picturesque* almost necessarily arose from the new, wild, and adventurous circumstances of the time. The necessity, which the perpetual hazard of attack imposed, to fix on a commanding situation, planted the continental castles in the midst of precipices, on the summit of bold eminences, in the centre of vast forests, or in the gorges of wild ravines. There the structure rose, shaped into grandeur by the ground, and made still more superb and solemn by the associations of the landscape. Time, which has extinguished the feudal pomps of the counts and barons, has mellowed the terrors of those wild receptacles of half-barbarian power. But we can still imagine the mingled feelings with which the traveller through the immensity of a German forest in the tenth century, must have heard the strange dissonance, or seen the lights on tower and roof, that announced the fortress of the territorial lord. Whether he were to feel his violence, or share his hospitality, the effect must have been equally forcible. The warder, the tower, the massive chain, the subterranean dungeon, were the stern features in one aspect; in the other, the lavish banquet, the tapestried hall, the blaze of unnumbered torches, the concourse of mailed warriors, the presence of dames glittering with jewels and embroidery, the song of minstrels, the rude festivity of the armed retainers, who still kept the manners of their barbarian freedom and fellowship—the whole prodigal, bold, and magnificent self-indulgence of a life half-savage yet stately; of the rudeness of the north, mingled with the pomp of Italian life; of power in full possession of all its desires, combining the most profuse voluptuousness with the most iron ambition. This was essentially the reign of the picturesque. Another province, a vast and most striking one, was opened in the scenes of ecclesiastical life; the singular union of superstition with power. All here was contrast, the gloomiest discipline with the most boundless luxury—the seclusion, the privation, the solitary toil, the stern penance, the wild pilgrimage, the dwelling in the desert, the whole solemn and

startling mortification of monastic life, alternating with the public life of the priesthood of Rome; the ample revenues, the regal favours, the subtlety of the court intrigue, the hot rivalry for public distinctions, the vision of mitres, cardinals' hats and tiaras—the hours spent amid the effigies of saints and the tombs of martyrs, and the hours of stately festivity, the more keenly enjoyed from the previous privation; the vigil and the holiday, the mass and the banquet, the fast, and the opulent abundance of the refectory, all following in perpetual succession, and all animated, shaped, and sharpened, by the consciousness that all were exclusive, all belonged to them as a superior order, all were shut out from the participation of the world.

In speaking of the middle ages, the idea of general poverty is habitually included. This is an error. The investigator who fixes his eye on the lower ranks *alone*, will find them exhibiting the squalidness of barbarous life; but, if he should turn from them and fix it on the higher ranks alone, he would be dazzled by the profusion of their splendour. One of the most curious circumstances of œconomics is the quantity of wealth which has been sustained at all times in the world; the chief distinction between ancient times and modern being, that the wealth is now more equally divided, the lower classes possessing more than their ancestors, the higher less. But this is an advantage largely for the benefit of general society: for, that vast numbers should be daily growing into comfort is palpably better for the progress of mankind, than that a few should shine in exclusive opulence. Yet the change has its disadvantages. The age of exclusive opulence has always been the age of the arts, of the noblest architecture, of the most creative works of the pencil, of the most living sculpture, of every effort of natural genius, which leaves its labours to posterity as magnificent monuments of the prowess of the human mind. Royal treasures have given us the palaces of Europe, monkish accumulations the cathedrals, the monopolies of trade by the Italian merchants those galleries of painting and sculpture, attesting the existence of talents in their country of which later times afford no example. The more minute distribution has extinguished the power of rewarding ability on the scale of grandeur, and, unless thus called, it will not come. The popular jealousy of national expenditure, famishes the arts; all the public memorials of Europe grow more beggarly day by day; penury is the priest, and parsimony the presiding goddess. The arts fly from both, and magnificence even of dress is to be found only among those nations whom we term barbarians, and even there it is perishing. The Turk himself is stripping off his jewelled turban, his silken shawl, and his

gold-embroidered caftan. Yet there the genius of ancient magnificence will have its ample revenge. The Turk is stripping himself for the scaffold.

Let our modern dames envy or emulate, if they will, the brilliant equipment of a lady of the fourteenth century.

"The gentlewomen wore very fine linen next to the skin. They were dressed in high tunics covering the bosom, embroidered on the right breast with the arms of their husband, on the left with those of their family. Sometimes they wore their hair combed down smooth upon the forehead, and covered with a small cap interlaced with ribands; at others they allowed the hair to float loosely over their shoulders; at others again they built it up into a pyramid three feet high, suspending to it either wimples, or long veils, or stripes of silk, descending to the ground and fluttering in the wind. At the time of Queen Isabeau, it was found necessary to enlarge the doorways both in height and breadth, in order to afford a passage for the ladies' head-dresses. These head-dresses were supported by two curved horns, the frame-work of this structure. From the top of the horn on the right side hung a piece of light stuff, which the wearer suffered to float, or which she drew over her bosom like a wimple, by twisting it round the left arm. A lady in full dress displayed collars, bracelets, and rings. To her girdle, enriched with gold, pearls, and precious stones, was fastened an embroidered pouch: she galloped on a palfrey, carrying a bird on her fist, or a cane in her hand. 'What can be more ridiculous,' says Petrarch, in a letter addressed to the Pope in 1366, 'than to see men girthed round the body. Below, long peaked shoes; above, caps laden with feathers: hair tressed, moving this way and that, behind them, like the tail of an animal, and turned up on the forehead with ivory-headed pins!' Pierre of Blois adds, that it was the fashion to talk mincingly. And what language was so spoken?—the language of Robert Wace and the Roman du Rou, of Ville-Hardouin, Joinville, and Froissart!

"The luxury in dress and entertainments exceeded all belief: we are but paltry personages in comparison with those barbarians of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then were seen at a tournament a thousand knights attired in a uniform robe of silk, called *cointise*, and on the morrow they appeared in new vestments equally magnificent. (Matthew Paris.) One of the dresses of Richard II., King of England, cost thirty thousand marks of silver. (Knighton.) Sir John Arundel had no fewer than fifty-two complete suits of apparel for his own person, of cloth of gold, or of tissue. (Holinshed's Chron.)

"At another tournament, sixty superb horses richly caparisoned, each led by an esquire, first filed off one by one, preceded by trumpeters and minstrels; then came sixty young ladies mounted on palfreys, magnificently attired, each leading by a silver chain a knight armed at all points. Dancing and music formed part of these *bandors*

(festivities.) The king, the prelates, the knights, danced to the sound of viols, bagpipes, and *cheffonies*."

The middle ages were proverbially the prison of the human mind. But, while they restricted the faculties, they gave full license to the passions of man. Like many another prison, they exhibited licentiousness, only on a broader scale; profligacy, the more stimulated by being in the dark; grossness the more unchecked for being shared in by authority. It was a carousal of the felon and the turnkey together.

"Baronius, so favourably disposed towards the court of Rome, calls the tenth century the age of iron, such was then the depravity prevailing in the church. The distinguished and learned Gherbert, before he became pope by the name of Sylvester II., and when only archbishop of Rheims, said, 'Deplorable Rome, thou once affordedst to our ancestors the most dazzling lights; but now we only derive from thee the most frightful darkness . . . We have beheld John Octavian conspiring, in the midst of a thousand prostitutes, against the very Otho whom he had proclaimed emperor. He is overthrown, and Leo the Neophyte succeeds him. Otho withdraws from Rome, and Octavian enters it; he drives away Leo, cuts off the fingers, hands, and nose of John the deacon, and, after putting to death many distinguished personages, soon perishes himself. Can it still be possible to assert that so great a number of priests of the Almighty, worthy by their lives and their merits of enlightening the world, should submit to such monsters, destitute of all knowledge of divine and human sciences?'

"St. Bernard evinces as little indulgence for the vices of his age; St. Louis was compelled to overlook the dissoluteness and disorders prevailing in his army. During the reign of Philip the Fair, a council was convoked for the express purpose of applying a remedy to the depravation of morals. In 1351, the prelates and mendicant orders laid their mutual grievances before Clement VII., at Avignon. This pope, who was favourable to the monks, rebuked the prelates in the following language: 'Will ye speak of humility, ye who are so vain and pompous in your horses and equipages? will ye speak of poverty, ye who are so rapacious that all the benefices in the world would not satisfy your cravings? what shall I say of your chastity? . . . Ye hate mendicants, ye close your doors against them, whilst your houses are thrown open to sycophants and persons of scandalous lives (*leonibus et truffatoribus*.)'

"Simony was general; priests everywhere violated the rule of celibacy; an abbot of Noreis had eighteen children. In Biscay no priests were admitted unless they had their gossips, in other words, wives, supposed to be legitimate.

"Petrarch writes to a friend: 'Avignon has become a hell, the sink of every abomination. The houses, the palaces, the churches, the thrones of the pontiff and the cardinals, the air, the earth, everything is impregnated with falsehood; a future world, the last judgment, the

punishments of hell, the joys of paradise, are held in the light of absurd and childish fables.' In support of these assertions, Petrarch quotes certain scandalous anecdotes respecting the debauchery of the cardinals.

"In a sermon preached before the pope, in 1364, Doctor Nicholas Orem proved, by six arguments, deduced from the disregard of the Christian doctrine, the pride of the prelates, the tyranny of the heads of the church, and their aversion for truth; that Antichrist would not be long before he made his appearance."

The Reformation, the greatest event since the fall of the Roman empire, occupies, as it ought, a large share of these pages. The Author evidently thinks of it like a philosopher, but he writes of it like a Romanist. Much must be allowed for a resident in a Romish country, for a mind captivated by the picturesque of the religion, and for the impressions of infancy, enforced by the severities of fortune. He thus alludes to Luther's journey to Rome:—

"There he found incredulity seated on the tomb of St. Peter, and paganism revived in the Vatican. Julius II., with a helmet on his head, dreamt only of battles; and the cardinals, ciceronians in their language, were transformed into poets, diplomatists and warriors. Ready to turn Ghibeline, papacy had, without being itself aware of it, abdicated the temporal authority; the Pope, by becoming a prince in the style of other princes, had ceased to be the representative of the Christian republic; he had relinquished the fearful office of Tribune of Nations, with which the popular election had formerly invested him. This escaped Luther's observation; he only took the narrow view of things; and returned to Germany, being merely struck with the scandal exhibited by the atheism and corrupt morals of the court of Rome.

"Julius II. was succeeded by Leo X., Luther's rival; the pope and the monk divided the age between them; Leo X. imparted to it his name, and Luther his power.

"The pope was desirous of completing the church of St. Peter; money was wanting for this object. Destitute of that faith which rendered the middle ages lavish of their treasures, Rome called to mind the days when Christianity contributed by its alms to the erection of cathedrals and abbeys. Leo X. authorized the Dominicans to sell in Germany the indulgences, the distribution of which was formerly confided to the order of Augustines. Luther, having become provincial vicar of the Augustines, declaimed against the abuse of these indulgences. He addressed himself to the Bishop of Brandenburg and the Archbishop of Mentz: he obtained only an evasive answer from the former; the latter made no reply. He then publicly promulgated the theses, which he proposed to maintain against indulgences. Germany was shaken: Tetzel burned Luther's propositions; the students of Wittenberg burnt the propositions of Tetzel. Astounded at his own success, Luther would willingly have retraced his steps.

"Leo X. heard from afar a clamour springing up beyond the Alps, and arising amongst barbarians. 'A quarrel between monks,' said

Leo. The Athenians despised the barbarians of Macedonia. The predilection of the prince of the church for literature prevailed over loftier considerations; brother Luther, in his opinion, was gifted with 'a noble genius.' *Fra Martino haveva un bellissimo ingenio*. Nevertheless, in order to humour his theologians, he summoned this noble genius to Rome."—vol. i. p. 151—153.

On the trying topic of celibacy, the unquestionable source of measureless miseries and vices in the continental Church—the tenet which filled and fills so many monasteries and nunneries with beings vowed to unhappiness and uselessness for life—M. de Chateaubriand writes in the spirit of a poet. He overlooks the reality, and weeps over the romance; he forgets the sufferer and is enamoured of the chaplet, the veil, and the confessional.—“Luther married a nun!” he pathetically exclaims—

“All this may, perhaps, be consistent with nature. But there exists a loftier nature. However exemplary may be the virtues of a married couple, they can scarcely inspire confidence and respect when taking the conjugal oath at that altar where their vows of chastity and solitude had been pronounced. Never will a Christian pour into the bosom of a priest the concealed burthen of his life, if that priest owns *any other spouse than that mysterious Church*, which preserves the secret of errors inviolate, and administers consolation to sorrow.”

The Viscount evidently conceives, that no married man can keep a secret from the paramount authority of the fair partner of his bosom; and that confessing to a married priest would be equivalent to telling the story to the world. As the Viscount has not the misfortune to be a *célibataire*, we should not have expected such a sentiment from him. But, that a slur may not lie on matrimony, let it be known, that no bosom of the most retentive priest who ever listened to the frailties of a Frenchman, can be more retentive than that of hundreds and thousands of the sex whom he so ungallantly presumes to be gossips from their cradle. His description, however, of Luther's conjugal habits is an answer to his libel against marriage in the person of the great Reformer.

“The nun whom Luther took to wife was named Catherine de Bora; he loved her, lived in harmony with her, and laboured with his *own* hands for her support. He who made princes, and deprived the clergy of its wealth, remained a poor man; like our early revolutionists, he gloried in his indigence. We read in his will these affecting words:—

“‘I declare that we have neither ready money, nor property of any kind. This is not to be wondered at, if it be considered that we possess no other revenue than my salary and a few presents.’

“In his domestic life and his private opinions, Luther inspires us with interest. He has many noble ideas respecting nature, the Bible, schools, education, faith, and laws. His remarks on the press excite

our curiosity; an individual idea leads him to a general truth and to an insight into futurity.

"The press is the last and the supreme gift, the *summum et posterum donum*, by means of which the Almighty promotes the things of the Gospel. It is the last blaze that bursts forth before the extinction of the world. Thanks be to God, we at last behold its splendour."

"Let us listen to Luther in the privacy of his domestic feelings."

"This child (his son) and all that belongs to me, is hated by their adherents, hated of the whole host of devils. Nevertheless, this child is not disconcerted by his enemies, he is not disturbed at so many and such powerful lords bearing him so much ill-will; he gaily sucks the breast, looks around with a loud laugh, and lets them snarl to their hearts' content."

"Speaking again of his children in another place he says:

"Such would have been our thoughts in paradise, simple and unaffected; innocent, free from malignity and hypocrisy, we should have been, in very truth, like this child, when he speaks of God, and feels so assured of him."—vol. i. p. 170, 171.

Luther lost one of his children, and his sorrows on that touching loss, one of those calamities that might almost balance the question between the helpless solitude of single life and the happiness of woman's society, show what softness of feeling was in that heart of fire:—

"Elizabeth, my little girl, is dead. Strange to say, her loss has left me a sick heart, a woman's heart, so intense is my sorrow. I never could have imagined that a father could feel so much tenderness for his child."

"Her features, her words, her gestures, during life and on her death-bed, are deeply engraved in my heart. Oh my obedient and dutiful daughter! the very death of Christ (and what in comparison are all other deaths) cannot, as it should, drive her from my memory."

"Think, however, dearest Catherine, whither she is gone. She has assuredly finished a happy journey. The flesh, no doubt, bleeds; such is its nature; but the spirit lives and finds itself at ease. Children dispute not; they believe as they are taught; all in children is pure simplicity. Their death is free from cares and anguish; they have no doubts, no temptations, at the approach of death, no bodily pain; they but fall asleep as it were."

"When we read such tender, such religious, such affecting sentiments, our anger is appeased, we forget the fierceness of the sectary."

"The death of his father inspired him with these words, of biblical depth and simplicity."

"I succeed to his name; now am I, for my family, the old Luther. It is now my turn, my right, to follow him through death."

"When Luther became ill and sad at heart, he said:

"The empire falls, monarchs fall, priests fall, the whole world totters, as the approaching fall of a large mansion is announced by little lizards."

" Luther's was a peaceful death; he wished to die, and said :

" ' May our Lord soon come and take me away! may he come, above all, with his last judgment; I am prepared to hold out my neck; let him hurl the thunderbolt, and may rest be my portion!'

" ' Shame upon us! we do not give the tithe of our lives to God; and we presumptuously hope to deserve heaven by one good work! What have I myself done?'

* * * * *

" ' This little bird has chosen its place of shelter, and will sleep undisturbed; it has no uneasiness, never dreams of to-morrow's home; it remains quietly perched on its little branch, and leaves the care of itself to God.

" ' I recommend my soul to thee, oh my Lord Jesus Christ! About to quit this terrestrial body, and to be cut off from this life, I know that I shall rest for ever near thee.'

" He again thrice repeated: *In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis*. On a sudden, he closed his eyes and fainted away. Count Albert and his wife, as well as the medical attendants, employed all possible means to bring him to himself; with much difficulty they succeeded. Doctor Jonas then said to him: ' Reverend father, do you die true to the faith you have taught? He answered by a distinct yes, and again fell asleep. He soon grew pale, became cold, breathed deeply once more, and expired.'—vol. i. p. 172—174.

The name of Bossuet survives, as that of the most eloquent divine of the Romish church during the last three centuries. His style, lofty, rapid, and bold, less resembles that of his country than of Greece or England. Our readers will thank us for quoting so characteristic a specimen of his powers, as his sketch of Luther. The prejudices of his church naturally cloud his view of the motives of that memorable man; but his native admiration of genius breaks forth in lofty and irrepressible panegyric. If Bossuet envied any man, it must have been the vigour, the intrepidity, the nervous eloquence, and the illustrious triumph, of Luther.

" The two parties who share the Reformation between them have alike acknowledged him as their author. The highest praises have been bestowed upon him by others, besides the Lutherans, his immediate sectaries; Calvin often admires his virtues, his magnanimity, his constancy, the rare ingenuity he displayed in his attacks against the pope; he is the trumpet, or rather the thunderbolt; a thunderbolt which has awakened the world from its lethargy: it was not Luther who spoke; it was God who dealt his blows through Luther's mouth. He possessed, no doubt, great strength of genius, great powers of speech, a vivid and impetuous eloquence, which engaged and delighted his hearers; extraordinary boldness, when he found himself backed and applauded, and an air of authority which made his disciples tremble in his presence, so that they dared not contradict him in trifles any more than in important matters. It was not the people alone who considered Luther as a prophet; he was repre-

sented as such by the initiated of his party. Melancthon, who placed himself under his guidance at the commencement of these alterations, allowed himself at first to be so persuaded that there was something extraordinary and prophetic in this man, that he could not for a long time recover from his astonishment. In spite of the many defects which he daily discovered in his master, he wrote to Erasmus, in reference to Luther: *Prophets, you are aware, should be brought to the test, and not despised.* Nevertheless, this new prophet gave way to the most violent excesses of passion. He overstrained every thing; because prophets, at the bidding of God, uttered awful invectives, he became the most violent of men, the most prolific in outrageous language. Luther spoke of himself in a manner to raise a blush among his friends. Proud of his knowledge, which was in reality slender, though great for the time in which he lived, and too great for his salvation and for the repose of the church, he placed himself above all men, not only those of his own, but of the most distinguished by-gone ages. It must be acknowledged that he possessed much strength of mind; nothing was wanting to him but that rule of conduct which can only be found in the church, and under the sway of legitimate authority. Had Luther remained under this sway, so indispensable for all minds to submit to, and especially for fiery and impetuous minds, such as he possessed; could he have retrenched from his speeches his transports of violence, his scurrility, his brutal insolence; the strength with which he handles the truth would not have been wielded for the purposes of seduction. Accordingly, we still find him invincible, when he comments upon the ancient dogmas which he had drawn from the church; pride, however, was an unfailing attendant upon his triumphs."—vol. i. p. 180—182.

The results of the Reformation are looked on with no friendly eye, yet this is the testimony which is forced from the lips of the living leader of "religion" according to the ancient regime of France:—

"There are truths respecting the Reformation which it would be unjust to deny. By opening modern ages, it separated them from the undefined interval which succeeded the termination of the middle ages. It awakened ideas of ancient equality. It metamorphosed a society exclusively military into a civil, rational, and industrious society. It gave birth to the modern property of capital, a moveable, progressive and unlimited property, which opposed the limited, fixed, and despotic property of land. This is an immense benefit, but it is mixed with much evil."

The nature of this evil, however, is not such as to alarm Englishmen much; since it consists chiefly in its not supplying the quantity of *sentiment* which the Viscount thinks essential. Thus it is admitted, on the evidence of this rather reluctant witness, that "Protestantism is equitable, moral, and punctual in the discharge of its duty; that it clothes the naked, that it shelters the poor, that it relieves misfortune." We are content with this praise, for it

amounts to the fact, that Protestantism effectually does all the substantial duties of humanity and religion. But the Frenchman does not think it *tender* enough; it may clothe the naked, "but it does not warm them in its bosom;" it may feed the poor, but "it does not dwell and weep with them in their most abject haunts." We believe that the poor themselves would greatly prefer being clothed, fed and lodged, by protestant good sense and good feeling, to their being warmed in bosoms and wept with by the most tender and beggarly enthusiast alive. But—"the catholic priest blesses the body of the deceased beggar, as the sacred remains of a being beloved by God." We are satisfied that the beggar himself, if he were not a mendicant by profession, would be much better pleased with the man who would keep him alive, and give him the means of labouring for his bread. But "the protestant pastor forsakes the beggar on his death-bed." This we entirely deny. It is one of the most important, constant, and strongly urged duties of the protestant pastor, to attend the bed, whether of sickness or of death, and administer the consolations of prayer and the knowledge of Scripture. Still he does not satisfy the noble requisitionist. "The grave is not an object of religious veneration; he has no faith in those expiatory prayers, by which a friend may deliver a suffering soul." Certainly not. He has not the slightest belief that the prayers of any man can deliver a suffering soul, and he therefore offers no such prayers. To offer them may be romantic and pathetic; the attitude may look tragic in a picture, or the prayer sound touchingly in a drama; but, as he finds no authority for the act in the only volume by which the Christian is to be guided, he leaves the rescuing of souls from purgatory to those who love to amuse their imaginations with impossible charity, and virtue that costs them nothing.

Yet, it is monstrous to regard "as a natural reaction the rekindling of the dying flame of catholic fanaticism. *It may thus,*" says the Viscount, "be considered as the *indirect cause* of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the disturbances of the League, the assassination of Henry IV., the murders in Ireland, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the dragonnades." Unquestionably—as, if there had been no Reformation, there would have been no protestants, and if no protestants, no victims to plunder, banishment, and massacre. On this principle the robber is not the criminal, but the traveller whose purse tempts him to the highway. The tyrant is not the oppressor, but the subject whose person and property he longs to seize. The inquisitor was but an innocent instrument of necessity, impelled by the formidable fact, that men exercised their understandings, and ventured to have a conscience of their own.

But Protestantism "has not built any great cathedrals; it has not produced the gothic architecture, which rivals in details, and eclipses in grandeur, the monuments of Greece." This is allowed. But the reason lies, not in the dulness of Protestantism, but, as has been already observed, in the change of society. The wealth once in the hands of kings is now in those of nations. The treasures amassed by superstition, have passed from the grasp of monks to the use of the people. The luxuries of mankind once were the rule, their necessities are now the limit. The thin population which were once contained in a few vast temples, are now a mighty multitude demanding temples in every district of the land. The provincial cathedrals are replaced by thousands of village churches, and even they are too few. The population still bursts its narrow confines, and the demand must be met by throwing open new gates for the worship of the nation.

There can be no great charm to the English reader in the Viscount's critiques on Milton, for there can be neither novelty nor justice. No poet can ever be *felt* by a foreigner. The vigour of his thoughts, the depth of his philosophy, or the brilliancy of his imagination, may receive their due praise, because they may address themselves to his comprehension. But the whole beauty of his language is a blank. It is beyond the power of any foreigner to appreciate the delicacies of expression, to measure the minute force of phrases, to catch the colourings of words, to seize the fleeting and exquisite essence that constitutes poetic language, in a strange tongue. No Englishman *can* feel the poetic charm of Racine. No Frenchman *can* feel the poetic charm of Shakspeare. The proof is simple. Let the Englishman read a speech of Racine in the ear of the Frenchman. The countenance of our Gallic friend will inevitably show, that he regards himself as listening to a good-natured barbarian. Let the Frenchman in turn read a scene of Shakspeare, John Bull, in his most polished state, will not be able to suppress a smile at the grotesqueness of foreign ambition. The obvious fact is that, though nations may communicate their prose treasures with sufficient ease, their poetry is incommunicable. The meaning alone can be given. The brilliancy, vividness, and elegance of the expression, vanish in the transfer. The flower is not to be extracted from the crucible in any other shape than ashes; its component parts may be there, but the spirit has gone off in the distillation. This forms the prominent folly of the pretence to enjoy the rhythm and measures of the Greek and Latin poets. How is it possible to enjoy the music of language, of which we do not retain a single tone? No man living pronounces a single word, perhaps a single letter, as the Greek or Roman pronounced

it. What would be the result, in the instance of any modern language. The attempt has never been made without the most ridiculous failure. Every one remembers the Marquis *propriétaire* of Ermenonville's epitaph on Shenstone.

" Under this plain stone,
Lies Thomas Shenstone,
A poet rural,
Who wrote of things natural."

A Greek or Latin epitaphist would unquestionably laugh at one and all of our attempts at classic verse, just as we laugh at the unlucky ambition of the Marquis.

But when the Viscount returns to memoirs, he is always intelligent and interesting. Milton's last hours introduce the mention of Bossuet, the perpetual favourite of the author.

" Milton expired so gently that no one perceived the moment when, at the age of sixty-six years (within one month), he rendered back to God one of the mightiest spirits that ever animated human clay. This temporal life, though neither long nor short, served as a foundation for life eternal. The great man had dragged on a sufficient number of days on earth to feel their weariness ; but not sufficient to exhaust his genius, which remained entire, even to his latest breath. Bossuet, like Milton, was fifty-nine when he composed the master-piece of his eloquence ; with what youthful fire does he speak of his grey hair ! Thus the author of 'Paradise Lost' complains of being frozen by age, while depicting the love of Adam and Eve. The Bishop of Meaux pronounced the funeral oration of the Queen of England in 1669, the same year that Milton gave his receipt for the second five pounds paid for his poem. These incomparable geniuses, who both, in opposite parties, drew portraits of Cromwell, had perhaps never heard each other's names. The eagles which are seen by all the world live apart and lonely on their mountains."—Vol. ii. p. 109.

It was generally known that Deborah, a daughter of the great poet, long survived him, and married Abraham Clarke, a Spital-fields weaver, living till 1727. One of his grand-daughters also married a weaver, Thomas Foster, and it was to relieve her when fallen into poverty, that Comus, with Dr. Johnson's celebrated Prologue, was performed by Garrick. But the further fate of the family is not so well known, and for this we are indebted to the research of M. de Chateaubriand.

" A son of Deborah's, Caleb Clarke, went to India, in the beginning of the eighteenth century. We learn from Sir James Mackintosh, that this grandson of Milton's was parish clerk at Madras. Caleb had three children, by his wife Mary : Abraham, Mary (who died in 1706), and Isaac. Abraham, great-grandson of Milton, married in September, 1725, Anna Clarke, and had by her a daughter, Mary, whose birth was registered at Madras, April 2nd, 1727. There disappears all trace of

Milton's family. We know not what became of Abraham and Isaac, who did not die at Madras, and whose deaths, to this day, have not been found in the registers of Calcutta or Bombay. If they had returned to England they could not have escaped the admirers and biographers of Milton. They are lost in the vast regions of India, in the cradle of the world sung by their ancestor. Perhaps some unconscious drops of his free blood now animate the breast of a slave; perhaps they flow in the veins of a priest of Buddha, or in those of some Indian shepherd, who, retired under the shade of a fig-tree,

"Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes, cut through thickest shade."

PARADISE LOST, B. ix.

"Nothing is more natural than the curiosity which leads us to inquire after the families of illustrious men. That of Bonaparte has not perished, for he has left behind him the kings and queens made by his sword. I have elsewhere endeavoured to trace what has become of Cromwell's descendants; his name is inseparably united in glory with that of Milton. 'It is possible,' I have said in 'The Four Stuarts,' 'that a lineal heir of Oliver Cromwell's by Henry, may now be an unknown Irish peasant, perhaps a catholic, living on potatoes, among the turf bogs of Ulster; attacking Orangemen by night, and combating the atrocious laws of the Protector. It is even possible that an unknown descendant of Cromwell's may have been a Franklin or a Washington in America.'—Vol. ii. p. 112.

But by far the most attractive portions of these volumes are their sketches of the public characters, of the public times, and the public catastrophes of the Revolution, in which M. de Chateaubriand lived. He thus boldly strikes off the likeness of Mirabeau, the *genius* of the Revolution.

"Connected by the excesses and accidents of his life with the most remarkable events, and with the existence of felons, ravishers, and adventurers, Mirabeau, the tribune of aristocracy, the deputy of democracy, partook of the characters of Gracchus and Don Juan, of Catiline and Guzman d'Alfarache, of Cardinal de Richelieu and Cardinal de Retz, of the profligate of the regency and the savage of the revolution; there moreover flowed in his veins the blood of the Mirabeaus; an exiled Florentine family, which retained somewhat of those armed palaces and those great factions illustrated by Dante; a French naturalised family, in which the republican spirit of Italy during the middle age, and the feudal spirit of our own middle age, were found combined in a succession of extraordinary men.

"The ugliness of Mirabeau, laid upon a ground of beauty, for which his race was distinguished, produced an image of one of the powerful figures in the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, the compatriot of Arrighetti. The marks left by the small-pox on the orator's face rather bore the appearance of scars occasioned by fire. Nature seemed to have moulded his head for empire or the gibbet, to have shaped his arms for

the purpose of curbing a nation or carrying off a woman. When he shook his mane, with his eyes fixed upon the mob, he suddenly checked their progress; when he raised his foot and showed his claws, they ran furiously. Amidst the most frightful riot of a sitting, I have seen him in the tribune, dark, hideous, and motionless: he reminded me of the Chaos of Milton, impassible and shapeless—the centre of his own confusion.

"Twice did I meet Mirabeau at an entertainment: on one occasion at the house of Voltaire's niece, the Marchioness de Villette; on another, at the Palais Royal, with deputies of the opposition, with whom Chapelain had made me acquainted. Chapelain was conveyed to the scaffold on the same tumbrel with M. de Malesherbes and my own brother.

"Our discussion after dinner turned upon the subject of Mirabeau's enemies; I happened to be next to him; and, with the timidity of a young man, unknown to all, had not uttered a word. He looked me full in the face with his eyes of wickedness and genius, and, laying his broad hand upon my shoulder, said, 'They will never forgive me my superiority.' Methinks I still feel the impression of that hand, as if Satan had touched me with his fiery claw.

"Too soon for his own sake, too late for that of the court, Mirabeau sold himself to the latter, and the court bought him over. He hazarded the stake of his fame for the prospect of a pension and an embassy; Cromwell was at the point of exchanging his future prospects for a title and the Order of the Garter. Notwithstanding his pride, he did not set a sufficient value upon himself; the superabundance of money and of places has since raised the price of men's consciences.

"Death released Mirabeau from his promises, and rescued him from dangers which he would probably have been unable to overcome; his life would have demonstrated his incapacity for good; by his death he was left in the height of his power for evil."—Vol. ii. pp. 159—161.

The tumult which followed the sudden close of Byron's career has now subsided. He is one of the past. His works are now recollections. Panegyric and satire have at length abandoned alike their idolatry and their persecution, and the fame of the noble poet is before the bar of posterity. The judgment passed upon him by the author of these volumes is grave, temperate, and profound. Yet it is less the judgment of a poet than of a man of the world. He surveys him as he might the statue of an athlete, more with a view to the sinews and muscles with which he was to achieve his victories, than to the general beauty and grandeur of his form. Acknowledging Byron's claims to the distinction which he obtained, he acknowledges them rather with the calm approval of science, than the uncalculating ardour of delight; rather as the connoisseur, estimating the fine artifice of some harmony of Mozart or Handel, than as the hearer hurried away by the tide of sound, thinking only of the spell that chained him, and bowed down before the power of the enchanter.

"Lord Byron has left a deplorable school. I dare say he would be as displeased with the Child Harolds to whom he has given birth, as I am with the Rénés that have sprung up around me. The general sentiments which compose the groundwork of human nature, paternal and maternal affection, filial piety, friendship, love, are inexhaustible; they will always impart new inspirations to the talent capable of developing them; but the *particular* manners of feeling, the *individualities* of mind and character, cannot extend and multiply themselves in grand and numerous pictures. The little undiscovered corners of the human heart are a narrow field; in this field there is nothing left to glean after the hand that reaped the first harvest. A disease of the soul is not a permanent and natural state; we cannot re-produce it, make a *literature* of it, avail ourselves of it, as of a passion incessantly modified at the pleasure of the various artists who mould it and change its form.

"The life of Lord Byron has been the object of many investigations and calumnies. The young have taken certain magic words in earnest; the women have felt disposed to allow themselves to be seduced with dread, by this *monster*, to comfort this unhappy Satan. Who knows? he had perhaps not found the woman whom he sought—a woman beautiful enough, a heart vast as his own. Byron, according to the phantasmagoric opinion, is the Old Serpent, that seducer and corrupter, because he perceived the incurable corruption of the human race; he is a fatal and suffering genius, placed between the mysteries of matter and intelligence, who sees not a word in the enigma of the universe, who considers life as a horrible irony without cause, as a perverse smile of the Evil One: he is the eldest son of Despair, who despises and denies; who, having within him an incurable sore, revenges himself by leading all that approach him to misery through pleasure; a man who has not passed through the age of innocence, who never had the advantage of being rejected and cursed of God; a man who, having sprung a reprobate from the bosom of nature, is the damned of nothingness. Such is the Byron of heated imaginations.

"Any person who is destined to live will not go down to future generations such as he really was; at some distance from him his epopee commences; his person is idealised; he is transfigured; a power, vices, and virtues, which he never had, are attributed to him; the incidents of his life are garbled, they are wrested, they are wrought into a system. Biographers repeat these falsehoods; painters fix their inventions upon canvass, and posterity adopts the phantom. Very silly must he be who believes in history. History is a mere fallacy: as it is coloured and fashioned by a great writer, such it remains. Were we to discover memoirs, proving to demonstration that Tacitus has told egregious falsehoods in his account of the virtues of Agricola and the vices of Tiberius, Agricola and Tiberius would still remain what Tacitus has made them.

"Two distinct persons are to be found in Lord Byron—the man of *nature* and the man of *system*. The poet, perceiving what part the public made him perform, accepted it, and began to curse the world, which had at first only been the subject of his reveries: this transition is obvious in the chronological order of his works. As for the character

of his *genius*, so far from having the extent which is attributed to it, it is, on the contrary, very limited. His poetic and impassioned thought is but a moan, a plaint, an imprecation ; in this quality, it is admirable : we must not ask the lyre what it thinks but what it sings.

" Lord Byron has abundance of wit, and extremely diversified wit, but of a kind that agitates and has a baneful influence. He has read Voltaire, and he frequently imitates him. In following the great English poet step by step, we are forced to acknowledge that he aims at effect, that he rarely loses sight of himself, that he is almost always in attitude ; that he looks at himself with complacency ; but the affectation of eccentricity, singularity, originality, belongs to the English character in general. If, however, Lord Byron has atoned for his *genius* by certain foibles, futurity will not concern itself about such paltry matters, or rather it will know nothing about them ; the poet will hide the man, and will interpose talent between the man and future generations : through this divine veil posterity will discern nothing but the god.

" Lord Byron has formed an epoch ; he will leave behind him a trace so deep that it cannot be erased. The accident which made him lame and increased his wildness ought not to have given him any concern, since it did not prevent his being loved. Unfortunately the poet did not always place his affections high enough, and suffered too lowly attachments to entwine themselves around him.

" We cannot but pity Rousseau and Byron for having offered at altars unworthy of their sacrifices ; perhaps covetous of time, every minute of which belonged to the world, they were desirous only of pleasure, charging their talent to transform it into passion and glory. Melancholy, jealousy, the pangs of love, were for their lyres ; for themselves voluptuous enjoyment and its sleep beneath light hands : they sought reverie, unhappiness, tears, despair, in solitude, winds, darkness, storms, forests, seas, and composed from them for their readers the torments of Childe Harold and St. Preux upon the bosom of La Padoana and del Can de la Madona.

" Be this as it may, in the moment of their intoxication, the illusion of love was complete ; for the rest, they were perfectly aware that they held Inconstancy herself in their arms ; that she would fly away with the dawn. She did not deceive them with a false semblance of fidelity ; she did not impose on herself the task of following them, weary of their tenderness or her own."—Vol. ii. pp. 341—345.

In thus glancing at the merits of these volumes, it is but fair to mention, that we have made our extracts almost at random, and certainly without any view to selecting their most attractive portions. Our purpose was, chiefly, to offer those which gave the clearest conception of the general value of the performance. In this estimate, it does honour to French Literature, to the temper of the time, and to the name of its distinguished author. We have had no hesitation in disputing his opinions on those higher points of history in which we felt either our national sentiments misunderstood, or, what we regard as infinitely more

important, our national religion misrepresented. But, with all the peculiarities of M. de Chateaubriand's prejudices, passions, and country, he has produced a work which it gives us pleasure to praise. Again we express our wish,—a wish, we believe, common to European loyalty and literature, that he would give us his own memoirs, formally and fully,—that he would give us, in addition, a memoir of the army of Condé, the most chivalrous relique of the fortunes of ancient France; and finally, that he would give us the “History of the Revolution,” in its three phases, from the first imposing light and serenity of Reform, to its ominous darkness in the Democracy, and finally to that tremendous portion of its career, when in full eclipse it rode through the political heaven an orb of blood, and portended ruin to empires.

We should not omit to say, that a translation of this “Essay” has been published, remarkable alike for its elegance and for its accuracy.

ART. VI.—1. *Staats- und Gelehrte-Zeitung des Hamburger unpartheiischen Correspondenten*. Jahrgang 1836.

2. *Bekanntmachungen des Oesterreichischen Generals Kaufmann, Oberbefehlshaber der zur Besetzung des Frei-Staats Krakau bestimmten Truppen*. Krakau, 1836.

IF the clauses of the Treaty of Vienna, which guaranteed to the greater part of the states of Central Europe a representation of the people, had any meaning, it must have been that it was thought necessary to establish those governments upon a sound and solid footing, which would ensure their having both the power and the inclination to observe the obligations into which they then voluntarily entered. The events of preceding years had shown in almost every continental state the insufficiency of the old forms of government to maintain even the independence of the nation, when violently and unexpectedly attacked. It was natural to expect that an increased development of resources, a higher national spirit, and consequently a more imposing attitude towards neighbouring lands,—which, by commanding mutual respect, would prove the most effectual guarantee of peace and good neighbourhood,—must ensue from a popular form of government. With such governments it would be possible for Great Britain to enter into the most intimate alliances, and we hazard the assertion, that the fact of this condition having in the first instance been frankly adopted by the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia was sufficient to authorize an English minister cordially to cultivate the friendship of those powers.

It is unnecessary to detail the reasons why alliances with constitutional states are more durable than treaties contracted with despotic courts; at the present day few will be inclined to deny the fact. But, if what we have above stated be well founded, it follows that there were then three parties to this treaty, and that the true guaranteeing powers to every clause agreed upon were, not the courts, whose inefficiency had so lately been demonstrated, but the people through their representatives, by means of whose future co-operation a new and more stable order of things was hoped for in every state. It must be evident to every unprejudiced mind on perusing the Treaty of Vienna, that the representation of the people is therein introduced in a manner which differs essentially from the forms of older treaties, and the object of the innovation could be no other than to lend to each of the contracting parties more power and consequently more security than they had before enjoyed.

How, after the lapse of a short interval, this newly raised power came to be looked upon by the continental governments as dangerous; its demands to be rejected as inconsistent with the general welfare; its remonstrances to be interpreted as menaces; and every token of resistance it displayed to be regarded as an act of hostility against the social structure which warranted cutting off the unruly member, are facts too well known to our readers for us to repeat at large. Suffice it to say that the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, after deliberately cheating the subjects of those empires by substituting provincial states-general for national representative assemblies, went still farther, and, with the help of immense standing armies, not only annihilated the whole influence of the popular representatives in their respective kingdoms, but insisted on the rulers of the neighbouring states following their example.

If the mention of popular governments in the Treaty had no further meaning than the adding of superfluous words to a clause, we, as strangers, have naturally no interest in the matter. If, however, as contracting parties to a solemn treaty, the object of which was to secure repose to the civilized world, after the most severe shock that its fabric had sustained since the emigration of the barbarous nations overthrew the Roman Empire;—if, foreseeing that elements of destruction were still afloat amongst us, against which it behoved us to be on our guard, we embraced the experience of the past, which pointed out that form of government as the one most likely to afford stability to the newly established system;—we certainly committed an irreparable fault in acting the part of indifferent spectators, while Austria, Prussia, the Germanic States, France, and the Netherlands, successively

stripped themselves of so important a weapon of defence as national feeling must ever prove. By this course of policy did not the nations we have enumerated lay themselves bare and defenceless against the first shock they should receive from foes, whether within or without their frontiers? The same experience might have taught us that our boasted isolation from the rest of Europe is at the present day a mere dream; every conflagration that breaks out upon the continent can reach us with its sparks, and we have surely combustible matter enough at home to make us desirous of shunning such danger. It is, however, not so much at present our object to dwell upon faults that have been committed, as to draw attention to the dangers into which they have betrayed us, in the hope that it may not yet be too late to apply a remedy, and most ardently do we pray that our warning may not be overlooked or despised.

It was perhaps a natural oversight in English ministers, wholly engrossed with the internal affairs of the nation, and deceived by the specious colouring which the continental sovereigns were indefatigable in giving to their measures, to think that the sole danger which menaced the social state arose from the excited passions of the multitude but recently roused to a knowledge of their own strength. But even in this case true policy should have made them point out the example of England, where the one mass is counterpoised by the weight of another, not inferior in physical strength, but in moral strength vastly superior. By refusing the privileges which they had begun by promising, the sovereigns reduced the middle classes, who alone could lend them effectual support in case of a struggle, to seek an alliance with the common foe. The more opposition was offered to reasonable demands, the stronger grew the outcry for what was unreasonable. The more the governments relied upon their standing armies, instead of appealing to the enlightened classes for support; the wider grew the breach between them and their subjects; the more rooted became the conviction that the rulers and the people had separate interests; the more irreconcilably did the house become divided against itself.

Let us look over the map of Europe, and ask what continental state is able to resist a violent attack, whether from an unprincipled party within or from a powerful foreign foe? The present state of Spain and Portugal is a melancholy proof of the truth of our assertion, that the strength of a country lies in the possession of an independent middle class, by whatever name such class may be called. Should the destructive party finally get the upper hand in the Peninsula, will France be able to resist the contagion? Will its government find support in the enlightened

classes sufficient to save the nation from the tyranny of a lawless mob?

But it is the critical position of Germany with which we have at present to do. Every person who has mixed much and familiarly with the different classes of society in Germany of late years, must have been struck with the extent to which levelling opinions have spread in that country. By levelling opinions we mean the desire of overthrowing the existing social system, for the sake of deriving some half-defined advantage from the confusion and ruin that would follow. The holders of these opinions are naturally of two classes. The one class desire neither more nor less than plunder; and in its language the word aristocrat means a rich man, whose property is marked out as its prey. The other class consists of such as are without hope of any improvement in the notoriously faulty social and political systems with which they are burdened, except as the result of some total revulsion of the existing order of things. The first-mentioned class is no longer amenable to reason and must be looked upon as the most dangerous enemy to peace and social order, against which a state cannot be too much on its guard. The second class it would be possible to detach from its present alliance with the former and to gain for the defence of civilization and order, if prospects were held out of ameliorating the social state, of raising the industrial classes in the scale, and of allowing to all that share in the government of the country to which they are entitled, and from which they have been hitherto excluded to the general detriment. If some such measures be not adopted to effect this separation, and that soon, it is clear that the two above-mentioned classes of regenerators will proceed in their own fashion to effect a change; and, until things are ripe for the catastrophe, the states in question will totter forward in continually increasing debility, and in an unavoidable dependence upon the most powerful or most dreaded neighbour. It is singular enough, however, that the crisis is being hastened by the measures adopted in a quarter where, at the first glance, we should least expect it.

It is a remarkable fact that the sovereigns of central and eastern Europe are acting exactly in concurrence with the two classes which we have described as combined against the established order of things. The Emperor of Russia proceeds upon the avowed principle of governing in the Asiatic style, which admits of no middle class between the throne and the populace but the satraps, who are the creatures of his power. The late Ukase, abolishing the ancient nobility of Poland, and permitting those families who wish to remain distinguished by outward signs from their countrymen to apply for new Russian letters-patent,

sufficiently displays his notions as to the necessity of a powerful and enlightened middle class, and the station he wishes them to occupy. That the Russian nobility gains any additional lustre by this degradation of the Poles, we think it would be hard to prove. We are also far from thinking that the Emperor of Russia has acquired any additional strength by the adoption of these measures; at the same time it must be clear that he has become a more dangerous neighbour for civilised Europe. He is more to be dreaded from speaking so intelligibly by his example to the passions which we know to be afloat in the nations of central Europe, than if, like former Asiatic conquerors, he had arrayed the millions of the Tatarian deserts for the avowed purpose of conquest and destruction. His notions of religion correspond with his ideas of civil polity. At his command, a religion which has been the prevailing one during a thousand years must give way to one which his undisputed will proclaims. Can we possibly shut our eyes to the consequences of such an example at such a moment.

That the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia should have deemed it to their interest to weaken the influence of the nobility and middle classes in their respective dominions cannot be sufficiently lamented. It is also a lamentable fact that the Germans have ceased to place any confidence in their nobles, whose ignorance concerning the true station which they ought to occupy in the political scale prevented them from binding their fellow-citizens by ties of gratitude. The destruction of the public confidence reposed in them has been much accelerated by the measures taken by the different governments to lessen the real importance and to augment the useless and irritating privileges of the higher classes. We might fill pages with instances from Hanover, Hesse, Prussia, and Austria, of distinctions insulting to the useful classes and burdensome to the noblesse of those lands, which the latter have been induced to seek, or compelled to accept, in exchange for the due influence and independent station to which, by birthright and acquirements, they were entitled. It is of little avail to their subjects, or to us, that the German sovereigns disclaim all participation in the plans of the Russian emperor, and declare their proceedings to have been guided by the desire of establishing peace and respect for the laws within their dominions. The shade of an opinion is of little importance to a country which finds itself deprived of moral and physical strength, at a period when it is threatened with severe shocks from within as well as from without; and that Germany is at the present moment thus menaced, we think, after a perusal of the following statements, it will be difficult to deny. The proceedings of late in Switzerland have

shown that there is no want of individuals who make it their business to fan the passions of the populace by holding out prospects of license and plunder. When the courts of Prussia and Austria put themselves forward as the avengers of law and social order, one would have thought that, in their public transactions at least, they would lay themselves open to no reproach of the kind, and that, when they call upon their subjects and foreign powers to put implicit confidence in their measures, they would take some little pains to deserve it. We must, however, lift the veil, in order that Europe may see the tendency of a monopoly of power under any pretext whatever, and the danger accruing, not only to the countries which first may fall victims to the insecure system of irresponsible governments, but also the sad effects of the contagion of vicious example even upon the most civilized states.

The conduct of Prussia towards such of her Polish subjects as joined the revolutionary army in 1831 is condemned even by the course pursued by Austria. In the latter country, where no formal permission was given to individuals who wished to proceed to Warsaw, still, as no express prohibition had been proclaimed, no subject of Austria was called afterwards to account for what he had done; nor was any attempt made to inflict penalties that were not denounced by the existing laws. The persecutions and inquisitorial proceedings which have tormented the inhabitants of Austrian Poland for the last two years had a totally different object. They were founded upon a suspicion of correspondences carried on since 1832 with the refugees in France, upon attempts made to introduce inflammatory publications into the country, and an overt attempt made at Lemberg to excite a revolt among the troops and the populace. We are no advocates of the policy which Austria pursues, as we shall sufficiently show; but, as far as concerns the treatment of those individuals who took part in the war against Russia, the cabinet was consistent, clement, and even generous. The Prussian cabinet, however, issued passports to numbers of its subjects to proceed to Warsaw during the epoch of the first successes of the Polish arms. Gentlemen of every rank availed themselves of the permission, and even appeared at public places in Berlin, and in the presence of members of the royal family, in the uniforms which they had prepared for the campaign. Among the number were large landed proprietors in the Duchy of Posen; and we regret to say that the whole seems to have been a most mercenary and degrading plot on the part of the court to secure a plausible pretext for confiscation. Some months later, it is well known that proclamations appeared in the Prussian Gazettes recalling all subjects of that state from Poland, under pain of the forfeiture of their property. What choice was

left to men of ardent and chivalrous dispositions? As they themselves stated, obedience would have been possible had the cause into which they had entered been prosperous; but the prospects of the Poles were on the decline. It was no longer a question about relinquishing half-won laurels; they were called upon to desert their countrymen on the verge of destruction. Those whose feelings on the subject of honour were most acute remained to await the catastrophe. Their estates were naturally laid under sequestration, but the Prussian lawyers, on their return, assured them that such proceedings under *ex post facto* decrees were not justified by the laws of the country, and recommended an appeal to the tribunals. These suits passed in some cases through the three instances of appeal, and were every where decided against the government, until the king at length put a termination to the resistance offered to his arbitrary disposition by a decree from his cabinet reversing the judgment of the High Court of Appeal. May we ask to whose share the prize has fallen? Need we ask of what crime the families of the sufferers have been guilty?

Can the Prussians pretend that property is secure in their country after such an occurrence; and from what side has the danger first threatened them? Have the Spaniards done worse in confiscating the estates of the church, because the clergy are supposed to be disinclined to the cause of freedom?

If the subjects of Prussia continue under such circumstances to repose any confidence in their rulers,—if foreign powers still attach any weight to public treaties concluded with a court which has thus placed itself above the tribunal of public opinion,—the reason must be sought in the supposition that the Prussian government has at least power sufficient to preserve an imposing attitude towards neighbouring states, and thus forms an indispensable member of the grand confederation, whose object, as well as interest, it is to preserve the balance of power in Europe. If this be the case, what are we to say to the following statement, which has gone the round of the German papers uncontradicted? We copy it from the Hamburg Correspondent of the 29th of October, 1836.

“ From Prussia. * * * It has been stated, for instance, that even women and children, who had unwittingly passed the frontier, have been seized and carried off by the Russian frontier guards, and that individuals bathing in debateable rivers on the frontier have been seized in a state of nudity. An officer of rank of the Prussian frontier guard was surprised to hear, in a [Russian] town at some distance from the borders, tones of lamentation in the German language. On inquiry he found that they proceeded from Prussian peasants from a village on the

frontier, who were on their way to Siberia for having attempted to introduce prohibited coin into the Russian empire. These poor people, it seems, had some business to transact in a neighbouring Russian village, but, in order to comply with the demands of the Russian law, which allows no one to pass the frontier who is not in possession of ten rix-dollars, they were obliged to collect on loan all the ready money that could be found in their village, and naturally brought together a mixture of coins of many kinds. On arriving at the frontier they produced their capital, but the Russian authorities asserted that the money did not pass current in the empire, and, instead of refusing the peasants admittance, confiscated the money, and sentenced the owners, as a lawful capture, to Siberia. On this occasion the officer succeeded by his representations in procuring the poor people their freedom and the restitution of their property, but it is not every one who is lucky enough to fall in with such a traveller."

This statement requires no comment.

A recent and most striking instance of the contagious nature of the example set by the Russians in contemning public opinion has been given by the conduct of the Austrian troops on the late occupation of Cracow. The pretences under which this occupation was attempted to be justified are well known. In the original proclamations of the Austrian commander-in-chief, General Kaufmann, and which differ in some respects from the versions given in the German newspapers, we find the following paragraphs:—

"No. 1. Considering the disorders, outrages, even the crimes, which have of late disturbed the peace of this city and its inhabitants ;

"Considering that it has been incontrovertibly proved that all these atrocities (*unthaten*) must be ascribed to those refugees, revolutionary emissaries, and vagabonds (*bestimmungelosen menschen*) who of late have collected in Cracow and its territory ;

"Considering the duties which are incumbent upon them as protectors of the free state of Cracow, and the necessity of putting an end to the lawless state of things which threatens not only the tranquillity of this state, but also that of the neighbouring provinces ;

"Considering, finally, that the government of the free state of Cracow, notwithstanding that the means were generously offered them, did not comply with the requisition addressed to them under the ninth article of the treaty of Vienna, demanding the expulsion from their territory of the refugees and persons condemned by law, who had there collected, (although according to this very article the delivering up of these individuals might have been required,) and that consequently the conditions on which the neutrality of this free state was made dependent have not been fulfilled,—the high protecting powers of the free state of Cracow have resolved on the occupation, &c."

In the absence of all accredited documents to contradict statements put forth with such pomp of generous consideration for a helpless but sinful state, it was natural that Europe, however it

lamented the misfortunes of Cracow, should still believe that the free town had really given some cause of umbrage to its omnipotent protectors. But what will our readers say when we produce an official document whose authenticity defies disproof, and which will show that the statements contained in the proclamation we have quoted are falsehoods, known to be such by the government which published them, and yet offered as justifications of their conduct to neighbouring states, whose diplomatic agents must have been supposed too indolent to detect their infamy?

Instead of the senate of Cracow having refused to comply with requisitions for the expulsion of the refugees who had taken shelter on the territory, and had *been left there* when the Russian troops withdrew, after the occupation which followed on the close of the late revolution, it appears that the authorities of the town made repeated applications to the residents of the three powers to point out the conduct which they wished the magistracy to observe towards the refugees. The first application was made in the form of a note addressed by the senate, to the commission appointed by the three powers in 1833 to regenerate the constitution and government of the city and state, praying them to decide whether the refugees then at Cracow were to remain there or not, and in the latter case requesting the commission to furnish them with passports to other countries. This application appears to have been occasioned by the signs and tokens which the members of the commission of regeneration allowed to appear, and which sufficiently convinced the people of Cracow that their independence hung upon a thread of the slightest texture; that it consequently behoved them to remove all cause of jealousy for the future. We are further told that these demands relative to the residence of refugees in the free state were repeated at intervals in notes addressed by the senate to the conference or residents of the three powers, which were *never answered*.

The last and most important communication addressed by the senate to the residents of the three powers was the note of the 30th of May, 1835, in which individuals who had found means to enter the territory with false passports were denounced by name, especially Xavier Boski and a certain de Eysmont, who afterwards perpetrated those *crimes* on which so much stress is laid in the proclamations. To this note no answer was returned, and the individuals remained in the city.

Can such a course of proceeding be credited at the present day? Can a government really venture to publish and to act thus in defiance of the dictates of honour, to say nothing of those of morality?

After such deliberate manifestations of contempt for all de-

cency, it will not excite surprise that the promises contained in the remaining paragraphs of the proclamation were violated almost the moment they were published. The authorities had been promised respectful treatment and the undisturbed exercise of their functions, whereas we find the Austrian general summoning the president of the senate to appear before him by a corporal, while his town-major surpassed his commander-in-chief in insults and brutal treatment of the citizens. The officers and soldiers of the occupying regiments, one of which, we regret to say, bears an English name (Nugent), and boasted an English cadet in its ranks, were obliged to condescend to do the duty of Austrian police. The shops of the jewellers were searched for rings, brooches, and trinkets on which was enamelled the white eagle of Poland; and the separation of families, and files of women and children escorted by the invaders through the streets, proclaimed too well how speedily the lesson given by Russia had been learned by the neighbouring power.

Before the entry of the troops, a proclamation had commanded that all individuals resident at Cracow, who had taken any part whatever in the revolution, should leave the city and cross over to Podgórze, on the Austrian side of the Vistula. The president of the senate, in the consciousness of the helpless state of the city, abandoned by every ally, even by those to whose energetic diplomacy the little republic had been indebted for its existence, was compelled to sanction the order; and about eight hundred individuals, many of whom were married and had undertaken various employments for their support and that of their families, obeyed the injunction, hoping by the sacrifice thus made to secure a better treatment for their countrymen. The heart-rending scenes which arose from this generous effort of moral courage on the part of these self-offered victims, whose wives and children accompanied them to the bridge, and whose sobs and lamentations resounded on all sides, seem to have rather hardened than mollified the obdurate hearts of the Austrian military; for a few days after the occupation this scene was again renewed under circumstances even more distressing and unjustifiable. It does not appear on what authority, but the proclamation condemning all persons implicated in the late revolution was extended to all individuals not natives of the city and territory who were unprovided with passports. Taken in its strictest sense, this included numbers who, in the last century, before the separation of Cracow from the rest of Poland, had settled there at a time when passports were not dreamt of. It will scarcely be credited that all who were unable to produce the documents desired, whether nobles, citizens, or peasants, were forced from their houses and possessions, and sent

under military escort to Podgórze. The most despicable means were employed to ascertain whether old settlers were in reality natives of the territory or not. The poor sufferers were allowed to take their wives and children with them, if they chose; and the melancholy trains, amounting in all to about 2000 individuals, were to be seen, party after party, bending their steps to the Austrian territory, where the option of embarkation to America, or of being delivered up to Russia, was offered to them. A great number, dreading the idea of a sea voyage, preferred the latter. One woman died of fright upon the bridge, in the midst of the Hussars, who were escorting her to join her husband.

It was after being a witness to these scenes, and having attained the conviction, that not the desire of establishing a tranquillity which in fact had never been disturbed, but a deliberate aggression of stronger powers, jealous of the independence even of so weak a city as Cracow, was the motive of the invasion, that the president of the senate, M. Wielogłowski, addressed the following letter to Prince Metternich; a copy of which having fallen by accident into our hands, we publish it in full, as the best corroboration of the statements we have made.

Copy of a Letter addressed by M. Wielogłowski to Prince Metternich, under the date 25th February, 1836.

"In the official letter with which your highness was pleased lately to honour me, and the perusal of which left a most distressing impression upon my mind, I find that, after all the measures which it has been judged necessary to take in the name of the illustrious courts, the government of which I was a member still lies under the imputation (founded not upon facts, but merely on reported assertions) of having, through my indulgence, or, what is worse, through my culpable connivance, encouraged the Polish emigrants to remain at Cracow, where their presence proved as prejudicial to the free city as it was to the adjacent provinces of the protecting powers. How far this accusation is founded in truth, time and circumstances must one day bring to light.

"In the Republic of Cracow, which the illustrious courts wished to have governed according to the fundamental laws which they were magnanimous enough to lay down, the functions of the president of the senate were exclusively limited to the power of making propositions to the government relative to improvements in the administration of the country, and his signature sanctioned the decisions made by the majority of the senate; it will be impossible, however, to point out any decision, any rescript of the senate, from which the results that have been stated can be deduced, or which can be adduced in proof of this supposed tendency. The residence and protection of the Polish emigrants at Cracow can never be imputed to the senate; still less, however, to the undersigned; since, during the reorganization of the state, the government

requested the commission charged with the reorganization, by the note of 26th September, 1833, to be pleased to decide upon the future fate of the refugees, and either to allow them to return to their homes, or to furnish them with passports for other countries. But these representations made at that time, and at a later period frequently repeated and addressed to the conference, were always left unanswered; the illustrious courts having reserved the right of making a final decision respecting them. In the mean time the number of emigrants at Cracow daily increased, in consequence of the measures taken to expel them from Galicia, a course of things which was facilitated by the circumstance that no opposition was offered to their passing from Podgórze (in Galicia) to Cracow.

"The second reproach made to the government is the having tolerated subjects of the protecting powers in their militia, and among these individuals some who had even borne arms against their sovereigns. This fact has never been denied; so far from it the present government at the commencement of its organization proposed to the commissioners plenipotentiary to dissolve the militia as it then existed, and to replace it by recruiting among the natives of the country, after dismissing all suspected persons. The rejection of this offer by the rescript of 31st of May, 1833, reduced the senate to the necessity of leaving the militia on the footing on which it was found.

"The third accusation is founded upon the events which we have so recently had to deplore, and the sad consequences of which we are doomed to endure. These are, the windows broken on the 18th of December last, the murder of Pawlowski, and a *marron* thrown into a window on the day of a ball given by the citizens, according to the statement of the Vienna Gazettes.

"The first and second of these events, if we may judge from their perpetrators, would certainly not have taken place if the conference of residents had been pleased to adopt resolutions in accordance with the communication made by the undersigned, dated 30th May, 1835, and a copy of which is hereto annexed, praying the removal from the territory of Xavier Baski, who (afterwards) broke the windows, and of de Eysmont, one of the principal accomplices, as it now begins to appear, in the murder of Pawlowski. The fact that the note thus presented was left for the space of nearly a year without any answer whatever was one cause of these melancholy occurrences, which, from the character of the individuals above mentioned, had been foreseen and dreaded by the undersigned.

"The maintenance of political associations and the transmission of inflammatory writings by the Polish emigrants in France and Belgium cannot be laid to the charge of the government, since every province bordering on our state has a well-guarded frontier and customs guard, and all the post-offices of our city are in the hands of the foreign authorities. As to emissaries being sent and receiving permission to remain here, I may be allowed to observe that not one of these individuals can be proved to have been furnished with a passport to Cracow. All bore passports to Austrian Galicia, and merely entered our territory as

passers through it. The government of Cracow can hardly be made responsible for the signature affixed by the police of Breslau to passports delivered by Prussia, through Cracow, to the Austrian territories; nor could it be expected to turn individuals thus provided out of the road pointed out to them by the competent authorities. This was the less to be expected, as the president, confiding in his line of action, represented to the conference at the time the inconvenience that might ensue from the arrival of many persons under feigned names,—giving notice even as the individuals in question appeared at Cracow,—and thus communicating the arrival of M. Dolica under the name of Bocek, of that of Cybulski under the name of Richard, and of the arrival of S. Zabicki under the name of Kazarczeck. In support of his assertions he communicated their original passports to the residents. These, sir, are incontestable facts, which are easily proved by official papers and correspondence, and which the resident of his Imperial Apostolic Majesty cannot deny, without contradicting the evidence of those documents of the traces of which he must himself be in possession.

"For my personal defence I appeal to the transactions of the government to prove what my conduct has been, what propositions I made at the sittings of the senate, and what were my efforts for the maintenance of public order. But I cannot indicate to your highness the true cause of the confluence of so many emigrants at Cracow, as it would bear the form of an accusation, and I prefer rather to fall a victim myself than to prove the cause of injury to others. Your highness was pleased three years ago to call the undersigned (who felt himself unequal to the task) to the post of president, which the existing circumstances had rendered one of great difficulty. Your highness was pleased even to command my acceptance of it. In the desire of complying with the wishes of the illustrious courts, I obeyed; and, if I had been seconded by the conference, I trust I should have accomplished my task.

"Seeing, however, at present how all my efforts are paralyzed, I find it necessary to give up my functions, and have accordingly tendered my resignation through the medium of the residents. The conference, by virtue of the full powers with which it is furnished, has allowed me to do so. I have, therefore, now no other wish than to justify my conduct to your highness, and express my regret at having, without being convicted of any fault, to support the weight of punishment; and this in the eyes both of the inhabitants of the country and of strangers who were witnesses when the Polish refugees, on the simple summons of the government pointing out Podgórze as the point of assemblage, quitted Cracow with a docility and resignation unexampled in such cases, and without any other manifestation of their sentiments than tears and mutual embraces.

"Humbled, summoned daily by corporals to the commanding general, it was easy for me to perceive, from the first moments of the military occupation of the town, that the good will of the protecting powers towards me as chief of the government had either been destroyed or was misunderstood.

"I am not competent to judge whether the collecting of the emi-

grants into a body and the expelling them simultaneously has been of service to the country or adjacent provinces, nor shall I undertake to prove that the government, which by a simple appeal was able to make all the refugees quit Cracow before the arrival of the troops, must, in the absence of physical strength, have enjoyed a moral well-felt influence over the minds of the strangers inhabiting the country. It would be superfluous for me to dwell on these considerations, which your highness, in your wisdom, which is ever guided by sentiments of justice and goodness, will sufficiently appreciate.

"If the abasement of the government and my personal humiliation were indispensable to satisfy the wish of the illustrious courts, I resign myself without murmuring to their will, requesting only that your highness will condescend to accept my justification, to compare it with the original official documents, and, having weighed my conduct, will continue towards me the protection which I have enjoyed during the last three years of my presidency, and which I flatter myself not to have justly forfeited."

To offer any comment upon this document would be to lessen the impression which its perusal must leave upon the mind of every thinking reader. We shall merely add, that the notion which was so eagerly spread that the Austrians had entered the town in order to get the start of the Russians is perfectly erroneous. It is true, that the agents of both powers are endeavouring to get the citizens to throw themselves into the arms of their respective governments, but this game was begun many years back by Russia, when she violated every clause of the additional treaty of Vienna, which stipulated those commercial advantages for the free town without which it could not possibly exist. Cracow is an open town, without walls, and its venerable castle has none of the formidable appurtenances of modern fortification. There is said to be a spot at a small distance from the city, which, as a strategical point, is of the highest importance. That the Russians, however, even if the temporary possession of the city be granted to the Austrians, would never allow the latter power to fortify that point, is pretty certain, as by that event they would lose all the advantage of their new line of fortresses along the Vistula, which at present take Gallicia in flank, and command the possession of Cracow as soon as it shall be deemed proper to demand it.* The Austrians have not a single fortress to the north of the Carpathians.

But we are here not following the labyrinths of Russian politics. We should most sincerely rejoice if we could see the Ger-

* There can be no clearer proof given of the inability of Austria to offer resistance to the encroachments of Russia, than its permitting the Russians to shut up the Danube. The probability is that the Russian secret police at Vienna have it in their power to control the minister.

manic governments gained for the defence of civilization and social order, and with them that class of their subjects who have nothing in common with the preachers of anarchy and destruction, but the ardent desire of a change. It must, however, be clear that an alliance with Austria and Prussia, under the present circumstances, would afford no guarantee for the future peace and security of Europe. Neither state, as we have seen, is able to resist attacks from within or from without, nor will be able until some fresh portion of vigour, by means of institutions calculated to develop the resources of those lands and to arouse the national spirit, be infused into those nations. Had England pursued this plan from the beginning, much that has been done would have been left undone. Constitutional Germany would never have tamely looked on at the fall of constitutional Poland. Even France and the Netherlands would have been gainers by such an order of things. The most singular circumstance is that Great Britain has all along held in her hand the means of effecting this good, of effecting that desirable peaceable revolution in central Europe, which would restore to this quarter of the globe the blessings of that peace of which we have so long known only the name. The key to this long desired tranquillity in Europe is simply the kingdom of Hanover.

Had the King of Hanover kept faith with his subjects and allowed them the free use of the constitution which was granted under the treaty of Vienna, the King of Prussia would have been obliged also to observe his obligations. The constitution of Hanover is in theory excellent; but, perhaps, for that reason it has never yet been allowed a practical trial. Let the English minister but take up the subject as a British one, and insist on the King of Hanover's placing himself upon such a footing that he can keep the treaties which that country has concluded with Great Britain. Let the Hanoverian ministers and diplomatic agents be made responsible to the chambers for their conduct, and allow those chambers the right of voting freely, without dreading the interference of England, Prussia, and Austria; and the change which we so ardently desire to see will be effected. There cannot exist one really popular government in Germany without its being imitated by others; and it will be remembered how soon the example set by Brunswick in 1830 spread to the neighbouring territories of Hesse and Saxony, when the British government showed no disposition to oppose the will of the people. Should Hanover take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things, the effect must be electrical throughout Germany; and a stop would at once be put to the menaces and

encroachments of Russia, as well as to the no less dangerous progress of Jacobin ideas.

In this case, fortunately, there is nothing to be overturned, no new and untried system to be introduced. The chambers which now meet need only be allowed to canvass freely the subjects they choose to take up, and to feel themselves in security against the meddling influence of foreign powers. They would most probably in the first place disengage themselves from the yoke of the Frankfort diet, excepting in as far as it appeared to be to the interest of the country to adhere to it. A natural consequence of this must be a change in that diet itself, which would then return to its old destination of superintending the means of defence against foreign powers; while those means, invigorated by the national spirit that would pervade all ranks, must cause a demonstration of strength that would at length realize the dreams of the contracting parties to the treaty of Vienna.

ART. VII.—1. *Die Zerrissenen, eine Novelle.* (The Torn-Asunder, a Tale.) Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1832.

2. *Eduard, eine Novelle.* Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1833.

3. *Lessing, Novelle.* Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1834.

4. *Novellen.* Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 4 vols. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1834.

5. *Galathee, ein Roman* (a Novel). Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1836.

TIME was when, if we opened a novel of reputation in any language, we pretty well knew what we were about to read: to wit, a story calculated to awaken our curiosity and sympathy, and deriving its command over the latter from the truth and vividness with which natural feelings, strong passions, individual character, and the manners of times past or present, were portrayed. With respect to the best English works of imagination, such expectations still, in great measure, hold good; and any doubts that may arise as to the entertainment we are about to find, refer chiefly to the degree of power, talent, and knowledge of men, history, and society, with which all this may be executed. With respect to the novels, romances, and tales poured in upon us from the continent, more especially from Germany, the case is far different; and a possible solution of the difference at this moment suggests itself to us.

Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his last publication on France, informs us that in that country,—falsely, we presume, charged with levity,—none read novels except young boys and such females as are not spoken of in good company ; all men, and all other women, occupying their reading-hours wholly and solely with history and biography, ever since French historians have learned to write graphically. Now, may it not be a desire to avoid such disreputable dereliction by all respectable classes of readers, that has induced many German novelists to convert their productions into any thing but interesting love-tales ? If this be their object, we think we might venture, for a very small premium, to insure them at least against popularity with those whom Mr. Bulwer designates as the novel-reading classes of France. We take up a German *novelle* (tale), with a title that might allure any novel-reader—what can be more romantic than the first upon our list?—and what do we find ? Dialogues upon religion, politics, ethics, metaphysics, æsthetics, or any other topic of discussion under the sun, loosely tacked together by the walks, visits, and amours, sometimes by the loves, of an artist Otho, or a Count Hermann, or any other human being, high born or low born. We do not aver that this misfortune is certain to befall us. Far from it. We ourselves have made the British public acquainted with living German novelists of the historical school, and we hope to do so again ; but we understand that those amusing writers are held cheap, and that it is the dissertating novelist alone who can hope to have his merits and demerits elaborately criticised at a German *conversazione*.

We are led to throw out these general observations by finding ourselves called upon to introduce the *Freiherrn* (Baron) von Sternberg to our readers ; a noble author, who is entitled to such a mark of respect from us, as ranking nearly at the head of the dissertating class of novelists, and as amongst the most popular at the present day. Of his popularity we have for some time been aware, and six little volumes of his works have just reached us, though not, we regret to say, his *Molière*, which we have heard is esteemed one of his best. Six volumes seeming, however, quite sufficient to make an author's style and powers known, we will not delay our notice of the baron until we may be able to procure *Molière*. It is just possible that by this precipitation we may betray our readers into error concerning some of the author's opinions, for he employs no deputy to pronounce his own judgment upon the questions discussed ; and, to take one instance among many, we find such contradictory opinions respecting the comparative excellence of the present enlightened nineteenth century, and the age of Lewis the Fourteenth, that we really cannot guess of which

he is a partisan; and this *Molière* might perhaps elucidate. We are not, indeed, without a suspicion that the Baron's main object is merely to say all that can be said on all sides of every question mooted; and at all events we trust the reader will endeavour, as we do, to reconcile himself to this state of doubt, which, we might add, extends even to the moral and intellectual worth of some of the personages.

We purpose to give a short account of all the most considerable tales in these volumes, with extracts as varied as we can find them in character.

Die Zerrissenen (which, whether to translate the lacerated, the dilaniated, or the torn to pieces, we cannot satisfactorily decide), and *Eduard*, are in fact, at least to English apprehension, two volumes of one and the same, still unfinished, novel. The story is this: Eduard, a young artist, attached and engaged to the amiable and loving Emilie, the daughter of a respectable old artist, is introduced by Robert, a clever English profligate, to a reigning Duke Lothar, and his chosen *coterie*, at the strange abode,—externally to the street a mere fisherman's hovel, internally and backwards an Oriental harem,—in which the said duke conceals his very commonplace mistress, Joconde. The *coterie* consists, besides Robert and Eduard, of Massiello, a witty musician, of a gay, goodnatured, very musical, epicurean abbé, of a *Graf* (Earl) Eberhard, a proselytizing disbeliever in religion, morality, and high feeling, and of a *Gräfin*, Eva, who appears to be equally at home at the decorous palace, and the indecorous fisherman's hut. Another worthy, an old Englishman, bearing the unprecedented name of Fleackwouth,* appears to have been a member, but he forthwith shoots himself, for no assignable reason but a taste for suicide, and impatience to be buried in the air, by being hung, after death, upon a gallows—a testamentary disposition duly executed by his friends. In this set, who dissent, to poor Joconde's annoyance, whenever they are not playing and singing, Eduard is soon estranged from Emilie. He involves himself in intrigues with both Joconde and Eva, and formally breaks off his intended marriage.

Meanwhile, the duke's betrothed bride arrives to be married, bringing in her train *Fräulein*† Magdalena, whose birth is a mystery, and who is a religious enthusiast, and an emissary of a secret

* Apropos of Mr. Fleackwouth, we must observe that the appropriation of names and titles does not seem to be the Baron's forte any more than that of continental writers in general. He attaches the aristocratic Don, which, as exclusively as our own Sir, belongs to Christian names, to the surname; he locates Mexican Montezumas and Peruvian Atalibas in Brasil, and the like.

† The title of an unmarried woman of quality.

society of political reformers, to which we are not very sure that *Graf Eberhard* does not belong. The duke becomes intimate with her, is converted, breaks with *Joconde*, but does not marry. *Eduard* tires of *Joconde* and *Eva*, hates *Magdalena*, then falls in love with her, and discovers, as he supposes, that she has an intrigue with the Duke,—certainly, that she has been acting a part to gain him for her society.

Here ends *Die Zerrissenen*, leaving all parties torn asunder. In *Eduard*, Duke *Lothar* is dethroned by the reformers, turns a religious sectarian, is robbed by his instructor, and dies. *Magdalena* proves to be his sister, illegitimately; but she will not marry *Eduard*, because she cannot love the man she has duped. And so ends *Eduard*. There surely wants a third volume to tell us what finally became of the feeble hero, and the disagreeable though strong-minded and virtuous *Magdalena*.

Let us now seek for specimens. *Graf Eberhard's* long arguments against all that we most revere we cannot extract; but we wish to give an idea of him and his doctrines, and find a passage that we can venture to take. The Count is visiting, with views of proselytism, *Eduard*, who is in bed with a wound inflicted by a young page, jealous of him with both *Eva* and *Joconde*.

"The Count one day drew *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre** (*William Meister's Apprenticeship*) from his pocket. 'This,' said he, 'is an extraordinary book—a man who passes through life without troubling himself about the black and white with which we paint every thing.' *Eduard* alleged that the book seemed to be designed to elevate the histrionic art. The count smiled, but adroitly turned to express his own views. 'This, and similar books,' said he, 'are to me living proofs that a healthful sensual development is the highest strain of poetry. The tumult of passion, the red pulsation of a burning heart, the panting eagerness of sensual ardour, and a scoffing banter of the pretensions of spirituality, that is the breath of life swelling the breast of *Göthe's* muse; nowhere sickliness, everywhere the muscular energy of a *Laocoon*, the sweet wiles of *Aphrodite*.'

"*Eduard* timidly objected that such views seemed dangerous, as obscuring the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and sin. *Graf Eberhard* stopped him—'There is no sin as there is no virtue. Do we call the hurricane that uproots trees and topples down rocks sin? It is one and the same thing with the vernal zephyr,—a phenomenon; our short-sighted notions only deem the one destructive, the other beneficial. A man who destroys himself by excesses is to me a mere phenomenon; I no more praise or blame him than I do a fruit-tree exhausted by over-

* *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre* may be said to have set the fashion of these criticising, dissertating *Novellen*; but the fashion has since been so caricatured, that one scarcely recognizes the present style in that mixture of much story with dissertation.

bearing. But I pity the distorted plant, which an ornamental gardener has crippled into a dry skeleton. A time will come when all religion and philosophy will sink into the dust ; then will men, cured of disease and misery, and again naked, bathe in the eternal fountains of paradise.*

"The abbé said, 'Do you observe, my dear fellow, that this man (Graf Eberhard) has no less an object than to impress a new tendency upon the times. What should that lead to? Here you have some half million of men dispersed over the globe, laying their ears to the earth to listen for the footsteps of time. Amidst their plans for shaping and fashioning the times, time itself escapes them unused. The whole world now lies sick of this malady. We foresee something great and terrible; we set our arms and bodies as though to stem a falling wall; and if nothing falls, there we stand in the drollest postures possible. In the worst times, as in an ill-built carriage, a wise man will always find some snug corner where he may sit and dream comfortably.'

"Massiello, who had flung himself into an arm-chair, now clasped both hands before his face, and with a deep sigh, exclaimed, 'Oh, I am weary of life! I can find no words for the disgust that seizes me! All phenomena have repeated themselves to satiety, and I am familiar with their paltriness. All is nothing, all is insipid, all dead, dusty, obarred—paltry.'"

We will now transport the reader to a mansion connected with one of the Duke's country-palaces, in which mansion resides, with his family, an old loyal household officer, known to us as the baron, with whom Eduard is domiciliated whilst, by order of the princess-bride, painting Magdalena's portrait. The baron's daughter is courted, against his inclination, by a newspaper-writer—in continental language, a journalist.

"The first and most important question," resumed the journalist, 'is what at this present time we seek in poetry.' The baron expressively answered, 'Recreation, exhilaration, elevation above these troubled and heavy times.' 'Elevation, certainly,' rejoined the other, 'that it must and will give us. Thank God, the time is past when this noble art, like the others, served only for the toy of courts, when a couple of thousand human beings played with it as with a doll. Therefore nothing of recreation, of exhilaration. We must not be recreated or exhilarated—a dark, action-impelling season, requires of us, work, labour, rapidly inspired energy. The conflagration of overthrown realms, of old scaffoldings and constitutions, has, like the blood of perished generations, manured the ground; and the brightly shining sun of pure enlightenment is now rapidly maturing the germinating seed. All is in motion, and now the tragic dagger of the muse must try its sharp point in masculine hands. Away with the marrow-destroying effeminacy of those poets whose faun*-like faces, shaded by periwigs, lurked around the state bed,

* The modern Germans have substituted Fauns for Satyrs, in the prosepopœia of gross appetite.

where the old wanton coquette, Despotism, pranked herself and ogled them. Young Liberty, as a Joseph of flaming beauty and rock-like hardness, breaks, in virgin rudeness, from the persecuting arms of the old coquette, who remains in a withering swoon. Gladly be the mantle, be all earthly goods, sacrificed, so the heaven in the bosom be saved.'

"A deep silence followed these living words. Sophie crept closer to the speaker and looked into his sparkling eyes."

We confess we do not clearly know whether these living words be or be not meant for caricature. All we know is that the Journalist runs away with Sophie, and that the marriage seems to do very well.

We will take another literary conversation from *Eduard*, wherein a young countess, a professed admirer of the age of Louis XIV., hoops and periwigs inclusive, thus speaks:—

"I must think the middle ages, fruitful as they have been to the poet, worn out. The fountain of the *Nibelungen Lied* is not inexhaustible, and ditties about Young Siegfried and Maid Sieglind, now leave even the lovers of poetry cold, recalling, disadvantageously, the monstrosities of the Edda, and the times when nothing was talked of at an elegant tea-table but the blunders of an Icelandic giant, or the affections of a weakling who had idly assumed armour. How vigorous and truthful appears in comparison Bürger's *Leonora*!' 'For Heaven's sake!' exclaimed the poet Otfried. 'Honoured lady, if you achieve the triumph of such views, we shall see the long-vanished wigs return; betrayed country girls, and weeping parsons' daughters will again be sung; the innumerable sapless, nerveless pastorals will revive, and we shall fall anew into the bottomless misery of allegory.' 'I see no necessity for all this,' returned the lady. 'The errors of those days are too full in view for us not to avoid them. But produce a volume of pastorals, so they possess the taste and spirit of the sweet little lays the best poets of that age have left us. That innocent Arcadian world, often so roughly parodying the real world, offering the poet, if he were equal to his task, such opportunities for humour, feeling, wit, and deep thought, and which, if it sometimes fell into caricature, never degenerated into horrors and revolting distortions;—is it not a more grateful material for poetic treatment than all the grotesque preternatural legends in the world? * * * From France, where the art of living enjoyably and intellectually has been cultivated with the most refinement, where what is called good society has been regulated by the most determinate rules, from France we received those laws of taste which the world of to-day so precipitately rejects. The first law was, that the form, so essential in art as in life, must never be violated. Our times, which are bent upon removing all restrictions, will soon discover how indispensably required, by the very necessities of social life, were those principles of intercourse now reprobated as empty ceremonial, ridiculous pretension, absurd etiquette.'"

Another department of literature, the novel, is discussed,

wherein it might be thought the author laughed at himself. But the context, not of this only, but of all his works, refutes the idea, and we give it as the author's self-vindication. A man of learning and letters speaks;—

“ ‘The novels of our great living master are again employed upon portraiture of society. New as is the form, many of these narratives recall the good patterns of former days, and the Vicar of Wakefield, were it supplied with a little reasoning, would be a novel in the newest style. * * * Fifty years ago, the novel was split into at least a dozen kinds, amongst which were distinguished the historic, the moral, the ethic, the philosophic, the satiric novel, and the common love tale. All these various materials are now thrown into one mould, and called the *Novelle*. * * * They are often learned little compendiums, overloaded with far-fetched jests, and concealed humour; the story, which should be the main point, is so mere an accessory, that the personages are the coined heralds of certain views and opinions, amusingly and instructively battling against each other. * * * A great master, the founder of the school, likewise called this form into existence; and assuredly the *Novelle*, as he gives it, with the witchery of diction, freshness and vigour of thought, and fulness of golden humour, is most captivating. It moves in strong contrast to the often common-place reality of the historic novel, the ground of which has been trampled down by thousands of feet; it offers, in a constant lively play of colours, a wondrous dreamy world, the foundations of which rest in the inmost core of the mind, in the depths of poetical contemplation. To confirm this view, it is only necessary to compare the works of two masters, who have chosen a nearly identical subject, but deviated most widely from each other in treating it. I mean the *Aufbruch in den Cevennen* (the Revolt in the Cevennes), and Scott's *Schwärmer* (the Fanatic, being, we conclude, Old Mortality). How dissimilar! How vague and doubtful the locality of the former, to the topographical accuracy of the historical ground in the latter! But then, how wonderfully are the depths of the human heart revealed in that former, whilst in the other the incident is the chief point, and the poet, where he touches upon the internal world, is evidently inadequate to his task. Perhaps we may here discover the reason why the poet of the Cevennes-rebellion named his work a *Novelle* rather than an historic novel, and, likewise, the theory according to which the species should be judged.’

“ ‘Admirable as is this creation,’ rejoined Eduard, ‘I confess the youthful, fiery genius that painted the pure, sainted Genevieve, that so overpoweringly depicted the impassioned agonies of Golo, and poured forth its *cornucopia* of whim, wit, love, and fervent enthusiasm in Octavian, is infinitely more delightful to me than the riper intellect, cooled by the contradictions of life, and often sporting with painful doubts, as displayed in the Rebellion of the Cevennes, and other late productions.’”

The master thus extolled at the expense of Sir Walter Scott is Ludwig Tieck, to whom, we take shame to ourselves, for not having yet consecrated an article. The unconscious reason of

this omission, which shall speedily be repaired, probably is that his fame was established before we began to exist in our corporate capacity, and that he has not, like Göthe, died since.

We will now leave *Die Zerrissenen* and *Eduard*, and proceed to *Lessing*. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing is known, not merely to every German scholar, but to every one acquainted with the name of German literature, as the first German critic and dramatist who dared to break the yoke of French pseudo-classicism, and arouse Teutonic genius from thralldom and lethargy. Baron von Sternberg has made a *Novelle* of the youth of this bold, able, and independent thinker; in which he gives some curious sketches of the state of religion, society, and critical opinion in Prussia, about the middle of the last century.

We find young Lessing residing in the parsonage of his austere, puritanical father, whom he has offended by neglecting all profitable studies at the university, dedicating his time and thoughts to the theatre, associating with actors and actresses—persons then as immoral as the contempt in which they were held was calculated to make them,—and with Mylius, the brother of a notorious infidel philosopher. Lessing still continues to offend by writing verses, and frequenting the adjacent Castle, where he reads to the beautiful sisters, the Countesses Clarissa and Leopoldine. As a sample of the Gallicism of the day, we take an evening at the Castle. By some accident, the expected new French books have not arrived from Berlin. The old servant, Christian, who was to have brought them, and Lessing, who was to have read them, are alike in despair, when it occurs to the former to rummage a kitchen cupboard for some old books, thrown aside when the library was last arranged, and now in course of being torn up for culinary use. Lessing pounces upon the remains of a folio, and joyously carries it up stairs.

“As he entered, the three inmates of the old-fashioned room turned towards him. Upon the floor close to the fire, and supported by cushions, rested a young girl, blooming as the laughing spring. The flames were reflected by her satin dress, tinging its heavy white folds with transparent purple. On one side, more in the shade, sate the second young lady, beside a harp, such as was then in use, over which the white arm of the musician moved slowly and despondingly. In the window recess, half asleep, the yelping Mops on her lap, and her large blonde cap adorned with colossal bows of ribbon, sunk upon her bosom, sat the learned Madame Malbouquet, the *bonne* and companion of the young countesses.

* * * * *

“‘Ah, my gracious *Fräulein*,’ exclaimed the young man, ‘what would I not give for the power of Merlin, who turned a withered stump into a flowering tree. So would I soon transform this my ponderous

friend into the neatest edition of our divine poet. Alas ! fairest countess, most gracious patroness of the muses, this evening we shall admire no *Zaire*, no *Mérope*, no *Mahomet* !

" ' You jest,' said Clarissa, (the harpist). ' We are to begin *Tancredé* this evening, and I have all day been looking forward to this hour.'

" ' What are you going to do with that black monster ?' asked Leopoldine (the damsel on the floor). The *bonne* took pinch after pinch of snuff, looking uneasily and suspiciously around ; and now, as the book was opened, exclaimed, ' *Ah ciel !* ' The atrocious *odeur* comes from that thing. *Fi donc !* Away with it !'

" ' Away, away !' exclaimed Polly—alias Leopoldine—curling up her nose. Clarissa turned dissatisfied away. Lessing took refuge in a distant corner, whence, with flashing eyes, he proclaimed the value of his treasure-trove.

" ' It is the *Theuerdank*,' said he, ' the most admirable old poem we possess—a delicious, romantic legend, in which the magic tints of genuine poetry play in living light through each other.' * * *

" ' A German author then ?' drawled Leopoldine. ' A German author assuredly,' returned Lessing, in accents of pride. ' Then he must not be read,' said the beauty pointedly and authoritatively. ' It were contrary to all good taste to read a German book.'

" ' But we have nothing else,' observed the youth, somewhat sensitively. ' The illness of the post messenger'——' Well, well ! Then we can read some of the little *Chansons* from this year's *Miroir des Dames* !'——' Such trash !' exclaimed Lessing. ' I can never form my lips to them !' ' French trash,' rejoined Polly angrily, ' is at any rate cleverer than a whole library of German poets and philosophers !'

* * * * *

" Clarissa laughingly interfered. ' Do not let us begin the old dispute afresh. Explain to us, Mr. Ephraim, what your book is.' * * *

" Lessing now read, and, familiar with the poem, his sonorous voice gave the verses in their beautiful rhythm. His eye sparkled, his cheek reddened : he interrupted himself to explain, then read on—and the longer he read the richer, the more varied in colour, did the flower of poetry unfold. * * * Clarissa had at first heard inattentively, she now bent towards the volume. Polly forgot to stir the fire, and, leaning back her head, gazed inquisitively and eagerly at the reader, who, with the volume upon his knees, now read from the mouldy yellow pages,—now, with minstrel inspiration, completed and expounded the poem. Many chapters were thus gone through ; and Lessing, closing the book, sank back in his chair. The clock struck eleven ; profound silence prevailed, interrupted only by the deep breathing of the *bonne*, who had fallen asleep at the very commencement of the, to her unintelligible, German reading."

The ladies and their reader now severally repair to Berlin ; and it is not one of the least striking features of the state of society in Germany during the last century, that the son of their parish priest cannot, in the capital, visit the young countesses—

indeed, his admission to read to them in the country is represented as an extraordinary stretch of condescension on their part. This exclusion from their society, it should seem, reduces Lessing, who is desperately in love with Clarissa, to the necessity of renewing a former *liaison* with Sabina, a young actress, who is nearly as much in love with him. We pass over scenes of histrionic orgies, and scenes of vulgar sectarian fanaticism, characteristic but disagreeable, and the originality of which could be made effective only by long extracts, to give the young poet's feelings during the first representation of his first tragedy, *Miss Sara Sampson*; for various reasons, he absents himself from the theatre.

"Lessing returned early to his solitary room, and took up his manuscript. As the hour at which the play usually begins struck, he saw masses of pedestrians moving towards the theatre, and said to himself, 'They go to see my piece. The cherished ideas and images over which I have so long brooded, the fair seed that in silent hours has for me so hopefully germinated, they go to harvest them. The ingrates, not a glance do they cast upon him who gives them what he best loves!' He could have been angry when he saw a carriage containing a merry party drive out of town. . . . 'But no doubt,' thought he, 'they are stupid creatures, who would have seen nothing on the stage but their own dullness.' He now saw another carriage, that was detained for a moment by the crowd. A lady impatient of the delay looked out, and Lessing beheld Clarissa. His heart throbbed joyously, his anxieties vanished. 'Thank Heaven!' he exclaimed. 'My darling child will not then come a stranger before mere strangers. She is there; no noble expression, no beautiful allusion will escape her delicate ear, her quick eye. Oh could she feel that it was her spirit which hovered round me as I conceived 'Sara's noble feminineness!' He turned over the pages of the drama. 'Now,' thought he, 'the exposition is over; now the scene with old Sampson; now Sara's appearance is looked for. That little Sabina will spoil the part. She knows nothing of a tenderness that blends nobleness with depth; she has no conception of a colouring of the soul, which, playing through all the hues of passion, assumes none decidedly. She will think all effected with a thorough common-place unhappiness.'

"He flung aside the papers, and went out. The play was over, and a flood of spectators, pouring through the open doors of the theatre, met the lonely wanderer. Eagerly he listened for an opinion, a judgment, but the few words he caught provoked him; for he heard questions as to what tavern it were best to sup in. He shrank towards the wall to avoid the stream. There, by a basket of fruit, sat a little girl, who refused to sell to him until her grandmother should come out of the theatre. The old woman appeared wiping her eyes with her apron.

"'What is the matter?' inquired Lessing. 'Why do you cry?'"

"'Lord have mercy,' answered the crone, 'why over the sad stuff they have been acting. When the grand folks were all overset, how

should such as us keep back their tears? So there have I been crying my old eyes out for company.'

"Tell us then, Goody, tell us, what was it about?"

"In a word, miserable," replied the old fruitseller, 'but so fine, and so virtuous, as I never saw any thing. I have had misfortunes enough with the men, but so abominable a lover as him in the play I never met with; if I had, I'd have dealt with him after another guess fashion than that sweet little creature does.'

"This simple critique enraptured the poet."

We almost fear the reader may suspect that, unconsciously swayed by the habitual feelings of professional literati, we select only what accords with our own tastes and pursuits. But not thus are we biassed. In the first place, did we select otherwise, we should not give a just idea of these *Novellen*, and in the next place, their literary portion, especially Lessing's literary enthusiasm, is very decidedly the best and most agreeable. We will, however, state in a few words something of the other parts of this volume.

In honour of the success of his play, Lessing is invited to a *soirée* by Count Felix. At this *soirée* we have, first, a long disquisition upon the drama, the whole company asserting the exclusive excellence of the French theatre, upon which, Count Felix urges the successful dramatist to model his future tragedies, and Lessing advancing the antagonist opinions, that are so ably maintained in his writings. The evening closes with a supper, and a display of the French philosophy then fashionable, well done, but certainly not desirable to extract. Then comes an alarm lest Countess Leopoldine should be betrayed, not altogether against her will, into an illicit connexion with a prince; which evil Countess Clarissa endeavours to avert by a plot, neither very intelligible, nor, to our mind, very heroinish, but which occasions a renewal of her intercourse with Lessing. We think we speak very impartially when we say that to all the unliterary part of this the literary is far preferable, and we mean boldly to give another literary scene and incident, introducing it by a political conversation and statement relative to the social condition of Prussia, which, we must however confess, would have been more appropriately given to an older speaker.

During the seven years' war, Clarissa, having happily and honourably disposed of her sister in marriage, is travelling homewards, chaperoned by her old *bonne*, and escorted, we must say very insufficiently, considering the state of the country, only by Lessing and an old *Gelehrte*, man of letters, in addition to her own servants. Madame Malbouquet usually sleeps and the others philosophize. In the course of conversation, the *Gelehrte* expressed his

fears for the morals of a pupil, who had just been removed from his tuition and sent to Paris. Clarissa observes that the young man could not remain for ever under his guardianship, to which he replies by asking,—

“‘But is it then actually indispensable to have seen Paris?’

“‘Certainly,’ exclaimed Clarissa, with vivacity. ‘Whoever would not live a corse in corse-like times, must see this market-place of modern life, this metropolis of civilization, and school of social morals. It is not long since our country was a neglected waste. Even within our own time, have we not seen the young nobles upon their estates scarcely more enlightened than their peasants, scarcely more moral than their menials, and ruder than the rudest stable-boy. Nothing could be made of such men, and not only social life, the church and state likewise suffered unspeakably. But when our present king ascended the throne, a new spirit took possession of the whole sluggish machine. A lively impulse set all the wheels in motion, and behold, the face of things is changed. He, the unweariedly active, endured no inaction, and the most distant parts of the realm felt the pulsation of new life. Above all, he excited a love of travel. * * * Fathers of families, who would formerly not have set out for Berlin or Königsberg without having the prayers for travellers by land and by water put up in the church, now sent their sons to Paris, and were not a little surprised when, a couple of years afterwards, instead of awkward boys, they embraced polished amiable youths, with mind and activity befitting the heirs of old names and large estates. For them a new world is conquered, and our great and kind monarch has conferred a truly royal gift upon his subjects.’

“‘A gift,’ observed our poet, ‘of which futurity alone can show the full value. * * * His victorious sword here wins intellectual provinces from superstition, from despotism; with a clear open brow he boldly confronts the horrors of darker ages, and in this war the most precious hopes of knowledge and of faith entwine around the name of Frederic.’

“The *Gelehrte* smiled. ‘While fiery young hearts,’ said he, ‘abandon themselves blindly to enthusiastic hopes, we old men must be pardoned some doubts. I confess I am alarmed when I see my horizon thus immeasurably extended. Have humility, moderation, and a contented spirit ceased to be virtues? A good man needs after all but a small sphere wherein to do good. Within his narrow bounds he is happy, and this tendency towards the infinite bewilders the eye, and distresses a heart conscious of its weakness. Is it not one fruit of this travelling that nothing is venerable or holy to our present youth?’

The conversation soon turns upon toleration, and Clarissa relates the most impressive lessons she had ever received, which; being too long to extract, we must compress. Her mother had worn a ring, an old heir-loom, traditionally reported to make the wearer beloved. Upon her deathbed, she gave each of her daughters, separately, a ring, seemingly this ring; and each, sup-

posing she had received the inestimable jewel, was angry when she saw her sisters similarly gifted. The young ladies quarrelled, and appealed to their father to know which had the true ring; and he quietly said, that would be ascertained when it should appear which, being the most amiable, was the most beloved. Our party discuss the applicability of such a test to different creeds, whilst driving through a thick and somewhat suspicious-looking wood.

"Suddenly a thundering 'Halt!' stopped the carriage, and the conversation simultaneously. The *bonne*, who, being most disposed to dedicate her attention to external objects,* had repeatedly put forth her blonde cap to look about her, now sank back in her corner with a loud shriek. The carriage door was instantly torn open; soldiers on horseback and on foot surrounded the equipage; everywhere were seen bearded insolent faces; whilst shouts, trampling of horses, questions and laughter, mingled together. A man on horseback now rode close up to the open door, and, bending down to look into the carriage, rudely and imperiously asked 'What luggage? Where is the baggage going? It can let none pass. Out of the coach. To the guard-house with you!'"

The interference of the old servant only provokes ridicule of his inefficiency. Lessing's declaration that they have passports is scoffed at, and his utmost efforts can barely protect the young countess from personal insult; whilst the *Gelehrte*, quietly looking out the proper papers, asks for the officer on duty.

"A voice exclaimed, 'There he is!' and a young man of commanding air came forward. He glanced inquisitorially at the carriage and the company; then fixed his eye, with a look of annoyance, upon the papers. The soldiers and the imperilled travellers were grouped around him in silence. Suddenly his gloomy expression changed into one of pleasurable surprise; again he surveyed the travellers, and then raising his voice, asked, 'Gentlemen, which of you is Professor Gelfert?'

"'I am,' replied the *Gelehrte*.

"The officer's colour deepened, and his eyes sparkled; he respectfully approached the old man, and, with a military obeisance, said, 'Sir, our orders are that you and your company pass free. It was known that you were travelling this way, and I would rather expose myself to any danger, than occasion the least inconvenience to a man whom every one so esteems and honours. Get into your carriage, Sir, and I wish you a prosperous journey.'

"The officer withdrew, and the soldiers, falling back, stood at some little distance from the coach, looking earnestly and wonderingly at the

* Indifference to external nature might seem oddly made characteristic of a poet, even in company with the object of his love. But our baron has judged well, for Lessing was, in truth, far more of a critic and a metaphysician than of a poet, and would, we conceive, even in the absence of Countess Clarissa, have preferred discussing with the *Gelehrte* to looking at trees.

man who had caused so sudden a change of scene, and who seemed somewhat confused by the general attention which he had attracted. A bearded veteran now advanced to Gellert, and, with an awkward bow, said, 'With our officer's leave, we would fain beg of you, Mr. Professor, to repeat one of your fables to us. It is just that such as we, when we get home to wife and children, may have to say, I've seen the dear, good, famous Leipzig Professor, and he repeated a fable to us. No offence your honour.'

"Gellert smiled.

"'Yes, yes,' exclaimed the horseman, 'repeat, or we'll keep you prisoner.'

"'I must then,' said the Fabulist. And, standing before the open coach-door, surrounded by an attentive circle of peasants and of soldiers, who, leaning upon their muskets, gazed intently at the pale little man, with a smiling countenance and clear voice, Gellert repeated one of his best-known fables. It was that which begins,

'Phylax, who over house and yard,

Had many a night kept faithful guard, &c.'

"As he ended, his hearers, in various ways, expressed their sympathy and admiration. The old soldiers looked down in silence; the girls and women, who stood behind them, wiped their eyes with their aprons; and some peasants looked devoutly up to heaven, thinking they had heard a sermon. Lastly, as the professor was stepping into the carriage, a young recruit came blubbing up to him, and said:—'Good bye t'ye, Phylax.' Officers and soldiers laughed.

"The carriage drove on unhindered. * * * All thanked the professor for their safety, and the *bonne* was profuse in praises and learned allusions, calling him a new Orpheus, who had tamed the wild beasts of the forest with his lyre.

"'I must at least rejoice,' returned the kindly man, in his soft pleasant way, 'at having contributed my mite towards the enlightening and humanizing process.'

"'And you have chosen the more pacific course,' said *Clarissa*. The object that our great king pursues by the thunder of cannon and the light of devastation, you attain by a playful narrative.'

"But the young poet sat thoughtful in a corner of the carriage. Only the eye of her he loved, which dwelt interrogatively upon him, could recall his spirit from the happy distant realms of imagination. To her questions he replied, 'I cannot deny that I am engrossed by our late conversation. The subject should be wrought into a poem, a tale, or, best of all, a play.'

"'You would not bring me and my lesson upon the stage,' exclaimed *Clarissa*.

"But the poet went on as if inspired. 'If one could create a poem, of which that deeply-meaning parable of the three rings should be the centre! Might not Christian, Jew, and Moslem, come forward disputing, and this beautiful image appease their dispute? What groupings of noble forms I see, in my mind's eye, assembled round the old dark riddle

of humanity ; and, when none can read it, peaceably joining hands over the scene of so much misery, over the grave of slaughtered generations. I see the noble beings before me ; one, the noblest, who first frankly proffers conciliation. An old man, must he be, an old man with the overflowing heart of youth, at once wise and fiery.'

"Gellert and the countess looked at each other, surprised and smiling. 'How strange the poet's head!' said the former.

"The youth dreamed on. 'Plan and development, simple, yet dignified. No paltry intrigue where such questions are resolved. Men treat of the most valuable treasure of their bosoms, men tried by life and approved. The Christian, rude, haughty—he may be the youngest. The Moslem, haughty, but noble, not yet rendered effeminate in his rigid creed by the arts of the seraglio ; and then the Jew,—soft, grave, affectionate, wise. From afar a love, unimportant but noble, might gleam, as though to cast a flitting glow upon the unveiled mountain-colossus.'

[Can it be necessary to tell any reader that Lessing's most admired and most remarkable production, *Nathan*, is that of which the conception is here developed?]

"'Ob, complete it!' exclaimed Clarissa. 'Work out these ideas, so bold and magnificent. So may I claim the merit of first originating the poem.'

"The enraptured youth forgot himself and all around him. Passionately he grasped her hand, and, while tears glistened in his eyes, exclaimed, 'Have I aught, in mind or heart, but what you, Clarissa, have called into existence ! I am yours, your creature ! Oh, why must such severing influences intrude between us !'

Baron Sternberg's heroines are all too self-possessed to be much embarrassed even by such bursts of poetical love-making ; but, having given Lessing's impassioned although hopeless words of wooing, we feel called upon to add his fair mistress's views of marriage, which we should term original, had not Madame de Genlis years ago professed, although less metaphysically, her objection to any conjunction of Cupid and Hymen. The conversation from which we take the following extract concludes this *Novelle*. Countess Clarissa has announced her intention of giving Count Felix her hand, and one evening says to Lessing,—

"And why should I withdraw myself from the sphere of activity offered to me ? Dearest friend, let us introduce no sickly sensibility into real life. Least of all can the times to which we belong admit of it, * * * He to whom I shall bind myself is a noble creature, and, at his side I can, in my own way, be useful. I consider marriage as the means of taking a decided position in the world. Never would I give myself to an unworthy man, but as little to one to whom a youthful inclination attached me. The civil relations of life, and the emotions of a young enthusiastic heart, are in too glaring contrast to afford a foundation for lasting happiness. And so, my beloved friend, let us each tread our separate path, each assured that we can never lose sight

of one another; that each commands the other's warmest, inmost sympathy. Forget not you the Clarissa, who, as a young enthusiastic girl, placed the wreath of consecration on your brow; and never shall I forget the man, from whom I have respectfully kept myself apart, lest warmer feelings than respect and admiration might bring me too near him."

"At these last words she blushed; a pause ensued—Clarissa rose, imprinted a kiss upon the poet's brow, and vanished. The happy youth remained sunk in dreams of exquisite bliss."

We now come to two volumes of short tales, which, as we read them, we took to be a fourth volume, in two parts, of a collection of *Novellen*, or tales, of which the first three volumes had, by some odd accident, been left out of our parcel. But, upon reference to a table of contents, attached to a subsequent work, *Galathee*, we find that the three *Novellen* we have just reviewed, actually constitute these said first, second, and third volumes of the collection of *Novellen*, and that the only omission is that of any intimation of this their collective character, upon the title-pages of *Die Zerrissenen*, *Eduard*, and *Lessing*. The thing is no otherwise material than as it is unusual, and calculated to perplex purchasers of Sternberg's *Novellen*, who, till *Galathee* and the table of contents appeared this year, must have wondered why they could never get the first three volumes of the *Novellen*.

These short *Novellen* are more in the nature of common tales, wrought of startling, curiosity-awakening incidents, natural and supernatural; and of them it may suffice to say, that they prove the author's just appreciation of his own talent in preferring the dissertating *Novelle*. The incidents are not, we think, happily managed, or curiosity, when excited, duly satisfied. One *Novelle* in these volumes, however, is more nearly related in character to *Lessing*, and further claims our notice, as offering specimens of the author's powers in a somewhat different style from those we have hitherto given. It is called *Copernicus*, and narrates the risk which the great astronomer ran at Bologna, of falling into the clutches of the Inquisition, on account of his heterodox opinion of the earth's revolving round the sun. We extract parts of a scene in which the loquacious vanity of his German attendant gives birth to suspicions of this pernicious heresy.

"'Welcome, Seppe!' exclaimed the fat, good-humoured landlord.—'Call me not Seppe, nor yet Giuseppe,' said the person addressed.—'I cannot bear the foreign jangling name; and I have often told you, that I am called Peter John Fear-God Joseph Bartel, and am a native of the noble Magdeburg, where dwell the most virtuous women and the handsomest men.'—'Humph! of that we have a proof,' said the landlord, with a good-humoured laughing glance at the short deformed figure, and broad

pock-pitted face before him. 'But, Seppe, or Joseph of Magdeburg, what have you been doing up yonder, with the gay frippery on your arm? Have you been acting a holy comedy?'—'A holy comedy, indeed!' retorted Joseph, erecting himself. 'Do you think the master could take pleasure in such stuff? Our taste is refined; and we have performed an astrologico-tellurico-astral tragedy.'

"Many of the guests expressed unbounded astonishment at these words; others inquisitively asked what that might be. Joseph assumed an important mien, laid his finger upon his lips, and rolled his small sharp eyes round the company. He at length said—'I must betray nothing; but so much I may tell you, as a cure for your monstrous ignorance in such matters. Our tragedy proved nothing less than that the earth turns about like a ball, and has so turned from the beginning of the world.'—'Oho, Joseph of Magdeburg!' exclaimed the landlord. 'What! the earth turn?'—'Just so;' resumed Joseph. 'This queer old earth, that we sit so comfortably upon, turns about with us, and moreover runs round the sun with us.'—'Explain that to us, Seppe,' said a broad-shouldered armourer, with a threatening aspect. 'By St. Peter, I will not believe that you are making game of us! What do you mean by the earth's turning about?'

"'Listen attentively then, good folks,' said the little man, with the most consequential official mien that he could put on. 'Let us suppose that any one could rise up into the air, and so look down upon the city of Rome, as the cranes, storks, swallows, and other irrational creatures do every day, without being the wiser for it; now, if he could manage to stay up there for a few hours, while he was most earnestly looking at Rome, with her towers, and her churches, and her gardens, he would see, queerly enough, the towers and all the rest walk away from beneath him, till, at last, the whole populous city would vanish away like a dream, and other towns would come in its stead, ay, and rivers and landscapes, and the sea; which must be very amusing to watch.' * * *

"'You are a jester;' said the armourer, 'such as I never before met with. The earth turn about indeed! Why, look you here. What is on my hand, remains there while I hold my hand still; but I turn my hand about, and down it goes. Now, I don't see, Master Joseph of Magdeburg, that any of us fall off the earth.' This acute remark struck the audience, and all eyes turned inquisitively upon the lecturer; who, however, maintained his full superiority, exclaiming, with all the pride of science, 'Hey day, Master Giotto, you who are so clever, cannot you explain that for yourself? How happens it, that by night most people and most things disappear, so that one cannot conceive what has become of them? Why does the *Podestà* always double the watch by night, to keep people in doors? And with all that, how long is it since half a dozen thieves, who had broken into the palace, and whom justice had caught, disappeared? Disappeared without leaving a trace. There is your explanation; they have fallen off; and indeed, I do not wonder at such things happening, upon any uncommonly sharp turn.' "

This explanation proves very satisfactory to those who have

seen the roofs of their houses thus jerked off, and such like accidents. It peculiarly convinces a tailor :

" whose red nose showed the quantity of country-wine he had enjoyed, and the measure of his credulity. ' Yes, yes,' said he, ' I clearly perceive that the learned foreigner may be in the right ; why, I do not feel very steady even on the bench I sit on. Who would have suspected old mother earth of such tricks !' * * * ' Come to Germany, friend,' said Joseph. ' There you'll have to open a dozen ears, and yet will not gather all the new and admirable discoveries that meet us daily in the streets.' — ' From Germany came heresy,' murmured a dull voice in a corner of the room, where a pale, lean monk had seated himself."

Upon this monk's report, Copernicus is, of course, arrested. His examination is good, and, although too long to be extracted, a few passages will, imperfectly, give its character. We say imperfectly, because in Germany the day of bold strokes is gone by, and all the new writers work out their effect by minute touches, most unfavourable to extracts and abridgments. The scene of the examination is laid in the ducal palace ; the examiner is a monk, private secretary to the duke ; behind his chair stands a young jesuit, a disciple and secret friend of the accused ; two courtiers appear at a door communicating with the duke's cabinet. After a few insignificant questions, the monk asks,

" ' Why did you leave your country to come here ?'— ' The fame of the Italian men of science, and especially of the Bolognese, attracted me.'—The monk moved heavily in his seat, murmuring to himself, ' The blessed Virgin keep you at home next time !' Then, turning to the clerk, he said, ' Mind you what I shall ask now. Nicholas Copernicus, it is reported that, during thy residence here, thou hast prosecuted great inquiries, and hast discovered a secret of Nature, of which no one has any suspicion. Is this so ?' The two gentlemen at the door whispered and giggled ; the *Pater*, with a threatening look, enjoined silence. ' Yes ;' replied the philosopher, in a cheerful voice, ' It is so, reverend father. There are, indeed, in some ancient authors, hints that indicate an obscure knowledge of it ; yet I may nevertheless say, that, with the help of my friends, I have made an entirely new discovery.'— ' And what is it ?' questioned the corpulent secretary, after a pause. Again the groupe at the door whispered ; the young jesuit raised himself up higher behind the monk's chair ; and, whilst the astronomer considered that upon the next word he should speak hung the weal or woe of his future lot, the door opened, and a head with red hair, a hooked nose, and a pair of dim eyes, was protruded into the room, looking at the astronomer with an expression of fun and curiosity. Copernicus recognized the duke, and, in his confusion, was about to bow ; a wink from the *Pater* prevented him, and the head remained watching between the leaves of the double door. During the silence that prevailed, whilst the master reflected, the words, ' What will he say ? What shall we hear ?' sounded

from the next room. * * * The astronomer at length, hesitatingly, said, 'I have discovered a new planet.'—'So,' exclaimed the Pater; 'What is it?'—'It is well known to you, pious father.' During the pause that ensued, the jesuit behind the chair put his hand into a flower-pot in the window, and suffered the earth, sticking to his fingers, to drop lightly upon the cowed secretary's paper. Copernicus involuntarily smiled: but the *Pater*, carefully blowing away the black particles, said, sullenly, 'I know it? You mistake, master; how should I know, the thing that glitters and revolves perhaps a hundred thousand miles above my head? I cannot spend my nights in such meagre pastime as you. Once more, what do you call the thing?'—'But, good father,' rejoined the astronomer, 'you surely know your own room, in which you transact your business by day—your bed, on which you lie down at night?'—'To be sure; and what of that?'—'Then you know my planet; believe me, it is no further off than the little jump from that window into the ducal garden.'—'By St. Jerome,' ejaculated the *Pater*, 'I believe you presume to make game of me in the very presence of these worthy gentlemen.' A horse-laugh rang from the cabinet. * * * 'Let us see,' cried the annoyed monk, 'whether, if you will not confess, your servant's tongue be not more easily untied.' And the amazed Copernicus beheld the deadly pale, distorted face of his poor servant, who, led in by the guard, cast a shy look at his master. * * * 'Now, chatterer,' said the monk, 'confess, what thou hast already reported, before witnesses, of thy master's secrets.' * * * 'Your reverence has rightly termed me,' said poor Joseph. 'I am an old chatterer, who, with a grey beard, have not outgrown my baby shoes, and whose word is worth nothing at all.'

This indiscreet but most loyal of servants, now, after chattering through two or three pages, claims his master's great discovery as his own; and the jesuit's signs induce Copernicus reluctantly to confirm the falsehood. He is, in consequence, saved, and returns to Germany, and, we grieve for the philosopher whilst we say that the poor, prating, faithful Joseph suffers in his stead.

We now come to *Galathee*, the last of Baron Sternberg's publications, and, of those we have seen, in some respects the best, though certainly not that which we prefer. It is much the most of a work of art—therefore, perhaps, calling itself a *Roman* (novel), in lieu of the anomalous *Novelle*—as being a whole, in which a specific and decided object is constantly kept in view; namely, the conversion to Catholicism of the Protestant Comte de St. Cyr. By the way, the proselytizing zeal of the Catholics seems just now a favourite topic with German novelists. Many of the characters in *Galathee* are boldly conceived and well sustained, especially the *Markgräfin* and her jesuit confessor, who are nevertheless skilfully withheld from prominence. But, to our mind, the moral imbecility of the hero destroys all interest in his

fortunes, almost in Galathee's love for him. We feel that she never could have been happy with him, and is better dead. It is, by the by, not a little remarkable, that all Baron Sternberg's heroes are weak, whilst all his heroines are strong-minded; so that one might fancy one was reading the conception of a woman rather than of a man. The very disagreeable story is this:—

The Comte de St. Cyr, attending a prince, of whose household he forms part, to the court of a Dowager *Markgräfin*, whose daughter the said prince is to marry, falls in love with one of the *Markgräfin's* maids of honour, the pure, high-principled, and self-possessed Galathee de St. Cyr—we presume a distant relation,—who early tells him that she is affianced to a very respectable, absent, and elderly *diplomate*. Neither Galathee's principles, nor even her self-possession, to which in an English novel we should have implicitly trusted, save her from the usual frailty of German heroines; but, after her fall, these qualities enable her to devise a deliberate and very rational plan of conduct, for remedying, as far as may be, the evil. The prince's marriage will presently separate the two courts, and, during the separation, she proposes gradually to break off her existing engagement; when, as soon as she shall be free, St. Cyr may publicly pay, and she accept, his addresses. But for all this the lover has not patience; and, as the diplomatic bridegroom, whom he detests for having once been accepted, arrives, he forthwith challenges and kills him. He must now fly for his life, and, by having slain her affianced husband, seems for ever parted from Galathee.

The prince's favour is, however, all-powerful over impediments; and Galathee piously accepts the unavoidable delay of her nuptials as a happy interval for purification from the pollution of past frailty. Her lover uses it differently. After a short exile, the prince hides his favourite for the winter in a country-palace, where the beautiful Melicerte, a married lady, and his favourite after another fashion, is, under the guidance of a zealous *jesuit* and a fanatic monk, doing penance for—professedly—levity of manners and conduct. This captivating woman, whom he all but positively knows to have been the prince's mistress, completely wins St. Cyr's unstable affections from Galathee, whose self-possession he chooses to consider as cold-heartedness. When, in the spring, the court returns to the country-palace, and Galathee arrives with the *Markgräfin*, as the acknowledged bride of St. Cyr, he gives her back her plighted word, publicly recants his religion to embrace Catholicism, and marries Melicerte, who, her husband being a Protestant, is amicably divorced

according to the law of Protestant Germany, without injury to her reputation. Galathee dies; and St. Cyr, discovering that Melicerte had continued to intrigue with the prince, as also with a young page, even whilst,—as a religious duty, and part of her penance,—making love to him, repents of his inconstancy, parts from his wife, and turns monk.

This volume, as more of an ordinary novel, offers us less temptation than the others to make long extracts; added to which Galathee's self-possession is inimical to striking scenes, whilst those in which Melicerte figures are repugnant to our British taste. We will, however, select an extract or two, and, that they may the more differ from their predecessors, they shall be sketches of characters, addressed, by the hero, to an absent friend. The *Markgräfin*, evidently, though not professedly, the prime mover of the converting manœuvres, is thus described:—

“The *Markgräfin* is at once commanding and courteous; whenever, which is but seldom, the barriers of her rigid etiquette give way, she shows herself both frank and amiable. Her face and form still attest her youth's celebrated beauty. Her former life, replete with political intrigue and intellectual amours, now weighs upon her conscience, a heavy burden, which she endeavours to lighten by penances and devotional exercises. She is a complete bigot, though not austere. Witty impromptus, genuine French, light, yet envenomed jests occasionally flash through the clouds of her penitential gloom—then one loves the intellectual and still beautiful woman, whom one can hardly conceive to be the same one seen nightly stealing through the castle galleries, in the garb of a beggar, and followed by her evil genius, the jesuit Jerome. * * * I must describe to you some really frightful moments that I have endured in the *Markgräfin's* privy chamber, where she receives the discipline. Only conceive, Arthur, that this woman atones for every smile, every jest, with which she delights and dazzles us, by immediately and invariably scourging herself! that the splendour and dignity which her station obliges her to display in her drawing-room, are almost within the hour expiated in hair-cloth! At what a price are the smiles of those yet fine eyes purchased!”

The *Markgräfin's* brother-in-law, the dying *roué*, who had exhausted his constitution by excess before he was out of his teens, is boldly conceived, though his life, as he relates it, is not always consistent with the original character. We give his first introduction, including the dawn of the hero's intercourse with Galathee, who is here not quite self-possessed, and with this extract shall conclude our notice of the clever, if not always judicious, Freiherrn von Sternberg.

“The figure in the picture that most strongly attracts my attention is the old prince. As he never quits his room, but receives visitors, he

often detains me by his side, and relates to me fragments of his life. This takes a tolerably episodical and rhapsodical form; the language stumbling through scraps of French, mixed up with half Italian and German, whence the reflexions here and there introduced appear in a true harlequin's jacket, patched together from all possible systems of philosophy and morality; and in this ludicrous garb his soul seems quite at ease * * * So extraordinary a *roué* I never before met with. He has seen every thing, tasted every thing, and now, when one should expect to find him oppressed with satiety, he makes sport of every thing, even whilst enduring the most excruciating pains of a destroyed body. For months has he been bargaining with his physician for his last breath—has had the cup of death ever at his lips, and ever has he managed to put it aside, and make room for a gay conceit. External nature is nothing to him, is shut out by the always closed green curtains of his windows; but human relations and conditions, and amongst these again the most comical and slippery adventures, incessantly swarm around him in his darkened room; and he seizes them, keeping them stationary before him, when he has a mind to fasten his philosophic maxims upon them. His religion, if one may give such a name to a mass of serious and droll ideas indiscriminately bundled up together, rests upon the necessity of knowing every thing by experience, and of rejecting nothing, since some where or other a nook will be found, into which even what seems most useless, most disgusting, will fit. As for myself, I am so established in his favour, that, when I have for a while been reasonably complaisant, I can even venture to oppose him. Thus did I the other day extricate the *Hof-Fräulein* (maid of honour) St. Cyr, from painful embarrassment. The beautiful girl had attended the princess to visit him, and, as she was retiring, the invalid prince desired her to hand him a newly-arrived book. She did so, when the old faun, leering roguishly at his victim, opened it, and begged her to read to him some verses which he pointed out. I stepped forward to offer my services, which were laconically rejected. I saw the *Fräulein* hesitate in confusion, whilst a bewitching blush dyed her cheek, on which the hoary libertine gloated. This martyrdom became insupportable to me; without further ceremony I took the book from her hand, and, turning the page calmly, read an insignificant stanza. The *Fräulein* escaped from the hateful room, and I had to bear a few sneers, such as,—‘You fancy now that she is very grateful to you for your chivalry! I tell you that in her heart she is angry that you have hindered her from being compelled to acquire valuable knowledge.’”

ART. VIII.—*Noticias Historicis y Descriptivas sobre el gran Pais del Chaco y Rio Bermejo, con observaciones relativas a un plan de Navegacion y Colonisacion que se propone por José Arenales, Corresponding Member of the Royal Geographical Society of London.* 8vo. Buenos-Ayres, 1835.

THE continent of South America opens so wide a field to our view, and by its vastness, numerous population, uncultivated state, and natural productions, offers so large a range for philosophical inquiry and commercial enterprize; adding to these so strong a farther inducement in the wrecks it still preserves of a once civilized, peaceful, and flourishing empire, whose extent rivalled the gigantic sway of the ancient kingdoms of the Eastern Hemisphere; that we are tempted to believe any attempt to concentrate information upon various, if not all, of these points will prove interesting, useful, and perhaps popular with the public at large. So frequent, in truth, have been the changes incessantly of late years occurring in these realms, and so remote and imperceptible both the causes and consequences of revolutions that have repeatedly altered the whole face of government and society, that Europe, at first attracted and incited to speculation by novelty, has long settled down to something like indifference respecting states that seemed born only to expire. The unfortunate termination too of the interest felt by the monetary world, which, like the fabled Seventh Circle of the East, is the latest formed, and embraces and regulates the rest, have led us to turn away from a land that has done so little to repay the confidence placed in its faith and honesty. The unfortunate precipitation that hurried, in Europe and the United States, the acknowledgment of countries so soon as they had shaken off the maternal yoke, and before they had evinced the capacity for governing themselves, or even for regulating their domestic arrangements; however just such a principle might be in the abstract, and however necessary the step might become in a subsequent stage, was pregnant at the time with injury to both parties, and evinced in the bitterest form the moral and political lessons that forbearance of our passions, and even interests, towards a sister state in her moments of difficulty, is a mercy, blessing him that gives as much as him that receives it; and that it is the bounden duty of all statesmen to disregard and control popular clamour upon points of which they themselves are doubtful, and the nation they govern ignorantly impatient.

If, however, the calamities and ruin of the year 1825 have so strongly branded this truth upon the English and European

world, the tissue, on the other hand, of discord, turbulence, civil war, and anarchy, that has laid so large a portion of Southern America in desolation, is no less decisive proof of the fatal consequences of haste. The errors of their old system were too deeply interwoven with the actual condition of the South Americans, to render the sudden change in their polity anything but superficial; and thus the whole web has been rent in drawing them out. A government without a basis of sober habits and fixed institutions was but a fallacious mockery; and where the elements of solidity were wanting, and no time afforded to create them, the name of independence was but an *ignis-fatuus* of the bogs.

The first movements of national enterprize are eager and sanguine; a phrenesy of imagination rather than a hope; "signs of true genius" less than "of empty pockets." The consequent disappointment brings the recoil of mortification to the former, and misery and despair to the last. The fatal lesson of the dark period alluded to has sunk too deeply on the English mind to be easily eradicated, and the convulsions and exhaustion of that premature parturition that boasted to have awakened a new world into existence have justly confirmed the impression. We look for nations, and behold but wastes; for governments, and find but wrecks; turbulence has trampled down order—intrigues saw the roots of prosperity—selfishness spurns at public faith—and independence is the veil of an empty sanctuary.

With such ample grounds for repulsion it can scarcely be wondered at, that the feeling we indulge errs in its excess. The *El Dorado* of early adventure and later speculations is, it is true, only earth; but it is earth that teems with riches, on its surface and in its womb. The dreams of past history and the narratives of present disappointment and desolation are both grounded in fact; but if we would wish to restore the first, we must begin by rectifying the latter, and water the long-neglected stem before the tree can re-produce its former fruits. A long course of peaceful habits had enriched Peru to a state almost beyond credence; a long reign of misrule and disorder has reduced her to an almost equally incredible desolation; but the sources of prosperity though choked are not dried up, and even now, in some places, repay the care of cultivation.

Where, as in South America, the boldest features of nature prevail, man seems to shrink into unusual insignificance, as if he felt himself nothing amidst the giant wonders of creation. The eternal mountain-range, the gulf-like rivers and oceanic lakes, the boundless plains, and woods whose summits fatigue the tracing eye, at first confine his labours to a bare existence and a contem-

plation of immensities which ask ages to rival or control. But there the soil itself supplies the very means for this purpose, in the mineral, the vegetable, and animal kingdoms; the means and the reward of adventure; the sustentation, or objects, of commercial life; and the instruments of transport and communication—a country penetrated by rivers traversing its interior in every direction; confining perhaps, like the mountains, the rude and timid natives within their boundary lines, but opening their bosoms to the bolder hand of European enterprize, and affording every facility for trade and enrichment, by creating civilization through the creation of artificial wants amongst the inhabitants.

The work that claims our attention on this subject is that of Lieut. Col. D. José Arenales, engineer of the topographical department at Buenos Ayres. It contains two interesting Memoirs, the first and most ample compiled by himself upon the vast country of Chaco and the Bermejo river; the second by an able German naturalist, *Tadeo Haenke*, on the navigable streams that flow into the *Marañon* from the Cordillera of Bolivia and Peru. Both these authorities tend to establish the long doubted fact of an easy means of access and communication with Peru by means of the Bermejo and Marañon, or great river of the Amazons. Both these rivers originate in the Bolivian territory; and as this republic actually possesses the elements of riches and commerce, and has creditably distinguished herself from the general category which we have referred to, by attention to the real sources of prosperity, commerce, and peace; before entering upon an examination of the work itself, it may be proper to describe that country, and, though incidentally only at present, the state or states with which she is now confederated.

Bolivia and Upper and Lower Peru, or, according to their recent organisation, the three confederate republics of Bolivia, consist of the latter and the states of North and South Peru, and are comprised between the fourth and twenty-second degrees of south latitude. It is bounded on the north by the new state of Columbia or the Equator; to the east by the empire of Brazil; to the south and south west by Buenos Ayres and Paraguay; and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. The whole country is divided from north to south by the great chain of the Andes, or rather *Antis*, the native term for copper, from the abundance of which the region derives its name, according to modern authorities, but which we must be permitted to doubt. Of the three ranges of these mountains the noblest is the third, which, formed by the snowy crests of Cochabamba and Santa Cruz, and joining the cluster or knot, (as we would render the word *nudo*,) divides the waters of the Plate and Amazon rivers. The *Cachimayo* and *Pilcomayo*, rising hence

between Potosi, Talavera, and Chuquisaca, flow south-east, while the Parapiti and Guapei roll northward into the Mamoré. This range disappears about the sixty-sixth degree of longitude.

The Western Cordillera of Chili and Upper Peru first branches forth boldly at the knot of Porco : and the two ranges embrace the high table-land extending from Carangas to Lampa ; i. e. from nearly the 10th to the 15th degree of latitude ; including the small Alpine lake of Paria, the river Desaguadero, and the great Titicaca lake. Of the features of the country, some estimate may be formed from the fact that this territory exceeds 16,000 square geographical miles ; that the lake itself is nearly 4000, or about twenty times the extent of that of Geneva ; and that it lies from 12,000 to 13,000 feet above the level of the Pacific, and consequently higher than the Pyrenees. In this neighbourhood, the cradle of the Inca race, ruins are found attesting an antiquity greater than that attributed by the Peruvians to Mango Capac ; though this is probably their own error. The Eastern and Western Cordilleras unite near Cuzco, between the parallels of 14 and 15 ; the former including *Ancouma* and *Illimani*, the highest of peaks except the Himmalayah. The atmosphere of this lofty table-land is so charged with electricity, that it deserves its title of the region of the Thunderbolt : the habitable portion is called *Punas* ; and here, the Titicaca is formed by the streams from the mountains, and loses itself, by a solitary outlet, in the plains of Oruro ; so that not a drop of water escapes but by evaporation ; in which singularity it is said to resemble the lunar mountain-lakes. This is the native country of the llama, the guanaco, and the vicuña, — animals indigenous to Upper Peru.

The sea coast of Peru, extending above 500 leagues along the Pacific, is so uniform in its climate, that tempests are totally unknown there. The fields are fertilized by dews, and produce in exuberance vines, olives, and wheat ; all of extraordinary size. But the portion immediately on the sea, consisting wholly of sand, is necessarily destitute of vegetation, by natural means, at present.

The immense extent of country eastward of the Oriental chain is a gradually sloping ground, watered by the rivers Beni and Ucayali ; which, uniting, form the Amazon. This whole region is however little known, and may be considered as limiting the countries that boast European civilization. The Jesuits were the first that adventured upon the soil, and formed establishments at the heads of the above-mentioned rivers, reducing the natives into regular and domesticated settlements. These tribes were easily initiated in European civilization, and taught to embrace Christianity. They are called Mexos and Chiquitos,

inhabit the banks of the Mamoré and Reyes rivers; and hold a frequent communication with the missions of Paraguay, as well as with the Portuguese Jesuits in the interior, towards Matogrosso. Since the expulsion, however, of these Holy Fathers from Spain or Spanish territory under Charles the Third, those establishments devolved to the secular clergy and the civil authority: but this was a fatal step for their future progress in civilization; and they have scarcely preserved what they learned under the sway of the Jesuits. The whole of this tract also belongs to Bolivia.

The immense range of country inhabited by the old Peruvians, and which is included in the divisions of Upper and Lower Peru, affords to the historian monuments of an extraordinary state of former civilization, and even of its political history. Science and the arts were omitted altogether in the accounts written by the Spaniards of this ancient race, and of the information they possessed. But a candid philosophy would pity rather than censure the blindness of the conquerors in the destruction of all the political, civil, and religious institutions of the Peruvians. Europe itself was but just emerging from the obscurity of the middle ages, and under the domination of a bigoted frenzy not merely regarded with horror any, the slightest, deviation from the abstract doctrines of Christianity, but was rapidly proceeding in the course of extermination of all who were in fact only following the religion of their ancestors, and almost utterly ignorant of the existence of other creeds.

This religious, rather than religious, frenzy, originally engendered at the time of the Crusades, was at the full height of its development in Spain, then under the dominion of the heroic, but fanatical Isabella. The propagation of Christianity and the conversion of all infidels and sinful heretics was the most powerful of the feelings that stimulated her haughty and ardent mind to patronize and assist the immortal enterprize of Columbus. The desire of extending his creed was also the object alleged, if not seriously intended, by the Genoese discoverer, as the motive for undertaking so important and vast an aim, and for facing the perils and hardships of his long navigation. A religion that precluded examination; an authority that could recognize no law but force; what wonder was it that these should see in the Peruvians a mere crowd of animals only, or, at best, men little above that standard, devoid of intellectual cultivation, ignorant of the social arts, and destitute of the knowledge most familiar to the eastern hemisphere. Of all the conquerors that overran and devastated the new-found world, those of Peru were the most heartless and ignorant. Pizarro, as well as Almagro, had neither the elevated

spirit, the generous courage, nor the sagacity and talent of *Cortes* : — a mere brutal speculator, an untutored savage, a relentless enemy and a ferocious conqueror, he did not even possess the mental qualities or ability that enlightened in *Cortes* the dark and slumbering spirit of investigation, and relieved the tragic horrors of his achievements. Pizarro could give no account of the realm he had subjected, nor of the marvels of its civilized and even effeminate race : his violent and early death released humanity from one of its meanest disgraces, but did not deprive the world of one particle of information, however dearly purchased, at the cost of so many crimes. The imperfect notices, therefore, that we possess, give us but a feeble clue to the political and social condition of the empire of the Incas.

To form, then, any just idea of the degree of civilization they had attained, we have only the *data* supplied by the ruins of their labours ; their language ; and the present state of the native inhabitants, as contrasted with that of the wandering tribes existing and scattered through the greater part of that wide-spread region situated in the eastern portion of the Andes. All traditions agree that the Peruvian sovereigns extended their dominions by conquest over the neighbouring countries, diverging from Cuzco as from a common centre ; that their conquests southward reached the table-land, or *plateau*, of Bolivia, without, however, penetrating the country east of the Andes ; that northward they extended to Quito ; to the eastward, as far as the valleys of *Paucartambo* ; and westward, to the coast of the sea. These, like the four cardinal points of the mariner's compass, were designated by the epithet of *Tahuantin Suyu*, literally, the four departments ; or, the north, south, east, and west country. In this progress of their empire, the first care of the Incas was to employ the efforts of persuasion before recurring to arms : the advantages of receiving a new dynasty were explained and enlarged upon ; and such was the simplicity of the nations they addressed, or so obvious the superiority of the pretenders in power, and probably in civilization also, that many tribes cheerfully submitted to their rule, and were rewarded by the introduction of the useful arts ; taught to sew, to weave, and to cultivate the earth.

Such were the first steps of improvement ; the only ones perhaps of which wandering tribes are capable ; and it was the principle of the policy of the Incas, that when civilization had made some progress, the chiefs and most enlightened of the several tribes should proceed to their court, where the display of arts and manufactures in their existing perfection awakened the taste for luxury, and the desire of ameliorating their condition at home, by the introduction of the enjoyments of life. The government of

the metropolis took no steps to induce them to discard their national or peculiar dresses and customs, or to settle their litigations by any save the proper judges of their respective lands. But this respect for their original institutions did not, in the case of an unsatisfactory decision, preclude the party aggrieved from applying for redress at a superior tribunal. A prince of the blood of the Incas, necessarily beyond suspicion of partiality, repaired in such cases to the place, and determined the controversy without appeal; for the high character of this judge was a sufficient guarantee of his justice. The decisions were preserved, as well as the facts of public history, by a society instituted by the government. These were the *quipocamayos*, or keepers of the *quipos*, educated from their infancy in the art of thus recording events, and the oral repetition of their histories—a process not dissimilar to the counting of beads in the rosary.

In this manner was preserved the earliest history of Peru; and it is remarkable how the simple and mechanical addition of the Quipo knots, as a sort of ground-work and assistance or regulator to the natural memory rather than the modern creation of an artificial one, materially contributed to the preservation. In the north of Europe, in Arabia, in Tatar, wherever this tangible, and, if we may so call it, numerical system was wanting, the chain of events was finally broken up, in spite of superior facilities for conservation in other shapes, by the separation, displacement, and consequent confusion, leading to total loss, of the connecting links. In the case before us, it was otherwise: and the unbroken series fell fortunately into the hands of the Peruvian Herodotus, the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega. Descended by his mother's side from the original sovereigns, and on his father's from the conquerors, the historian felt doubly called upon to embody the existing traditions, and with pious care he cherished the details given him by his maternal progenitors of the genius and power of his ancestors. While those surviving relics of the ancient stem of royalty, in secret and under the safe sanctuary of the night, bewailed and breathed vengeance over the persecutions of Spain and the decay of their ancient imperial patrimony, the youthful descendant and embryo historian assisted at their conferences, and heard, and treasured in his native tongue the history of the past and the genius of the Inca race. So strongly, in truth, had the remembrance impressed him, that when in Spain he composed the "*Comentarios Reales*," he did not even affect to conceal from her jealous government the sense of injury and the resentment he cherished towards the oppressors of the Incas.

Yet it is amusing to observe how strongly the fierce bigotry of his age and paternal race tintured the spirit of him who abhorred their intolerance. Perhaps the bitterness of religious feeling was

acerbated by that early and long-cherished sense of wrong. The rational, and for that age philosophic, historian, though claiming immunity for his ancestors, could show none himself towards those who might hold a different opinion on the Divine Creator's mode of action. "Although," he observes, "we use the terms old world and new world, this is owing to our recent discovery of the latter, and not to the existence of two worlds, since both are one. To those who fancy that there are several, there is no answering but by leaving them to their heretical imaginings until they are cured of them in hell." A mode of argument that robs of originality Lord Peter's demonstration of bread is mut-ton, and which has had, if not advocates, at least followers, amongst some anti-geological religionists even of our own days.

We must throw a veil over the sanguinary scenes of which this unfortunate soil became the theatre, and confine ourselves to gathering, from existing evidence, some indications of the state and culture of the ancient Peruvians. To this subject, and to the examination of their architectural, monumental, historical, and other records, in comparison with those of various tribes and races, we shall probably turn hereafter—but their moral precepts, comprehended in three brief apophthegms, condense the wisdom of nations against the three vices of society that open a door for all evil: *Ama sua; ama llulla; ama quella*. Thou shalt not lie; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not be idle.

When adoration had ceased for the Lucas, who were known only by their good actions, and whose government, if we may credit the historian, realized the paternal system so vaunted and so abused by China, the power passed into the hands of the Spaniards; but, ignorant of the language, these could not understand the philosophy of their religion nor the spirit of their laws. It is worthy of notice, too, that our own Robertson, whom we should be inclined to style less an historian than an historical writer, has fallen into the vulgar Spanish error of asserting that the Peruvian language was destitute of a word expressive of the Deity. The *Quichua* tongue, farther, is only partially devoid of terms to designate abstract ideas; but the native word *Pachacamac* precisely indicates the Supreme Power, the force that upholds the universe. It is strange that Robertson should have fallen into these, amongst the frequent errors and misrepresentations of his work, as he could scarcely have been ignorant of the authorities he consulted: in the instance before us, the Inca Garcilaso had carefully guarded against the possibility of mistake.

In the same misapprehensive spirit, and doubtless from the same causes, the Peruvians were charged with idolatry, as erecting temples to the Sun. Yet it is unquestionable, that the worship, or more properly speaking, adoration, of this planet, was simply

secondary, and in his capacity of the orb of light; a beneficent star, whose influence induced vegetation, and whose power controlled the starry stations and the seasons of the year; a singular coincidence, the reader will observe, with the Eastern theories as given in our last and present Numbers. As provident legislators, the Incas united religion with utility and temporal weal: thus agriculture flourished, and surveying and irrigation were regulated under the control of the Incas. To their watchful solicitude was due the perfection attained in this latter branch. The tropical heats rendered fresh water scarce, especially near the coast; and, to provide the public with this first necessary of existence, they constructed stupendous aqueducts with the nicest precision and forethought, and a thorough knowledge of the principles of leveling. A few particulars on this head, furnished by a friend, may not be unacceptable.

The rivers that descend from the Cordillera of the Andes in Lower Peru southward to the sea, run in a direct course, and parallel to, the ramifications branching out from the Cordillera. As the soil, from the want of streams, is arid and dry, at even a few leagues' distance from the base of the Grand Cordillera towards the coast, the ancient inhabitants of the country were necessitated to form large canals or reservoirs to fertilize the land on either side of the channels of the rivers down almost to the sea; creating thus an immense vegetation, and inducing a large number of inhabitants to settle in towns and districts. The ruins of these are now visible in the midst of apparent deserts; for, with the neglect and decay of these constructions, vegetation has entirely ceased.

The most striking circumstance connected with these works is the exactness with which the natives were able to follow the levels of the water, and avail themselves of every spot beneath its plane; while traversing mountains and valleys, and following their breaks and sinuosities. Besides the admiration excited by their extraordinary magnitude, the proofs of the builders' skill and forethought are evident, since these canals are double and equidistant, that is, they form parallels at a short distance apart. The larger of these parallels was for general use; the other, and smaller, to supply the inhabitants and water the lands while the first was cleansing, which would be necessary from the sediment deposited from time to time, more especially in the rainy season, and by torrents. I have had various opportunities of closely examining one of these canals, which is formed at the source of the river Saña, on the right bank, and extends along a distance of fifteen leagues without reckoning sinuosities, and which, consequently, supplied a vast population; particularly one city, whose ruins still remain, in the vicinity of a farm now called *Cujal*. The city of Saña,

which gave name to the river, is situated on its bank, between Lambayeque and Pacamayo, and was destroyed by Admiral Anson, so that at present its population is scanty, but its former grandeur is attested by the vast number of ruined temples, &c., that are still to be seen.

Besides ruins of the nature here described to us by an intelligent observer, there is in Cuzco a fountain that supplies the *Hospital de Naturales*, so singularly constructed that every endeavour to trace its course is fruitless, as it sinks into the ground to an unknown depth. The cisterns too that it fills are formed of a compost of lime and sand, equally solid and impenetrable. Another evidence of the advanced civilization of the ancient inhabitants is the facilitating communication by roads, or ways, of 400 or 500 leagues in length, carried over mountains and other obstacles.

The history of Peru offers little that is interesting since its occupation by the Spaniards. Besides the general laws of the Peninsula, there was an especial code, entitled *The Laws of the Indies*: and another for mining, which, as the most important and cherished branch of industry, had its own legislation, distinguished from the rest by the brevity of its proceedings; thus affording no room for the skill and dexterity of advocates. This code was framed by order of the Viceroy Toledo, a man of such reputed talents as to have obtained the appellation of the Solon of Peru. His great qualities were however tarnished by his perfidious conduct to the Inca, *Sayri Tupac*, whom he commanded to be put to death, after having in the strongest manner guaranteed his safety. For this, on his return to Spain, he was bitterly reproached by his own sovereign, and died in disgrace.

The passive obedience shown to Spanish domination, led to an abuse of power on the part of the delegates holding the royal authority. These soon degenerated into a commercial and trading magistracy, who had magazines of goods, which they compelled the Indians and other inhabitants to purchase, at prices fixed by themselves: spectacles, playing-cards, and minute needles, such as are used in only the most delicate work, were sold by compulsion to those who knew not their very names. This was styled *Repartimiento*. A system however that left no choice to the purchaser was too serious an encroachment on private right; and, like all tyranny, which, however grievous to the public, is never resisted till it invades the homes of individuals, it was found too oppressive even for the native patience. The whole population rose against the authorities, and broke out into open rebellion, at the head of which was the celebrated *Tupac Amaru*. It was quelled only by shedding torrents of blood, and disgraced by executions as unheard of as

they were barbarous: acts of horror, that can but in horror be recorded, the more striking since they date but to the year 1781.

The rebellion of *Tupac Amaru* roused the Spanish government from its long lethargy, and occasioned a change in its colonial policy. For the transmarine provinces a new code was formed by Galvez, and entitled *Ordenanza de Intendentes*, allowing greater freedom to the trade between the colonies and their mother country. To that time it had been carried on in the *galleons* which sailed at stated periods to certain ports of America; the rest of the country being, if we may use the phrase, hermetically sealed to all European commerce.

This slight relaxation of the old system, and which was limited to Cadiz, produced nevertheless a kind of revolution in the habits and administration of the rising countries. The class of *Corregidores*, the merchant-magistrates we have alluded to, was extinguished: the vexations to which the natives and the creoles had been subjected in a great degree disappeared, while the supreme judiciary tribunals, styled *Audiencias Reales*, which had been multiplied for the express object, considerably modified and diminished the oppressive proceedings of the different provincial governors. The tribunals or *Audiencias* were established at Cuzco and Buenos-Ayres; as the inhabitants there had previously suffered most severely from the effects of mal-administration, and the deleterious influences of private interests and favouritism: and, since the authorities could no longer interfere with the departments of the treasury and finances, they had no material inducements to swerve from justice, but executed their functions with integrity and independence.

This display of care in the mother country for the private rights and the interests of individuals in the colonies; and the freedom enjoyed by the latter from those contributions and personal services to which native Spaniards were subjected in the parent-land, afforded guarantee sufficient for the future welfare of the American provinces. Content with this, though not free to choose their own governors, a general revolution would probably have been avoided there, but for the catastrophe of that lawless and unprovoked aggression which in 1808 deprived the Spanish nation of its sovereign. The moral, like the physical, body must suffer and sympathise with the injuries of its head. The important intelligence that, in the Congress of Bayonne, the kings of Spain had abdicated the crown of the two worlds, was the spark of combustion that at once set the Spanish-American continent in a flame. From the centre to the extremities a revolution of ideas and feelings spread like the electric fluid descending from the height of their own Cordilleras: As if in concordance with their

geographical position, the most nearly approximated to those steepy summits, and certainly confident in that mountain-barrier which everywhere forms the early cradle of freedom, *Quito* and *La Paz* broke forth into revolution immediately. In the latter of these cities the year 1809 witnessed the formation of the first popular Junta, headed by Sagarnaga, Lanza, &c., and which, entitling itself the *Junta Tutiva*, or protectory, proceeded to depose the authority of the kings who had in the first instance abandoned them.

This revolutionary movement however, the earliest declaration of American independence of Spain, was put down by force of arms and severest punishments. A military expedition marched under the command of Nieto from Buenos-Ayres, and another from Lima was led by Goyeneche, a native of *Arequipa*, and whom his countrymen detested, not less for the share he took in this transaction, than for his having previously become an emissary of Joseph Bonaparte amongst them. To this latter leader may be attributed the inhuman slaughters that followed at La Paz : but scarcely had he quitted that suffering city, when Buenos-Ayres effected a revolution (1810) ; the sequel and consequence undoubtedly of the insurrection of Paz, which had been followed by Quito on the 19th August, 1809.

From that time the history of the revolution that ensued at Rio la Plata, in Peru, and Chili, is familiar to all readers. The alternate changes of fortune and vicissitudes consequent on this state of things were, after many years, terminated by the memorable battle of *Ayacucho*, on the 9th December, 1824, which totally extinguished the power of the Spanish monarchy in all the southern states of America. Upper Peru, which up to this time had been the seat of war and successively invaded and overrun by royalists and independents, had suffered unspeakable evils ; for the contest was carried on with the wildest ferocity whilst it lasted, by the leaders of irregular bands that sprang up and showed themselves in every quarter. The fruits of that decisive day, so glorious for liberty, was the formation of a political society composed of those who had confronted and survived the violence of those sanguinary struggles. Such was the origin of the government of Upper Peru, which, in honour of the great leader who had marched from the Orinoco to plant the standard of independence on the silver mountains of Potosi, adopted his name for itself. *Bolivia*, or the *Bolivian Republic*, separating itself from Buenos-Ayres in 1825, was declared in the first General Assembly an independent and sovereign state.

But the establishment of independence by no means necessarily included the establishment of social order and deference for the laws. A country run to anarchy for so many years cannot at once

return to habits of tranquillity, or dispense at will with the seeds of disorder so long nourished, and bringing forth their fatal fruit in her bosom. It is no wonder therefore that internal revolutions, effected by intrigues of the factions of all classes, continually assailed the public peace, and barred the progress of improvement. A spirit of violence, excited to the utmost during the war, was not allayed by the name of freedom and independence: each leader of a party, whether civil or military, during the contest, had too freely mingled his own with the public interest to forego the former now for the sake of the last; they had tasted the sweets of power, of influence, and of plunder, and would not and could not live without them. The war had destroyed their estates and taught them to banish all nicer scruples for the sake of the paramount advantage; they now consequently struggled as eagerly, if not as fiercely, for predominance as they had previously for victory, and transferred their passions and hatreds from their recent enemies to their actual rivals. There, as elsewhere, a scene ensued evincing that, in the moral as in the physical world, the swell of the ocean when the storm is passed is scarcely less to be dreaded than the tempest that engendered it.

It was at this juncture that *Sucre* appeared on the political stage; and, fortunately for his country, as one of the principal actors. His military talents had already honourably distinguished him above his cotemporaries, and he gave early and satisfactory proofs of political ability also. To him the republic owed the first adoption of those sound principles which have since raised her above her rivals, but his power and influence were of short duration; the intrigues of jealous aspirants, and some errors, however slight and unavoidable in the disturbed condition of the country, forced him into banishment, and faction once more assumed the sway.

But, as the author of the *Memorias Historicas* has justly remarked, societies seem to follow the course of individuals, and as the accidental injuries suffered by the latter in infancy tend in general to strengthen and indurate their feeble limbs for after exertion, so societies in their origin undergo vicissitudes and evils that teach caution, prudence, and fortitude to those who aspire to govern the remainder. The arm he alludes to as requisite to support the first tottering efforts of the young republic was fortunately found in the president *Santa Cruz*; and since the progress made in social order and institutions, as specified in the above volume, are fairly the work of this one man, we may compare the statement of the *Memorias Historicas* with the facts we have ourselves gathered from different sources, to elicit the character and conduct of the present head of the Bolivian state.

"To give," says the volume referred to, "a just idea of the advance made by the new republic during the short period of its natural existence, a multitude of facts start forward which it is difficult to scan without perceiving the fitness of the persons composing the national administration for their task, and admiring the principle of the executive. Bolivia is, doubtless, as her president has declared, a republic that knows the value of peace in promoting and confirming public prosperity."

We proceed to give from our own sources a slight sketch of the president's career so far as connected with the office he holds, and which we consider fully bears out the panegyric of his admirer, for such the author we have just quoted undoubtedly is, if we may judge by his writings.

General Santa Cruz displayed his capacity for the high station to which he has subsequently been called, from the time that he became a member of the Peruvian government council; and it was no small proof of his talents and integrity that this post was bestowed on him by Bolivar himself. From hence he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Chili, where his conduct gained him the applause and esteem of both governments, and where he remained till, on the expulsion of General Sucre from the presidency, he was selected by his countrymen as the fittest person to rule the state, assailed as it was by the turbulence of parties and the intrigues of *Gamarra*. The new president at once felt and acted upon the necessity of creating a fresh element in the social system of Upper Peru: to depress the ambitious and shield the helpless against the excesses of tumultuary violence, he did not recur to force, but adopted the slower and more effective expedient of framing laws and establishing regulations for the due administration of justice in the tribunals. To give permanence to these changes the support of an armed force might become needful, either against foreign or domestic enemies. He placed, therefore, the military on a footing of the strictest discipline, well knowing that the best auxiliary would, without subordination, be only the most formidable foe of his system. His arrangements for the interior administration, to ensure private security, and his regulations for the mines, the principal source of Peruvian riches, have had the effect of introducing confidence and capital; and it is by these results that we, as strangers, can alone decide on the propriety and wisdom of acts that otherwise require more local and intimate knowledge than can be expected in a distant land, of the genius and wants of a people. By the direction and under the eye of Santa Cruz himself, a code has been framed, embracing the civil, criminal and mining departments, as well as the commerce of the country. Great as was the task, it has been completed, and stands

a lasting monument of the author's wisdom and integrity of purpose; while the corrections and alterations suggested by experience evince that not vanity, but public weal, was the source of the undertaking. The Bolivian code therefore justly bears the name of the regenerator, Santa Cruz.

His foreign policy is not less worthy of notice, as manifesting a superiority of views far in advance of his country. In spite of the prejudices, moral and religious, entertained by the native Spanish descendants against foreigners, and the reluctance every where, and not always unreasonably, felt against throwing open the trade of nations; for where commerce has long flowed in particular channels, the first and unrestricted introduction of a different and opposite system must induce serious injury and losses to individuals:—in spite of such and similar prepossessions and prejudices, the Bolivian president has invited strangers to locate on the soil, by placing and recognizing all men alike under the protection of the laws; and given unqualified freedom to trade by the formation of free ports in his dominions: nor are the Spaniards excluded from these arrangements.

The restoration of public credit and financial order; the equitable system of contributions, the preservation of peace abroad, together with the less obvious but not less necessary cultivation of the general mind at home, by the establishment of schools and institutions for arts, manufactures, and sciences; and the proofs of all this in the moderate expenses of the government, which fall short of the receipts; and in the anomaly of a state not indebted at all, amongst a brotherhood, in both worlds, so hopelessly involved as to argue that the public burden is a public convenience; all these, which have been publicly boasted, and which, since suffered to pass without contradiction, we may fairly conclude to be undeniable facts, attest a course of policy so sound and so determined as to induce us to augur well for the future of Bolivia. Her existence in the time of Bolivar depended on one man, but the unity of her present government affords the best ground for trusting that her welfare hereafter is assured by her own wisdom.

We cannot part with the author of the work we have just cited without again expressing* our satisfaction at the soundness and moderation of his views; so utterly unlike the generality of crude and partial theories that continually mislead us in regard to South America, and make us undervalue her judgment. The union of sagacity with patriotism (and something must be allowed for national predilections) which we find in the book, have doubtless

* See the notice of the *Memorias Historicas*, by D. Vicente Pazos, in our number for December, 1834, page 465.

recommended the writer to the Bolivian President's notice; as a panegyrist, perhaps, but certainly a just one; and we hope we are not mistaken in believing him to have been at length rewarded by his country with the post of her diplomatic agent to England; for which, as is evident from his volume, his sound knowledge of European governments and their relation with his native land establishes his superior fitness. The exertion he—for we suppose it must be the same person—formerly made, and successfully, to obtain respect and recognition for his native government from the United States, are found in the State-papers, and that useful record, *L'Art de vérifier les Dates*.* We trust the example of Bolivia will be followed by her sister republics, both in rewarding zeal and controlling faction and disorder.

The recent junction of the two states of Peru with Bolivia, and their voluntary subordination to her president, recall what we have previously stated of the Inca system and sway, spreading and adopted by the influence of a good and beneficial example, in fact, by the progress of reason. The three states were but inconvenient neighbours, too closely connected by position and interest to remain asunder without injury to all. To Bolivia, it seems, this was particularly injurious, as she possessed no market for her produce in the hostility of Peru; and a narrow strip and single port on the sea coast, though rendered free, was a very insufficient outlet for a country teeming with the most valuable productions for foreign commerce. Thus surrounded and confined, or in the happy phrase of diplomacy, *enclavée*, by her rival, the utmost of her efforts must have been slow and imperfect, and the cultivation of her eastern territory, its fertile soil, and trade-inviting streams, must have been the sole channel of her wealth: but this is, fortunately for her, no longer an obstacle; and the power of her neighbour, instead of creating jealousy, is only a source of triumph and gratulation, for it is now her own. *Cobija, Arica, Arequipa, Lima*, and all the sea-coast thrown open, the three kingdoms now join to flourish in union—

“Alike, though various, and though many, one.”

The Bolivian army consists of about 5000 effective infantry and 800 cavalry. Peru has already a marine department; and, however trifling its naval force may seem to European maritime powers, it is sufficient to make her flag respected, and to protect her commerce.

This trade is chiefly coasting, and carried on southwards, from Lima to Chili, &c. in the schooners, which are very numerous,

* Vols. ii. and iii.

and in general of about 100 tons burthen. Formerly large vessels were employed; and some few of from 400 to 600 tons. Guayaquil in Columbia is the place where her vessels are principally built, as the timber there is excellent; mostly of the *palo-maria*, a wood so durable, that a vessel constructed of it is now lying at Santander, in Spain, more than 30 years old.

The Indians, however, carry on a trade from Lambeyaque to Guayaquil, a distance of about 100 leagues, in rafts with three or four men. They are constructed of two or more layers of timber, gradually receding in dimensions to the top, on which the cargo is deposited, the lowest range projecting considerably beyond the others, and in this is fixed the rudder; the steersman consequently is freely exposed to the washing of the waves.

They bear a mast with a single sail; and are laden with sugar, brandies, rice, straw-hats, sweetmeats, fruit, &c. to the quantity of from 300 to 500 quintals—and make the voyage, with the current, in 4 or 5 days. But these ocean currents set only one way, and to return, *hic labor, hoc opus*, against their course, takes nearly two months.

The Indians of Arica avoid this difficulty by rafts or floats of inflated seal-skin, which carry from 4 to 6 persons besides the cargo. When these are discharged, the skins are emptied of air, folded up, and carried over land.

But we must devote a few words to the subject of the commerce, present and future, of the country we have been examining; its produce, and the exploration of those giant streams that till lately have been an opprobrium to our geographical and historical knowledge, and which the recent, though imperfect, investigations of English travellers and native missionaries are bringing strikingly before our eyes, too long accustomed to turn away from them; or, if to regard them at all, to regard them only as impracticable and hopeless courses, pregnant with destruction to their explorers.

Before proceeding with this subject, however, it will not be amiss to notice the singular omission in the map (published by the Geographical Society in their fifth volume,) of the Bolivian Andes. From an Association, naturally supposed by the public throughout Europe and America to combine all the knowledge existing in Great Britain on the express subject of their researches, we should have expected greater nicety of examination, and even, if necessary, corrections of sketches submitted to them by scientific travellers to illustrate their own remarks. Though these might omit features of the country not absolutely required for their immediate observations, yet we should imagine a scientific society almost bound to supply such oversights, since they give a false

idea of the country at large. We shall hereafter, and we grieve to say it, have occasion to refer to this topic in more than one instance, besides the case at present under our consideration. In this, the eastern range of the Cordillera boundary of Bolivia is made to descend towards Oruro, to where the valley of the Quetoto divides it from the range of Cochabamba, running east and west in the 17th degree of south latitude; but no notice whatever, nor indication, is given of the southern boundary of the plateau, which, joining the western Cordillera about the line of Tarapaca, runs in a north-east direction towards Paria, near the 19th degree, and approaching the range of mountains west of Oruro. This is surely a singular, and not very necessary, omission in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

The two journeys of *Mawe* and *Smythe* into the interior of the South American continent have brought much information before our eyes; and the able paper of Mr. Pentland, on the Eastern or Bolivian Andes, abounds with interest. These researches have, amongst other points, brought to our knowledge the high peaks of *Illimani* and *Sorata*, or, as it is called in the Quichua language, *anco-uma*, the *white*, or *hoary*, *head*: both exceeding the vaunted height of Chimborazo, and really rivalling the new-found giants of the Himalayah range in Hindostan. We may observe, by the way, that Mr. Pentland has been misled in his derivation of the first of these names; since the Aymara language (and it is not a *dialect*;) gives the term *kano* for *snow*, and not *illi*, which signifies a thunder-bolt; *mani* is a seat or place, so that the compound term gives us, in *Illimani*, the "realm of the thunder-bolt." Another pardonable error, from the Aymara also, is found at page 79 of the same memoir; *Chuquzaga* is the modern and unmeaning corruption of *Chuqueapo*, which is not by any means entitled to the lofty appellation of *field of gold*. Its far more unpoetical designation is simply *Chuque-apo*, the *potatoe-farm* or *field*; a derivation from any thing but the Tree Sublime, unless of the Utilitarians.

It is time, however, to turn to the commercial views that have been the principal inducement in our review of D. José Arenales' work; since, according to General Miller, the time appears now arrived, when the solution of the question touching the course of the great rivers that empty themselves into the Amazons may be expected; and that he "anticipates, with confidence, the notice of the patriotic government of Bolivia, and of its highly-gifted president, Santa Cruz," to be drawn to this development (*Journal of the Geographical Society*, vol. vi. p. 186). We consider it high time to point also the attention of our enterprising country-

men to this question ; the more, as it cannot be doubted that by tracing those aqueous *aorta*, in their communication with the inferior veins and currents of the American geographical system, and their intimate connection with its heart, we shall add largely to the advancement of science, as well as commercial advantage ; and remove much of the ignorance that has hitherto prevented any cure of the evils of its body politic.

We dwell the more upon these considerations because we observe with pleasure the wise policy of our Foreign department, in appointing, at this juncture, a consul-general to Bolivia ; and it is singular, that the individual nominated (Mr. Pentland), is also a writer to whom we have had occasion to refer with praise in the present article. Great Britain and Bolivia, therefore, have evinced an honourable reciprocity of emulation, in selecting for their mutual functionaries men of distinguished judgment, attainments, and literary talent. We trust sympathy on these points will produce it in others.

The question of commercial intercourse between the two countries is, in truth, of the utmost importance to both parties. If Bolivia finds in it a powerful stay of her political existence, England, too, will obtain on her part a market for her products, and a supply for her manufactures. We well remember the eagerness which stocked the warehouses of Calcutta and the East, and glutted the *almacenes* of Buenos Ayres, some years ago. Those bright anticipations failed at the time ; but individual injury has wrought out, so far as has been permitted, national advantage. By the depreciation consequent on overstocked markets, a taste for British products has spread, though slowly, in both regions : cottons and printed goods are now freely sought for in the Western hemisphere, and English woollens are preferred to fur amongst the mandarins of China ; though the *paternal* care of the last government dispenses for its subjects with all indulgencies of choice in the article of dress.

In this state of growing wants, and readiness for mutual relations, the appointments we refer to are necessary and wise ; and it is highly satisfactory, as an antepast and pledge of future confidence, to behold our Foreign Department avoiding a predecessor's errors ; by disregarding the vulgar censure of dilatoriness and neglect, and calmly waiting the proper time for a measure that involves so many interests and creates so much eager anticipation. The slightest previous encouragement on this head might have opened the door once again to ill-timed speculations, and to those fatal consequences from which wisdom would vainly dissuade, and which humanity must shrink to contemplate. But a minister to those countries now is indispensable, to gather the rays

of commercial information and concentrate them into an official focus; to point out for this nation the properest channels of enterprise, and regulate the course of those who embark in them.

Yet we ourselves can scarcely become chargeable with presumption for attempting to draw to this subject the mind of the public at large. There are cases in which the public voice is called upon to manifest the public feeling, since mankind in general are not in the blessed category of diplomacy, on which speech was bestowed, by heaven, (?) only to conceal its thoughts. A wise government will hear and distinguish the popular voice; a weak and frantic one only will obey the national clamour.

Of the two great streams of South America so little has been known, and that little, till lately, so incorrect, that some short notice of them will be necessary to our subject. The southern river takes its source in the mountains of La Paz, near the foot of both Ancouma and Illimani; whence the Chuqueapo, descending till it almost impinges the 17th degree of latitude, bends northward here, and uniting successively with the Quetoto, Bogpi, Challana, Tipoani, Mapiri, and other streams that water the eastward slope of the Cordillera, forms the great river of the Beni. This, after receiving the waters of the Itenez and Mamoré, assumes, about latitude 9, the name of Madera—or the Wooded:—and joins its stream in the 5th degree of latitude, longitude 59, to the celebrated Marañon or Amazons, in a general angle of 45 degrees. The latter river therefore is, with its tributaries, Peruvian; the former Bolivian in its origin: but their junction takes place at Tatalegua, far within the Brazilian territory, which, descending in the section of almost a square or right angle, includes the Amazons near the 32d degree of west longitude, and the Beni in south latitude 82. It will be therefore obvious, that, however necessary for the commercial existence of Bolivia and Peru, the larger and more important portions of the two great streams are the property of Brazil, from Tabatinga to the Atlantic Ocean.

In prosecution of his efforts for unrestricted trade, the Bolivian president sent an envoy (General Armasa) to Brazil about two years since to throw open the navigation of both rivers to the sea, along the whole of their course through the different territories; but the Brazilian government, considering their right and possibly their safety, compromised by the concession, after many delays rejected the treaty, and Armasa consequently retired. Since then the Brazilian government has granted the privilege of navigation to private companies, after the exploded system of the Eastern hemisphere. The former Peruvian president, Orbegoso, had previously made a similar attempt for opening the Marañon as unsuccessfully.

We need not enter here into any prolonged discussion on the abstract rights of nations to their internal waters; the less, since it is clearly the interest of commerce that these should be navigated freely: and enlightened governments have ever encouraged a system that enriches themselves no less than their rivals, and that, by promoting the relations of countries, unites their interests for the preservation of peace. Thus Spain, in her recent treaty of reciprocal commerce with Portugal, has, by the first article of that convention, declared the Douro free to its source; and Portugal has opened it to the sea. It is singular that the descendants of these respective countries have exchanged their relative positions and pretensions in the new world; Portugal conceding the right which Brazil has refused to yield to the proposition of the Bolivian and Peruvian Spaniards.

The question is most material for the prosperity of Bolivia and Peru; it is also of the utmost importance to European trade: for the closing of half a continent thus hermetically deprives the republic of half her existence. The doubtful project of the Darien canal, and the difficult, if not dangerous, navigation by Cape Horn, are the only two alternatives left for the new state, and these can offer but a partial relief. The long line of the Cordillera opposes, as we have seen, freedom of communication across the country; and thus the richest plains and the most lavish productions of the southern continent must be doomed to neglect, or at least, to the influence of every obstacle that can impede the progress of agricultural cultivation and moral improvement. On the other hand, the opening of the two principal rivers to the east would, in the present advancing state of navigation, bring all those southern republics, to say nothing of Brazil herself, into immediate contact with Europe: Great Britain, therefore, is especially interested in the question; and if with her actual influence through all that southern hemisphere she would interfere to this effect, her political as well as commercial relations would be without a rival; not from gratitude, for nations have not, nor ought to have, political gratitude; but because the necessity of having at hand a powerful and impartial mediator would necessitate a closer cultivation of her amity. We would even suggest to our government the establishment of a Commission of Arbitration in some one of the islands at the mouth of the Amazons, to facilitate the arrangement of any disputed points that may arise. A toll, such as that at the Baltic, might, if agreed on in the first instance, obviate disputes like those which Holland so long and so obstinately persisted in constructing, on the slender basis of the *jusqu'à la mer*. The rights of the case in the present instance differ little from those of the Scheldt, when nations, like school-boys, were half embroiled for a French dictionary.

We need not wonder at the anxiety of the Bolivian president on this point, since it involves all others for his country; and this, we presume, is the cause of his liberal offer of 20,000 dollars for the first steam-boat that reaches the republic though either river. The superiority of many of the natural productions of his country—coffee for instance—to any other, naturally increases his wish to bring them into fair competition with rival growths;—and it requires little sagacity to foresee that, if the botanical researches of Haenke are not strangely exaggerated, the opening of the Amazon and Beni would produce a change in the course of trade as great nearly as that induced by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.

The following is a list of the natural productions of the Bolivian republic and Peru.

Mineral Substances.

Alum, (three kinds,) epsom salts, glauber salts, nitre, or salt-petre, soda, native verdigris, orpiment of Peru, salt, blue vitriol (sulphate of copper), vitriolated tartar (sulphate of potash), magnesia, and nitrate of soda.

Native Alum. There are three kinds of native alum found in this country, and which are called cachina blanca, or white cachina, millo, and colquenillo, or yellow cachina.

Green Vitriol (sulphate of iron). This substance is found in the greatest abundance in the town of Tarapaca, in the province of Carangas. It is found in its native state in the dry season.

Epsom Salts (sulphate of magnesia). These salts are found in great quantities in their native state in masses of slate, and sometimes united with millo.

Glauber Salts (sulphate of soda). This substance is found in the dry season along the road from Cuzco to Potosi and Jujui, and in Tarapaca.

Pure Nitre and Nitrate of Soda. The vast abundance in which this valuable substance is found in Peru is truly astonishing. It occurs in its native pure state; and is fit for commerce without the aid of any chemical process. It abounds on the tops and sides of the hills; and besides, there are many plants which yield it abundantly by lixiviation.

Native soda, native verdigris (sub-acetate of copper), orpiment of Peru (a sulphuret of arsenic), and common salt.

All the foregoing substances are produced ready formed to hand without the aid of art.

Vegetable Substances.

I. Medicinal. Gum arabic, camphor, hamahama (a species of valerian), taunitani, arnica of the Andes, guachanca (tithymalus

tuberosa radice: the favourite drastic medicine of the natives), quinquina (Peruvian bark), jalap, rhubarb, sarsaparilla; gums copal, storax, tragacanth, myrrh, guaiacum and benzoin, frankincense, balsams of copaiva, Peru, and tolu, gentian, aloes, cullen (*proralea grandulosa*), calaguala (*polypodium canceolatum*), canchalagua (a species of gentian), vira-vira (*graphalum viratira*), chamico, azraguero, ipecacuanha, cinnamon, and a variety of bitumens and resins.

II. Economical. : Tar, yellow wood of Santa Cruz, chorisiqui, molle and tola, chapi; rocon, or Brazil wood, airampo, indigo, coca, cora, tobacco, coffee, cotton, potatoe, banana, oka (*oxalis tuberosa*), quinoa (Peruvian rice or millet), agi (Guinea pepper), agave (forming a light cider), vanilla, allspice, wax, chonta, mahogany, lucma, ginger, olives, grapes, palms, tamarinds.

Many of these substances are dye stuffs, such as the yellow wood of Santa Cruz, chapi, and airampo (a cactus on which the cochineal feeds); the former for dyeing yellow, and the two latter red.

Lucma and chonta, fine woods used in cabinet work. The lucma yields a delicious fruit, and the chonta is equal in colour, in fineness of texture, and solidity, to ebony.

Animal Substances.

Sal ammoniac, wool, cochineal, furs, plumage. The fur of the chinchilla is not inferior to that of the martin; the furs also of the zorillo and the bullin, an amphibious animal, are very valuable. The ostrich inhabits the Cordilleras.

Wheat.

The mean produce of wheat in Peru, compared to that of other countries, is truly astonishing. It is computed by Humboldt that the produce of wheat in the plains of Caxamarca, in Lower Peru, is from 18 to 20 for 1, while that of France is from 3 to 6 for 1, and that of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Louisiana, is 4 for 1. From these data, we may estimate the average produce of wheat in Caxamarca to be from 60 to 70 bushels an acre.

Maize, rice, the sugar-cane, fruit (native and all European kinds); horned cattle; sheep, four kinds; the llama; the alpacha and vicuña, both valuable for fine wool: and the latter producing the best bezoar-stone.

ART. IX.—*Historisches Taschenbuch, herausgegeben von Friedrich von Raumer. Siebenter Jahrgang.* (Historical Pocket-book, edited by Frederick von Raumer. Seventh Year's Produce.) 12mo. Leipzig, 1836.

WE long since made our readers acquainted* with Herr von Raumer's strange whim of publishing beforehand a portion of the appendix proper to a work in contemplation or in progress, as also with the manner of its execution. Having done so, we feel under no necessity of reviewing his repetition of this new—can we call it original?—device in the craft, or mystery, of bookmaking, i. e. his recent publication of materials collected in London, at the British Museum and the State Paper Office; especially as, whatever remarks we may wish to make upon the documents themselves, or their subject matter, will find a natural place in the *critique*, that we hope ere long to offer, of the great work upon which the Berlin professor is now engaged, namely, his *History of Europe since the end of the Fifteenth Century*. But we must meanwhile call the attention of the British public to another historical enterprize of this indefatigable literator,† which we have too long neglected; we allude to the *Historical Taschenbuch*, of which he has now been seven years the editor and one of the writers.

Our readers are aware, we believe, that a German *Taschenbuch* bears no analogy to the small almanac with blank leaves for memorandums, that the sound of the word pocket-book conjures up to our mind's eye. Perhaps the title of the work now before us might best be translated *Historical Pocket-volume*; but even this might mislead the English reader—not indeed the primitive student, the book-worm regardless of appearances—but of that race, so rapidly disappearing from the face of this island, if not of the earth, how many, we should ask how few, specimens remain? and we suspect that the dandy scholar or critic, who should venture forth with a *Taschenbuch* of the bulk of from 500 to 600 pages in his pocket, would grievously rue the detriment occasioned to that portion of his reputation which depends upon the name and skill of his tailor; whilst we are convinced that no living blue-stocking sports a *reticule* capacious enough to contain so cumbersome a volume.

But enough of the title and outward form. We proceed to the proper province of the critic, the nature of Raumer's *Historisches Taschenbuch*, which, if no pocket-companion, will be found a useful and agreeable drawing-room or library guest, instructive, and often entertaining.

The book is in fact an historical miscellany, consisting of detached pieces of history, too detailed for general history, yet too short, or relating to events of importance too limited, to form a separate work; of essays upon historical antiquities; of inquiries into single, curious, or obscure points, or facts; of philosophic views of periods of history; of

* See F. Q. R. vol. xi. p. 452.

† This word is used by Burke, and justly, according to its Latin meaning, for a petty schoolmaster; but, as the English language really wants a singular of the familiar plural *literati*, (man of letters is heavy,) we have ventured to follow the continental fashion of the day, in assigning new significations to old words, and thus use *literator* in the sense of the corresponding French term *littérateur*.

collections of facts, or what the Germans call contributions (*Beyträge*) relative to particular subjects, and the like, by divers authors, mostly historians of German, if not European, celebrity. Thus, though there are few persons who would or could read through all the seven volumes that have now appeared, there are probably still fewer who would not, upon dipping into them, find profitable amusement or desirable information.

A detailed account—an analysis would be impossible—of the whole unconnected, though not heterogeneous, mass is out of the question. But we will, as explanatory of the editor's plan, state the contents of the last two volumes, and add an extract or two from one of the most amusing articles.

The *Taschenbuch* for 1835, though of considerable thickness, contains only three papers. The first of these is entitled, *Jürgen Wullenweber von Lubeck, oder die Burgermeister-Fehde*, (George Wullenweber of Lubeck, or the Mayor's Feud,) and is a circumstantial narrative, by F. W. Barthold, of one of the many popular rebellions to which, in Germany, the Reformation gave rise. The peculiarities attracting the historian's notice to this individual civil war are, that, breaking out in the Free Imperial Hanse town, Lubeck, the flames caught the kingdom of Denmark,—that, originating in the Hanse town, in the resistance of a Protestant democracy to the intolerance of a Catholic priesthood, it produced, in the monarchy, municipal resistance to a Protestant king, and a passionate popular desire for the restoration of a Catholic sovereign, whose name is usually associated with ideas of cruelty, tyranny, and bloodshed, but whom we find surnamed the People's Friend; a designation under which it is difficult to recognize Christian II. of Denmark, best known as the usurper of Sweden, and the enemy of Gustavus Vasa. The second paper is an essay, by J. Voigt, illustrated by facts, extracts, and original letters, upon the mode of life and habits of princes in the sixteenth century, invaluable to the writer of historic novels; and the third is a similar essay, similarly illustrated, or nearly so, upon the mode of life and social condition of heathen Iceland, by Dr. H. Leo, an eminent historian.

The *Taschenbuch* for 1836 divides a smaller number of pages amongst a greater variety of subjects. The first article is entitled, *Die Schlacht von Deutsch-Wagram*, (The Battle of Wagram); and is an account of that great defeat of the Austrians, with its immediate antecedents, by K. A. Varnhagen von Ense, a northern German, it should seem, who, excited by the victory of Aspern, hastened to obey the imperial summons to take part in the contest of the German empire against French thirst of conquest. It is scarcely worth adding that the description of an eye-witness gives interesting details, rather than the enlarged views of an enlightened strategist or statesman.

The second, *The Marriage of William of Orange with Anne of Saxony*, by K. W. Böttiger, is a dissertation on the conjugal dissensions of this high-born pair. It gives some amusing particulars preceding the union of the Dutch prince with the wealthy Saxon princess, but leaves unsolved the main question, that of the propriety or impropriety of:

William's conduct, though admitting the vices to which Anne in her forlornness and distress finally abandoned herself. The most remarkable points brought forward are, that all the obstacles to the marriage turned upon the Catholicism of the prince of Orange, that wise and steady antagonist of Philip the Second's bigotry, and the fears of Anne's relations lest he should lure her from the Protestant faith; that when the Electress of Saxony requested him not to interfere with her niece's religious opinions, he, William the Taciturn, of whom we think only as the grave statesman and warrior, absorbed in an arduous struggle for political and religious liberty, answered, that "he should not trouble her with such melancholy things, but would have her read, instead of the Holy Scriptures, Amadis de Gaul and the like entertaining books that treat *de amore*; and, instead of her knitting and sewing, learn to dance a galliard and the like courtlinesses, such as were usual in the country, (meaning of course the court at Brussels,) and seemly." Thirdly, that when William had become the great champion of Protestantism, his Protestant wife turned Catholic; and finally, that this champion, this martyr of a strict religious creed, besides annoying his princess with a few paramours, married a third wife during the life of Anne, from whom he separated himself, but never was divorced.

The third paper, by our Lubeck acquaintance Barthold, depicts the court and cabinet of Anna Ivanowna—or Ioanowna as he writes it—of Russia, and of this, intending to take our extracts from it, we shall say no more till we shall have despatched the three remaining papers. They are a comparative statement, by F. von Raumer himself, of the financial administration of Prussia under Frederic William I., Frederic II., and Frederic William II.; a narrative by R. Roepell, of the first war between the French and English in the East Indies, clearly showing that our immense Indian empire was actually forced upon us by French ambition; and lastly, an abstract, again by Raumer, of a Venetian Envoy's report of the negotiations between Charles V. and Francis I., carried on at Nice under the mediation of Pope Paul III.

We return to the Czarina. This paper is not a master-piece, and, instead of bringing out its grotesque figures, its glaring contrasts, in bold relief, goes somewhat long-windedly about their delineation. But it is well conceived, and in the true German spirit of nationality, as a portrait of the struggle between Germanism,—we should probably have said European civilization,—and Russian nationality. This is the light in which it is most interesting; and, although the contrast between Anne's neglected youth and her subsequent exaltation to the empire be impressive; though the obscurity shrouding her connexion with her favourite Biron,—to whom she married a lady of her household, and of whose reputed legitimate children it has been doubted whether his wife, or she, his imperial mistress, were the mother,—is provocative of curiosity, it is the seeming contradiction of virulent rivalry amongst themselves, blending with a cordial coalition against the native Russians, of the basest self-interestedness combining with zeal for the advancement of their adopted country, of her foreign ministers, generals, and favourites, that forcibly arrests our attention in this sketch. We should like to extract the ac-

count of the arts of the German chancellor, Ostermann, who, avoiding collision with the omnipotent favourite by pretending illness, retained his office and his influence, without crossing his own threshold, and sent his decisions upon important state affairs from his pseudo-sick-room; to exhibit Münnich despotically and successfully conducting two wars, whilst apparently upon the brink of ruin from Biron's enmity; and display the capricious tyranny of the upstart favourite himself, more resembling adventures in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, than the sober incidents of European life. But our limits render this, which would require long extracts, impossible; and we will therefore take a shorter subject from this picture of the court and cabinet of Petersburg; to wit, the intrigues that surrounded the death-bed of Anna Ivanowna. She was a childless widow, and in her selection of a successor had passed by her natural heiress, her niece Anne, the only child of her elder sister, to fix upon that niece's new-born son; and the intrigues in question regarded the nomination of a regent during the infant autocrat's long minority. When the Czarina was suddenly seized with her last illness, we are told that—

"Biron, fearing the worst, a prey to stormy anxieties, quitted the inner apartments, and sent his son with the threatening intelligence to the Princess Anne, who, being herself unwell and very capricious, referred him to her lady of honour and confidante, the *Fräulein* (unmarried noble lady) von Mengden. Biron next summoned the two cabinet ministers, Czerkaskoi and Bestuchew, the grand *Maréchal de la Cour*,* Löwenwolde, together with Münnich, who, since his return from the Turkish war had, better than before, concealed his obstinate self-will under a show of flattering attention to the favourite.*** To the two last, named, Biron, with tears and lamentations, revealed the dangerous state of the Empress, and his fears for the future.*** He observed that it was essentially important to entrust the government to experienced, strong, and resolute hands; that the character of the Princess Anne was unobjectionable; but that, as regent, she would, from natural affection, invite her father to Russia; who, whimsical and obstinate and at variance with his own subjects, would most injuriously mislead his daughter: whilst, if the regency were committed to the Princess's husband, the Prince of Brunswick, the noxious influence of the court of Vienna was unavoidable.***

* Czerkaskoi, entering into the secret wishes of the duke, (Anna had made Biron duke of Courland), declared that no one was so worthy of the regency as he who had so long governed the empire with equal zeal and reputation, and whose interests, as Duke of Courland, were so intimately connected with the weal of Russia. Bestuchew chimed in, in the same key; and Münnich, impelled, it is said, by the immediate danger of making objections, thought it advisable to assent.*** But there is every reason to believe that Münnich most zealously promoted Biron's nomination as regent. He hoped, once at the head of the military force of Russia, to find Biron more manageable than another; especially than the Duke of Mecklenburg, as the ladder for his climbing ambition; he hoped perhaps, according to Biron's repeated promises, to be hetman of Little Russia. Besides, the maintenance of the existing Anti-Russian system, and the common interest of the foreign authorities, whose very

* We hardly know how to translate this title further than into French; the German is *Oberhofmarschall*. The mention of the court implies too much of a household office to answer to our earl marshal, and Biron himself was lord high chamberlain.

lives were threatened upon every change of government, required that the duke should, in the first instance, be placed at the head of the empire. Should the change of reign burst a single link of the chain that held down the Russians' hatred of foreigners, they must all perish. * * *

"Count Löwenwolde hastened to Ostermann, who for five years had not appeared at court. Biron repaired to the sick-room of the empress. (He or his wife remained constantly on guard there.) * * * Ostermann was startled when Löwenwolde acquainted him with the instant urgency of affairs; but, upon the same grounds with Münnich, assented to Biron's appointment as regent."

Biron now affected a modest reluctance, which was of course overruled without much real difficulty.

"Early next morning, Münnich and the rest entered Biron's chamber, demanding an audience of the empress. The lord high chamberlain (Biron) announced them, and discreetly withdrew to the ante-chamber. After duly expressing their grief at the condition of the imperial invalid, they read her the manifesto they had prepared respecting the announcement of Ivan (the newborn babe) as heir, and presented it for her signature; whereupon Münnich entreated the empress to name Biron regent. The invalid gave no answer, but seemed exhausted and depressed, when the lord high chamberlain re-entered the room. She said 'I have signed that oath with a trembling hand; I did not so subscribe the declaration of war against the Porte.' She observed that she had inadequately rewarded the long services of her friend, and intimated that Münnich had recalled a thought that had been in her mind during the past night. * * *

"Two days after the oath of allegiance to the infant Grand-Duke had been taken, the aged and infirm Ostermann was carried in an armchair to the bedside of the empress, whose face he had not seen for five years. He drew out a paper, and asked if he might read to her her last will; Anna, who still would not hear of impending death, who had reluctantly yielded even so far as to admit the chancellor, that monitor of life's transitoriness, who had already stood beside the deathbed of three sovereigns,* rejoined disturbedly, 'Who has drawn up my last will?' when Ostermann, raising himself up in his armchair, answered in Russian, with a low bow, 'I, your faithful slave.' Then soothing the agitated empress with explanations, he read his paper. When he came to the article that said, 'The Duke of Courland shall be regent during the sixteen years of the emperor's minority;' she, in Russian, and in seeming surprise, asked Biron, who was then entering the room, 'Needst thou that?' and took the paper in her hand, as if to sign it. Upon his imploring her to spare herself and him the pain of signing her last will, she placed the document under her pillow, and dismissed the assembly in uncertainty as to her determination."

Biron next endeavoured to gain the slighted mother of the baby-heir to his interest.

"She evaded his request to interfere, by the vague assurance that she would conform to the empress's pleasure, but not disturb the invalid by again reminding her of death. * * * Despairing of the princess's co-operation, Biron urged the presentation of a petition, signed by the most considerable members of the cabinet. Upon receiving it, the empress, clearly foreboding that Biron was preparing his own overthrow, summoned the chancellor to court. Not until the second invitation, did Ostermann re-appear in his armchair. Anna drew the paper from under her pillow, signed it, and bade Ostermann inform the petitioners that their request was granted. The chancellor then enclosed the document in a cover, and sealed it up beside the bed of the dying autocratrix;

* Peter I., Catherine I., and Peter II.

who handed it to the lady von Uschakow, to be by her locked up in the imperial jewel-chest, that stood at the bed's head."

And thus was the low-born Biron, not content with his duchy of Courland, made regent of all the Russias, until he was, more cleverly than honourably, ousted by Münnich, who transferred the regency to the princess Anne and her husband, in order to be viceroy over them; but, ere long, to be in his turn ousted, together with the infant Czar Ivan, his parents, and the whole of that branch of the imperial house of Romanow, by the conspiracy that suddenly elevated Elizabeth Petrowna to the throne of her father, Peter the Great.

ART. X.—*Invasions des Sarrasins en France, et de France en Savoie, en Piémont et dans la Suisse*, par M. Reinaud, Membre de l'Institut, &c. 8vo. Paris, 1836.

THE wars between the Saracens and the Franks in the West form an extremely interesting chapter of middle-age history, and one which hitherto has been but imperfectly known. Those invasions, indeed, took place at a period which, in the annals that remain, is wrapped up in great obscurity; it was a period of revolution, a period sometimes of anarchy, and always of violence; but it was the period when were laid the foundations of most of the institutions of the western part of the continent, the ground-work of its political divisions, and of its science and its literature for some ages after. It was an age which in after-times gained a larger place in the pages of the poet than in those of the historian, and to it we owe the plot of the romance of the Lorrains, and of the vastly extensive Carlovingian cycle. M. Reinaud has sought to supply the deficiencies of the Christian historians of this period, by confronting them with the writings of the Arabians; and, aided in the research by his profound knowledge of the Arabic language, and his position as Keeper of the Oriental Manuscripts of the Royal Library at Paris, he has certainly made a very curious and interesting volume, which cannot fail to be acceptable to the historian for the light which it throws on the dark period of which we have been speaking, and to the lover of middle-age literature, as an invaluable companion to the earlier romances which were founded upon the invasions of the Western Saracens in France.

The turbulent state, and consequent helplessness, in which France found itself at the commencement and during much of the continuance of the Hispano-Arabian invasions, has been vividly pictured to us in the romance of Garin as edited by M. Paulin Paris, of which we have given an abstract in a former volume.* It was early in the eighth century, when the dynasty of Clovis was falling beneath the vigorous usurpation of the *maires* of the palace, that the Arabs, who had made themselves masters of Spain in an incredibly short space of time, were first perceived on the borders of France. The part which was first exposed

* Vol. xvi. p. 113.

to their attacks (Languedoc and Provence) was governed by Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, who, himself allied to the blood of Clovis, looked with suspicion and jealousy on the rising power of the usurping family, and was himself as fearful of seeking the assistance of the then ruler of the Franks, as the latter was backward in aiding one whom he knew to be opposed to his power. The Saracens, whose horses gave them an advantage similar to that which the Danes, in their predatory invasions of England, derived from their ships, spread fear and consternation by the quickness and suddenness of their motions; but, in fair battle, they generally yielded to the heavy firmness of their opponents: and the Christians, though terribly harassed by the cruel devastations of the infidels, were from time to time saved from entire subjugation by an opportune, and, for the time, decisive victory. It was thus that, in 721, the expedition of Aksamah, who had formed the project of marching victoriously through Europe to Constantinople, was disconcerted before Toulouse by the arms of Eudes.

In 724, a new invasion, much more terrible and destructive than any which had preceded it, was conducted by Ambissa, the governor of Spain. This chieftain was slain, and the invasion withheld for a moment, but new bands of Arabs arrived to restore courage to their companions; the whole of the country as far as the Rhône was overrun; the barbarians penetrated into Dauphiné and Burgundy; and Vienne, Lyons, Mâcon, Châlons, Beaune, Autun, and other important towns, experienced the extremity of their ferocity. Their depredations continued for some years almost undisturbed till about the spring of 732, when Abd-alrahman arrived with a new army from Spain, resolved upon the entire conquest of the kingdom of the Franks, and destroying every thing on his route. Bordeaux and Poitiers were sacked by the Infidels, and they were on the point of subjecting Tours to a similar fate, when Charles Martel, who, at the solicitation of Eudes had withdrawn his troops from the shores of the Danube, the Elbe, and the Occan, made his appearance on the banks of the Loire. Eight days after was fought the memorable battle which decided the fate of Christianity in the West, and which gained for the conqueror the title by which he is best known.

"An Arabian author tells us that, at the approach of Charles, Abd-alrahman was alarmed at the looseness of discipline which, in consequence of the immense riches that his soldiers dragged after them, had crept into their ranks, and that for an instant he had conceived the idea of inducing them to abandon a part of their booty. He feared lest, in the moment of action, the goods which they had acquired by so many fatigues and by so much excess would be an impediment; but still he was unwilling, in so critical a moment, to raise discontent amongst his troops, and he rested his hopes on their bravery and on his own good fortune. This weakness, adds the author, was soon followed by the most fatal results.

"The same author relates that, in the very presence of Charles, the Mussulmans threw themselves upon the city of Tours, and that, like raging tigers, they glutted themselves with blood and pillage; which doubtless, he adds, irritated God against them, and occasioned the disaster which followed. The Christian writers, whose relation, it is true, is very defective, make no mention of the taking of Tours, and suppose that the treasure of St. Martin remained untouched; whence we may conclude that the suburbs alone were for a moment exposed to the ravages of the barbarians.

"At length, after eight days passed in mutual observation, and after some slight skirmishes, the two armies prepared for a general action. The Arabian account already cited gives us to understand that the battle took place in the neighbourhood of Tours, and this is the opinion adopted by Roderic Ximenes, who follows generally the relations of the Arabians. On the other hand, most of the French chronicles, and particularly that of the Abbey of Moissac, which is a contemporary compilation, affirm that it was fought near Poitiers, or even in a suburb of that city. We may reconcile the two statements by supposing that the first encounter of the two armies occurred at the gates of Tours, whose suburbs had been already plundered; and that during the engagement the Saracens lost ground, so that their ruin was completed under the walls of Poitiers.

"It was then, according to some authors, the month of October, of the year 732. The Saracens began the battle by a charge of their whole cavalry. The French were supported by the memory of their former victories, and by the presence of Charles Martel, who was himself on the spot wherever the danger was most imminent. In vain the Saracens, by the quickness of their motions, tried to throw disorder into their ranks; the Christians, heavy-armed, and, according to the expression of a contemporary writer, like a wall, or a mass of ice which no effort can break, saw their most impetuous attacks repulsed by their firmness. The combat lasted the whole day, and night alone separated the two armies. On the morrow, the action recommenced. The Mussulman warriors, athirst for blood, and unaccustomed to such a resistance, redoubled their efforts. Suddenly their camp was attacked by a detachment of the Christians, led probably by the duke of Aquitaine. At this intelligence, the Saracens left their ranks to fly to the defence of their plunder. In vain Abd-alrahman endeavoured to establish order; his efforts were useless; he was himself pierced by an arrow and fell. From this moment the disorder was fearful among the Saracens; they succeeded in saving their camp, but a great part of their army was left dead on the field of battle.

"As it was again night, Charles prepared for a renewal of the combat on the morrow; but the Saracens, who had entered France with the intention of subduing it, and who now saw themselves entirely defeated in their object, judged it useless to try again the fortune of battle. Taking advantage of the night, they sought in all haste the road to the Pyrenees; and such was their precipitation, that they waited neither to strike their tents nor to secure their booty. In the morning, Charles presented himself with his army to renew the combat; but, being informed of what had happened, he seized upon the enemy's camp, and distributed amongst his soldiers the riches which were there piled together."—pp. 43—47.

There can be no doubt that this battle saved Christianity in the West. Its importance is acknowledged equally by Christian and Arabian writers; the former declare that three hundred and seventy-five thousand of the Saracens were slain in the engagement; the latter call the place the *Pavement of the Martyrs*, (بلاط الشهداء), and assert that one may still hear there the noise which the angels of heaven make in so holy a place, to invite the faithful to their prayers.

Still the ambition of the Spanish Arabs was not broken. New invasions were planned and executed. A few years afterwards, before Narbonne, they received another check from the arms of Charles Martel, who was now master of the kingdom of Eudes. But they long held possession of Narbonne, and were thus virtually masters of the surrounding districts. The divisions and dissensions which broke out among the

Arabs themselves in Spain, and the vigorous efforts of the remains of the Goths, who had established themselves in the mountains, contributed not a little to the salvation of France. In 759, Narbonne was recovered by the Christians, and the kingdom of Pepin was purged of the barbarians who had so long harassed it.

Under Charlemagne, things took a new turn, and the Franks became the invaders. One party of the Saracens had invited the emperor to cross the Pyrenees and aid them against their opponents. He did so, but found by no means the encouragement he had been led to expect. He took by force Pampeluna, and is said also to have taken Saragossa. But news suddenly arrived, announcing the renewed hostility of the Saxons. Charles hastened into France. But, in passing the Pyrenees, his rear-guard was attacked in the valley of Roncevaux, by the Christians of the mountains, who looked upon the entrance of the Franks as an attempt upon their own liberties; they were perhaps aided by the Saracens, and many of the most illustrious of the Frankish warriors were slain. Among them, we are told, was Roland. This was that disastrous battle of Roncevaux which has been so often sung by bards and minstrels.

Towards the close of the eighth century, France experienced a new and formidable incursion from the Arabs of the Peninsula; they were partially successful, and the rich spoils which they took were employed in finishing of a mosque, which now forms the cathedral of Cordova. It is said by some Arabian writers, that the foundations of this new part of the mosque were laid in earth which had been brought from Galicia and Languedoc, conquered territories, on the backs of Christian captives.

The Saracens, however, made no permanent conquest. On the contrary, they were losing ground; and, in the first year of the ninth century, the Franks besieged and took Barcelona, which had remained ninety years in the hands of the Mussulmans. But under the successors of Charlemagne, the Saracens again entered France both by sea and by land, and ended by establishing themselves in Provence.

We have thus reached the middle of M. Reinaud's history. In his "third part," he relates to us how, after their establishment in Provence, the Saracens made extensive and destructive excursions into Savoy, into Piedmont, and into Switzerland. The former of these countries was then called Maurienne, and it is the tradition of the wars during this latter occupation of France by the Saracens—that has formed the groundwork of the earlier part of the poem of "Garin le Loherain." About 960, the Mussulmans were driven from Mount St. Bernard; five years after, they were ejected from the diocese of Grenoble and the valley of Graisivaudan. From this time to the end of the century, we hear of nothing but the successes of the Christians. France was freed from the Saracens who had so long ravaged its fairest provinces, and the divisions among the Arabs in Spain, and the continued success which crowned the efforts of the remains of the older population of the Peninsula, delivered it from the fear of future invasions.

The fourth part of M. Reinaud's book, on which we shall not at present enter, is devoted to the consideration of the general character of the Saracen invasions, and of their influence on the manners, condition, and literature of the Franks.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

NETHERLANDS.

A COMMENCEMENT has been made of a Collection of inedited Belgian Chronicles, undertaken by order of the government. The first volume, which has appeared, contains the Chronicle in verse of Jean van Heeln, or Narrative of the Battle of Woeringen, edited by J. F. Willems, of the Academy of Brussels. It forms a 4to. volume of 86 sheets.

There has also appeared at Brussels "*Le Livre de Baudouyn, Conte de Flandre; suivi de fragments du roman de Transignyes,*" edited by C. P. Serure and A. Voisin, an 8vo. volume, with 20 wood-cuts.

At Ghent has been printed "*Theophilus, gedicht der 14e eeuw, gevolgd door drie andere gedichten van het zelfde tydvak,*" 8vo.

FRANCE.

M. HENRI TERNAUX, whose collections concerning and knowledge of the early history and literature of Spain and America are well known, and who has lately published a bibliographical catalogue of works relating to America, from its first discovery to the year 1700, is now publishing a series of French translations of the earlier works on America. Three volumes are just published, containing the Narration of Nicholas Federmann of Ulm, from the edition of 1557; the history of the province of Santa-Cruz (Brasil) by Pedro de Magalhães de Gandavo, from the Lisbon edition of 1576; and the relation of Hans Staden, of Homburg in Hesse, from the German edition of 1557. Three other volumes are in the press, which will contain the History of the Conquest of Peru and Cuzco, by F. Xeres, the Secretary of Pizarro; the Voyage of Ulrich Schmidel of Straubing to Brasil and the Rio de la Plata; and the Expedition of Don Alvar Nunez Cabeça de Vaca, from the edition of 1555, printed at Valladolid.

A new daily newspaper has been lately established at Paris, entitled *Le Monde*, whose professed object is to unite the literature and politics of all countries, and accordingly the scholars and politicians of different countries have been invited to contribute to its columns. It has obtained the names of some very distinguished German scholars.

M. Paulin Paris has published, in 8vo., the first volume of his *Catalogue of the French Manuscripts of the Bibliothèque du Roi*. It includes the MSS. in large folio, and contains a very detailed and interesting account of the history and contents of each volume.

M. Silvestre has in the press a volume of collections on the curious legendary voyage of St. Brandan. It will contain very early Latin and English

poems on the adventures of the Saint, edited by Mr. Thomas Wright, an Anglo-Norman poem, edited by M. Francisque Michel, and two early poems on the same subject in different German dialects, edited by Dr. Haupt.

M. Raoul-Rochette is engaged upon "*Recherches sur la Peinture des Grecs et des Romains*," which will be illustrated with coloured plates.

The first two volumes of "*L'Empire, en dix Ans sous Napoleon, par un ancien Chambellan*," are just published. Two more will complete the work, which is intended by the author rather to present a faithful picture of society and the court under the imperial government, and of the manners of the remarkable epoch from 1804 to 1814, than to produce a political book, or to relate what has been already so often related.

M. Merle d'Aubigny has produced the first volume of a well-written "*Histoire de la Reformation au 16^{me} Siècle*." It is chiefly occupied with a biography of Luther, which is brought down to the year 1518.

A work has been commenced with the title of "*Histoire et Description des principales Villes de l'Europe*," edited by Nisard, and written by Chateaubriand, Villemain, St. Marc Girardin, Aug. and Am. Thierry, Nodier, Letronne, Delecluse, Pichot, Chasles, &c. This work, elegantly printed and accompanied with steel-engravings and wood-cuts, will be published in 240 numbers, forming 12 vols. 4to.

Madame Dudevant, one of the most eminent, if not the most moral of the present French novelists, has obtained a divorce from her husband, to whom, however, she is obliged to pay an annuity of 5000 francs; and she is authorised to educate her children herself. She will now probably cease to write against marriage.

At the public meeting in August last of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Literature, in Paris, the annual numismatic prize founded by M. Allier d'Hauteroche, was adjudged to M. Streber, keeper of the cabinet of coins of the King of Bavaria. Then followed the first adjudication of the three honorary medals, of the value of 500 francs each, given by the government for distinguished performances relative to domestic antiquities. They were awarded to M. Saulez for his Numismatic History of Metz; to M. Prieux for a description of the Roman monuments in the now French portion of North Africa; and to M. de la Saussaye for his "*Histoire de la Sologne Blessoise, à l'époque de la domination romaine*."

Paul de Kock, a French novelist, to whom criticism adjudges a very subordinate rank in his own country, and whose works are chiefly read by shopmen and ladies' maids, has lately been brought into a court of justice by Barba, the bookseller, who had purchased of him the copyright of his detached works, because he had sold to another bookseller the right to publish them collectively. The court awarded 30,000 francs damages to Barba. A Count d'Orsay, who is well known in the fashionable circles of London, has thought fit to appeal to the British public in behalf of M. de Kock, whom he is pleased to style the French Smollett, in apparent expectation that its liberality will bear him harmless for this flagrant breach of common honesty!

We have mentioned in a former number that M. de Chateaubriand has sold to a joint-stock society the copyright, not only of his collective works which have already been published, but of all that he shall hereafter write. These consist of his *Memoirs*, the manuscript of which is deposited with M. Cahouel, notary of the society, and which will form 10 or 12 vols. 8vo.; but may be extended by supplementary matter, which the author intends adding, to from 16 to 20. These *Memoirs* are not to be made public during the lifetime of the author, without his consent. He has also engaged to furnish an historical work in 4 vols. 8vo., concerning the epoch of the congress of Verona, and the Spanish war in 1823, which he is to deliver not later than the year 1840, to be then published.

It has been calculated that no less a sum than five millions of francs have been lost in Paris since 1830, by unsuccessful attempts to establish periodical works. As the booksellers have learned prudence from experience, they seldom have any concern in such undertakings; so that this loss has mostly fallen upon shareholders, though it is true that many an author, who hoped to secure the editorship, has sacrificed the whole of his little property in them.

The year 1835 gave birth to 177 new novels in France, and only 11 of these were translations. The number of authors in this line amounted to 144; of these 40 were debutants; 27 were females—being about one-fifth of the whole. The most celebrated names in the list were Alfred de Vigny, Balzac, and George Sand. The same year brought forth 299 poetical works, among which Victor Hugo's deserved particular distinction. The drama was not less fertile, as 151 new pieces were represented. Eugene Scribe continued to be the most prolific writer in this department.

M. Gasparin, minister of the interior, has written to Count Philip de Segur, announcing the intentions of the government to appoint a commission for the purpose of inquiring what improvements can be made in the legislative enactments relative to copy-right, as many artists, authors, and literary men, have solicited a prolongation of the term fixed by the existing laws for the benefit of their families. Count de Segur is appointed president of this commission, to which are also nominated several of the most eminent writers of France, and among others, Villemain, Jay, Lamartine, Viennet, Renouard, Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, Scribe, Auber. M. Roger Collard, director of the department for the sciences in the ministry of public instruction, and M. Cavé, director of the department for the fine arts in the ministry of the interior, will likewise take part in this commission.

M. Ancillon, the Prussian minister, has written to Count Molé, assuring him that Prussia will second the efforts of the French ministry to prevent the piracy of the productions of the French press. This communication has produced a very agreeable impression at Paris.

Died in Paris, at the end of October, M. Raynouard, the oldest member of the French Academy. The following extract from the speech of M. Hase, president of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, delivered at his funeral, enumerates the principal of his works: "Nominated a member of the Academy of Inscriptions in 1816, the author of the '*Templiers*' and the '*Etats de Blois*' [dramatic pieces] has shown us how a superior mind can combine the most opposite acquirements. Whilst France numbered him with pride among her dramatic poets, his name, in whatever part of Europe it was uttered, was a sufficient eulogy. A scholar, an historian, a philologist, an

archæologist, he was assiduous in collecting and arranging the materials of the science which he cultivated. His '*Histoire du Droit municipal en France*' may serve as a pattern for compositions of the same kind. In his '*Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours*' we see, perhaps better than in our annals, the manners, the opinions, the customs of the old times; immense reading, a profound knowledge of all the idioms of Latin Europe, are evinced in his '*Lexique romane*,' a work unfortunately left incomplete,—a work which appeared too vast for the strength and talent of a single individual, but which, had he been spared a few years longer, there was every prospect of his finishing. Lastly, in composing his '*Grammaire romane*' he conceived that he had discovered fixed forms, a complete mechanism, constant, simple, and ingenious principles, in the language cultivated of old by the *troubadours* and the *trouvères*." We may add to this notice that M. Raynouard has left autobiographical memoirs, which are expected to be published forthwith.

DENMARK.

In a publication entitled "*Laxdæla-Saga, sive Historia de rebus gestis Laxdæleusium*," the learned Finn Maguussen has just presented us with one of the most important portions of those northern Sagas, which form the connecting link between the mythic and the historic age, and which refer to the events and the peculiar relations of the Icelandic republic from its foundation till its decline under the dominion of the Norwegian kings.

Pastor S. S. Blicher and Dr. C. M. Eckbohm have announced from Copenhagen and Gothenburg the publication of a poetic Union Calendar for the three northern kingdoms, which, among other things, is to contain an annual survey of the productions of the fine arts in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and is to appear alternately at Copenhagen and Gothenburg.

GERMANY.

THE first volume of a History of the Counts of Eberstein in Swabia, whose possessions now belong to the grand-duchy of Baden, compiled by command of the grand-duke Leopold by Captain G. H. Krieg von Hochfelden, has just appeared. The work is elegantly printed, and accompanied with steel-plates and lithographs, showing that its illustrious patron spares no expense to erect a worthy monument to ancestors and possessors of the castle of Eberstein, the favourite residence of the present owner.

Wigand of Leipzig has commenced an illustrated work in parts, by the title of "*Das malerische und romantische Deutschland*." It will consist of ten divisions, comprising 260 engravings on steel: 1. Saxon Switzerland, by A. von Tromlitz; 2. Swabia, by Gustav Schwab; 3. Franconia, by G. von Heeringen; 4. Thuringia, by L. Bechstein; 5. The Harz, by W. Blumenhagen; 6. The Giant Mountains, by E. Raupach; 7. Styria and Tyrol, by E. Herlossohn; 8. The Danube, by Ed. Duller; 9. The Rhine, by C. Simrock; 10. The Baltic and German Ocean, by Mohnike and Starkloff.

The third volume of Fr. Tiedemann's *Physiology of Man* has made its appearance under the title of "*Untersuchungen über das Nahrungsbedürfniss, den Nahrungstrieb, und die Nahrungsmittel des Menschen.*" The first volume of this work was published in 1830, and the second, which will complete it, is expected speedily to follow the third.

Breitkopf and Härtel have commenced with the present year (1836) the publication of a Polish Annual entitled "*Militeles,*" edited by A. E. Odyńiec, and embellished with six engravings on steel.

In the several provincial towns of Bohemia there are 14 and in Prague 9 printing-offices, the most considerable of which is that of Messrs. Hasse and Son. It employs 4 machines, one of which produces 2400 impressions in an hour, 12 stanhope and 14 ordinary presses, and 124 hands, to which must be added about 80 belonging to the type and stereotype foundry connected with the establishment.

The celebrated poet Ludwig Uhland has commenced a series illustrative of the northern traditions, by the title of "*Sagenforschungen.*" The first volume, comprehending "*Der Mythos von Thór, nach nordischen Quellen,*" has just appeared in an 8vo. volume.

The second volume of Professor Fallmerayer's "*Geschichte der Halbinsel Morea, während des Mittelalters,*" which has just appeared, brings down the history of what constitutes modern Greece from the year 1250 to 1500.

An interesting contribution to the biography of Schiller has been published with the title of "*Schiller's Flucht von Stuttgart und Aufenthalt in Mannheim von 1782 bis 1785,*" from the pen of the late M. Streicher, teacher of Music at Vienna, a native of Stuttgart, and a partner in the adventures which he describes. The work is published by his children just as it was found among his papers, and the produce is destined for the subscription to the monument preparing to be erected in memory of Schiller.

M. Friedr. Karl von Strombeck has published the first and second volumes of "*Darstellungen aus einer Reise durch Deutschland und Italien im Jahre 1835.*"

A continuation of Prince Pückler-Muskau's *Travels* has just appeared, with the title of "*Semilasso in Africa,*" in 5 vols., with an atlas containing seven plates. It is wholly occupied with Algiers and Tunis.

M. Kleinschrod, ministerial councillor in the department of finances to the King of Bavaria, has produced a compilation which, if executed with care and accuracy, would excite, we think, considerable interest in this country. It is a volume entitled: "*Grossbritanniens Gesetzgebung über Gewerbe, Handel, und innere Communicationsmittel, statistisch und staatswirthschaftlich erläutert.*"

A translation of Longhi's *Art of Copperplate Engraving*, by K. Barth, will speedily be published by Kesselring of Hilburghausen. The second volume will comprehend the translator's own views and observations, especially upon engraving on steel.

A new work by Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, entitled "*Biographische und Gemälde-Saal der morgenländische Geschichte*," in six volumes, will be published early in 1837 by Leske of Leipzig and Darmstadt.

The people of Osnabrück have erected by subscription a statue to their patriotic countryman Justus Möser, the celebrated German writer. It was opened to the public on the 18th of September with due solemnity. The statue, of bronze, exhibiting a striking likeness of Möser in his best years, was executed by Friedrich Drake, a young pupil of Rauch's. It stands on a pedestal of white sandstone.

Dr. Christian Ludwig Stieglitz, who died on the 27th of July, 1831, in his 80th year,—having been born December 12th, 1756,—was one of those writers who, although not following architecture as a profession, have rendered it essential service by their studies. During the course of a very long life, those of Stieglitz were mainly directed to this art, contributing now towards its history, now towards its criticism. Many of his earlier and shorter essays on the subject appeared in the "*Neue Bibliothek der schönen Wissenschaften*," the "*Journal des Luxus*," and other journals of that class; besides a few papers of late years, in the *Kunstblatt*. Some of the former may still be read with interest, due allowance being made for the period when they were composed, architecture being then at a very low ebb in Germany. In 1792 he published his "*History of the Architecture of the Ancients*," wherein he treats, not only of that of the Greeks and Romans, but of the Babylonians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, and other nations, as he has likewise done in a second work of somewhat similar title, (*Geschichte der Baukunst vom frühesten Alterthum*; 8vo., 1827,) wherein he has taken a more extensive view of the subject, pursuing the history of the art through its vicissitudes during the Middle Ages; nor is this portion of the work the less interesting because confined chiefly to the Gothic style of Germany. As far as it goes, it affords some valuable information on that subject; but then it is only a rapid sketch wherein comparatively few buildings are mentioned, and still fewer are spoken of at all in detail; which is the more matter for regret, because what is said is of a kind to increase our desire to learn more. Of somewhat earlier date than the volume we have just been speaking of, is another work by him expressly on the subject of Gothic architecture, entitled "*Alt-deutsche Baukunst*," accompanied with a separate folio of plates. Although not of equal celebrity with Möller's work on the Gothic architecture of Germany,—and, indeed, hardly known at all in this country,—Stieglitz's is one from which much information and instruction may be derived; at the same time it must be acknowledged that the labours of both are very limited in proportion to the extensive field of research they have entered upon. Stieglitz was also author of an "*Encyclopædia of Civil Architecture*," in 5 volumes; besides which, he edited a collection of Designs under the title of "*Zeichnungen aus dem schönen Baukunst*," 1805; but the choice he has here shown, does not speak very favourably for his taste, hardly any one of the subjects displaying the least originality, and many of them being even below mediocrity in every respect. That this should be the case is the more extraordinary, because in some parts of his writings his judgment appears to be severe, and inclined to scan architecture with the precision of a mathematician.

A twelvemonth ago we recorded the loss of a very eminent archæologist, one whose general attainments could hardly have failed to earn for him dis-

tion; had he not obtained paramount celebrity in that capacity. To the name of Böttiger, may now be added that of Friedrich Carl Ludwig Siekier, who died at Hildburghausen, on the 8th of August, 1836, in his 62d year. With Böttiger he may, in fact, be allowed to claim a close degree of literary relationship, since it was from him that he first caught his passion of antiquarian pursuits. In early life, an offer made to him by Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt enabled him to visit Italy in the suite of that minister, with whom he remained six years, under circumstances peculiarly favourable to his studies, and of which he did not fail to avail himself to the utmost. He afterwards passed some time at Naples, where he greatly interested himself concerning the Herculean papyri, and was exceedingly sanguine in anticipating the important literary discoveries to which they would lead. Herein he lived to be disappointed; but was nevertheless invited to this country in 1817, for the purpose of unrolling the Herculean manuscripts which had been brought over here, according to the process employed at Naples. The result, however, was totally unsatisfactory. His literary labours were more successful: one of the earliest of them was an Historical Memoir relative to the various works of art which had been carried away from Italy by the French. His *Almanach des Rom* contains much learned and interesting research relative to the district of ancient Latium, and similar topographical study is shown in his work entitled *Umgegend von Rom*, 1823. Of earlier date than this last is his celebrated controversy with Millin "Sur l'époque des Constructions Cyclopiennes, and likewise "Die Hieroglyphen in dem Mythos des Aesculapius," wherein he attempted to explain the hieroglyphic writings of the Egyptians. Besides these and other works professedly archæological, he published Homer's Hymn to Ceres, and some other philological pieces. Like Böttiger, too, he wrote a number of dissertations, chiefly on antiquarian topics, which are scattered through various journals—such as the *Deutsche Mercur*, the *Journal des Sçavans*, the *Curiositäten*, and the *Isis*.

HUNGARY.

Professor Dankowski, of the university of Presburg, has published a "Criticæ-etymological Dictionary of the Magyar Language," the last part of which has recently appeared.—The account of the proportion of the families of words derived from Asia to the foreign words now naturalized in the Magyar language is curious. The author has reckoned up only 968 native Magyar families of words, partly related to the Turkish, and, on the other hand, 1898 Slavonian, 889 Greek, 334 Latin, 288 German, 266 Italian, 95 French, and 4 Hebrew. According to this statement no more than about one-fourth of the families of words are Magyar, and the language is essentially Slavonian.

A similar work by Professor Stephan Sebestyen of Papa is now printing at the expense of the Magyar Society, by the title of "*Hebraizalo Etymologus*," in which the proportion of the Oriental, and especially the Hebrew, is more precisely stated.

RUSSIA.

A new popular poet, named Kolzow, has made his appearance in Russia: he is the son of a cattle-dealer at Woronesch, and now twenty-six years old. His poetic talent, which he everywhere displayed in the steppes and in the markets,

was developed in consequence of Dmitrijeff's Poems having accidentally fallen into his hands. A small volume of Kolzow's Poems was published at Moskau about the end of 1835.

During the past year a translation of the New Testament into the Mantchoo language, made for the British Bible Society, has been printed at St. Petersburg. It is considered as one of the most elegant Oriental works printed in Europe: the China-paper was made expressly for it. Liposoff, the translator, resided for a considerable part of his life in the East, especially in Peking.

We are informed that the Russian Conversations-Lexicon numbers 7000 subscribers.

A History of the Campaigns in Asiatic Turkey in 1828 and 1829 is publishing at St. Petersburg. The author is Colonel Uschakoff, who was with the army as aide-de-camp to Prince Paskewitsch.

The number of academical institutions in Russia, which are under the direction of the ministry for public instruction, amounted in April last to 1663: of these 400 have been founded by the present emperor since his accession to the throne. In the years 1833—1835, 213 were established, and among them the Wladimir university at Kiew. The number of scholars at the public schools increases at the rate of about 6000 annually.

At the suggestion of the governor-general of the Caucasus, Georgia, and the Transcaucasian provinces, the emperor has approved of the establishment of a printing-office at Tiflis, and the publication of a journal with the title of "Transcaucasian Newspaper."

GREECE.

Several of the civil officers at Athens are delivering voluntary lectures on various subjects, which, by the numerous attendance of young and old, prove the desire of information prevailing among the Greeks. Great activity is also displayed in literature,—hitherto, indeed, chiefly in translations. Thus a translation has appeared of Theophrastos by Rhallis, secretary of state; and one of Gross's Law of Nature by Polizoides, councillor of cassation. Translations of Schlegel's History of Literature, and of Mackeldey, are announced. The Medical Society publishes a periodical in the Greek language; and a German work on the Epidemic Disease of 1835, by Dr. Rothlauf, will soon leave the press. During the present year (1836) 56 works, great and small, have appeared, whereas in the preceding year scarcely six were published. At that time there were only 4 newspapers; their number has now risen to 19, with the promise of further increase.

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